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Taking The Nerve-Cure Under Fire

Dec'r 21 191

By Corporal H. R. Gordon

Illustrated from Photographs

AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE, April 3.—Being at war is not in the least like the fancy pictures of heroism and excitement that we used to think it was in the far-off days, eternities ago, when we wore clean collars, and took hot baths. This war, in its present stage is a very matter-of-fact business. Since leaving England we've felt more like Bohunks on a construction gang than like a thin red line of heroes.

True, there has been the big fight at Neuve Chappelle, as well as a baker's dozen of less deadly but equally effective engagements at other points where the Germans have given ground and—what is more important—confidence to us green 'uns. I've had plenty of shots fired at me and more than once been under machine gun fire in the open. But it was singularly unreal and unexciting. One could scarcely believe that the crack zipp of the rifle bullets, or the crack, crack of the machine guns, meant any more harm than firecrackers going off in front of the Grand Stand at the Exhibition.

We've enjoyed ourselves thoroughly so far, because we've been seeing new things and people, and having new experiences every day. But soon we'll be used to seeing windmills and shell-wrecked churches, and talking to wrinkled peasants, and making tea in muddy ditches. I was going to say that we'd even get tired of listening to British regular soldiers, but I'll take that back. I've never seen finer men than the British soldiers, nor heard or read better stories than some they told us.

No doubt when the big campaign really opens out, and we start in earnest to back the Germans out of France and Belgium, we'll have plenty of excitement and hardship, but we look upon life at present as a rather drab and monotonous succession of hardworking, slightly uncomfortable, somewhat dangerous days and nights. We are beginning to find that the impressions made by the new experiences are not so sharp now as they were in the first days. Perhaps the experiences themselves are less strange, or maybe we have become hardened. But those first impressions are sharp and clear, no single edge has been worn down. For that reason I shall begin at the beginning.

International News Service
WE ADMIRED THEIR BAYONETS, VERY LONG, VERY THIN AND VERY EFFECTIVE-LOOKING BESIDE OURS

We all feel years older than the gang who lined up at midnight, back at Bustard Camp, Salisbury, a little less than two months ago, to go on active service. We hoisted our packs painfully on our shoulders. Extra clothes, and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition made the load each of us had to carry something like seventy-five pounds. With that we slopped laboriously through the mud to Amesbury and put our stuff on the train by the light of acetylene flares. A railway journey of several hours took us to an unexpected port. The limit of speed of troop trains seems to be something under twenty miles invariably. We went on board ship in the rain, and huddled into cramped cabins. Our transport had evidently been used chiefly for horses and the accommodation for humans was somewhat limited. Some of us found refuge in an empty stall in the forehold, clean but chilly. Others bunked in an empty coal bunker, warm but dirty. Fortunately, [illegible] weather was bright while we were [illegible]ossing the Channel, and we could [illegible]y up on deck all day.

We bought chupatties and tea from [illegible]e Lascar crew and listened to the two Lascars in the crowsnest shouting to the bridge that "laloo hookum hai" or words to that effect. In English, that there were no submarines in sight. Beyond a couple of tramp steamers and a battleship, we saw no ships on the passage over.

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International News Service

EVEN THE MEN OF MERCY ARE HELD UP FOR PROPER CREDENTIALS BEFORE PASSING THE SENTRIES BEHIND THE FIRING LINE

We were off our port in the early dawn, but had to wait several hours for a pilot to come out. We steamed into harbor by a devious course, no doubt through minefields, past a Danish tramp and a Russian hospital ship. Rain began to fall as we warped in beside a substantial granite pier. Two French soldiers, in baggy red trousers, strolled up and down smoking cigarettes, and keeping back a horde of youngsters in sabots and blue cotton smocks who wanted anything they could get from the foreigners. The French sentries impressed us as picturesque, but a bit slack. We admired their bayonets, very long, very thin, very effective-looking beside our broad knife bayonets.

We disembarked and marched up the quay to the outskirts of the town. People fetched us chocolates and bread. Girls watched us being served out with fur coats, and giggled when we turned ourselves into "Teddy Bears" by putting them on. After dark we marched through the town. We kept to the right, we passed board fences with signs on them and wooden houses. It was almost like Montreal.

For the railway journey "side door pullmans" were our portion. Forty of us had to pack into a diminutive box car. We stayed cramped in there for ages. The train averaged about fifteen miles and we had plenty of time to view the landscape. We passed whitewashed farmhouses with concave roofs, just like the farmhouses in Quebec, little churches, and fields with ragged bridges. The countryside was not so primly neat as the English country, and we felt more at home. Very few men were to be seen. Once we saw some recruits drilling very smartly and some sentries patrolling, very free and easy. At one town the municipal authorities sent round cans of hot coffee. They helped the regulation rations of bully beef and biscuits immensely. At the same station we passed a French hospital train. One of the orderlies came over to our train:

"Vous allez dégorger les Bosches?" he inquired, and illustrated his question by a lunge, as if with a bayonet.

We nodded, and "we, we'd" and he smiled.

A very handsome woman in deep mourning who carried a wreath looked across from the opposite platform. She did not smile.

Some gamins provided amusement three stations farther up by dodging up to the train, asking for souvenirs, and skipping nimbly across ploughed fields when two gendarmes lumbered up to drive them away.

A few miles short of railhead we stopped for a time beside a British hospital. An amazingly cheerful youngster, barely twenty, with a shattered arm, leaned out of the window, and told us to, "Keep your heads down when you get into the trenches." He added that "We can shift the Germans whenever we want to. I give the war till May to be over." We were cheered up very much.

At our destination we were dumped out into the dark upon a muddy road. Our platoon worked hard unloading transport wagons, etc., while the rest of the battalion went on. We took a wrong turning when we followed, and went a mile out of our way. We reached our billet after midnight, cursing sulphurously. Our billet was a barn on a farm that had been visited by the Germans. They had only been there for half a day, and had then managed to get away with a horse—of immense value according to the shrivelled-faced peasant who was our host—all the food in the house, and some fodder. They had threatened to shoot the farmer, and had murdered a civilian in a little estaminet a quarter of a mile up the road.

Our friend the farmer was almost reimbursed for all his losses by the sale of coffee and bread, or "caffy" and "pang," to us. When we left, he remarked that when Germans quartered themselves on him, they took everything movable, when English soldiers were there he lost a shotgun, but he'd like to have Canadians with him all the time. His daughter-in-law made sure that no one had more than one lump of sugar in a cup of coffee.

Orders to move up to the firing line came much sooner than we expected. We bathed, on the installment plan, under the pump, and changed our underclothes. Early the next morning we started out in a driving rain. We had to march seventeen miles. Most of us were wearing new, stiff, ammunition boots. After we'd gone ten miles our feet were sore. The last five miles were the longest I've ever travelled over. When I took my boots off my socks were soaked with blood, and I was by no means the only one in the platoon with bad feet. That seems ages ago, and my heels are still sore. It was more the pace than the distance that made the march hard. We had to march by schedule in order to avoid meeting other columns.

The following evening we went up to the trenches. We clumped painfully over a couple of miles of cobblestones to a crossroads. Our guide, a casual

Tommy smoking a pipe, met us. We followed him round a corner.

"The German trenches are up this road," he said. "In case of machine gun fire, two files go to each side of the road, into the ditch."

We should have felt excited then, but we didn't. We were more occupied with our blistered feet than anything else. We came to a farmhouse, half ruined by shell fire.

"We'll get off across the field," said our guide.

As we floundered through the sticky clay we heard several sharp cracks, and bullets whined over our heads. We ducked instinctively.

"Look out for Jack Johnson holes," our guide cautioned us. I almost stepped into one, a round hole, four feet across, full of water. At last our guide led us down a little passage. We found ourselves standing on a narrow board, between walls of slimy clay.

Coals glowed faintly in braziers at the mouth of square holes. Mysterious forms bent over the fires, busy with steaming tins. At intervals, figures stood upright, with streaks of white beside them. We were in the trench, looking along the line of dugouts or "booby hatches" and seeing sentries on the lookout.

We were distributed in ones and twos among the regulars who occupied the trench. On the way to my place I slipped off the board, and went up to my knees in mud and water. I was placed in dugout with "Gippie" Smith, sniper and scout for the platoon.

His, or our booby hatch, was a hole five feet long, four feet wide and three feet high. Planks supported the earth and sandbags which formed its roof. The floor was covered with clean straw. A small wooden box contained tea and sugar, an empty sandbag, bread. Tins of bully beef, jam and "McConk" (a meat and vegetable ration), were piled in a corner. Our kits hung from nails. Near the entrance of the dugout was the fireplace, a biscuit box punched full of holes, and suspended from a beam by a bit of wire. An oil sheet draped across the entrance served as a door. The "bivvy" was surprisingly warm and comfortable.

"Gippie" made me very welcome, and gave me tea and biscuits. He was a reservist, and had been out at the front since September. He did not want to say much about the war. He was much more concerned about a brother who had lived in Toronto for a time, and was now farming somewhere up in New Ontario.

A jolly, talkative, roundfaced corporal lifted the flap of our "bivvy" and pulled me out to show me the duties of section commander in a trench. He showed me the position of the sentries, and the officers' dugouts, and told me when to relieve sentries and report to the officer of the night. Also he had much to say about the small tricks which make all the difference between the recruit and the veteran. He showed me his store of bombs—jam tins filled with guncotton and scraps of iron—to be used for blowing up attacking Germans. Then we sat down in a big "bivvy" around a tea pot on a brazier, and listened to yarns.

A smooth-faced youngster barely out of his teens puffed at a cigarette sent out by some tobacco fund from England, and told about "Dead Man's Alley."

"Over on our right here," he said, "there is a bit of a trench that was left unoccupied by a regiment that relieved us. The Germans got in. Our major led a party to retake it. Just as he got to the end of the communication trench a German saw him and shot him. The major fell over, and said, 'That man shot me.' We went for the bloke and we all give him a jab. We cleaned out the trench. I saw one bloke with a bayonet wound straight through his head. We didn't want to take much trouble to bury the blighters, because it wasn't our trench, so we just put a little earth over them and left them in the trench. The other regiment wouldn't bury them proper either. We had to occupy the trench ourselves a bit later. One of the German blokes was buried just by the communicating trench. His arm stuck out. Some of our lot used to shake hands with him."

An older man related a "bloody marvellous" thing he'd seen.

"We were on one side of a road and the Germans on the other, all firing like blazes at each other, when down the middle of the road came a poor woman out of a shelled farm with seven children behind her. They came right down the road. I was nigh to crying. But she wasn't hit, nor any of her kiddies. Bloody marvellous, I calls it."

Another told of a surprise.

"We were driving the Germans back," he said, "and came up to a village. Our captain said, 'We're in for a surprise, lads.' And we bloody well were, for we lost four hundred men."

The group around the brazier melted away. I went back to the "bivvy" to

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STAR SHELLS MAKE IT EASIER AT NIGHT FOR OUR SNIPERS TO PICK OFF ANY GERMANS WHO ATTEMPT TO REPAIR THEIR WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS get an hour or two of sleep before going on duty. "Gippie" was looking over a pair of night binoculars that had once been the property of a German officer.

"I'm going out in front a bit," he said, "I'll take one of your blokes with me."

He took a drink of tea, gave me one, and slipped down the trench. A minute or two later word was passed from sentry to sentry, "Scouting party out in front." I dozed off to sleep, listening to my friend the corporal in a neighboring "bivvy" coughing like a consumptive.

Somebody pulled my foot.

"Time to go on, corporal," said a voice.

For the next three hours I went up and down a section of trench, seeing that the sentries attended strictly to business. At intervals, a star shell would flood the ground with light, and snipers fired a few scattering shots.

By and by the sky turned to gray over the enemies' trenches. The order came down the sentry line, "Stand to!" Everyone in the trench stood by his rifle ready to fire. An hour or so later, "Day sentries" was ordered and we settled down to the day's business.

Some got to work bailing out the trench with buckets. Others with hurdles and fascines repaired the walls where it showed signs of slipping. Everyone whistled or sang scraps of song. We never heard complaining or grousing, though the men on the working parties had to stand knee deep in mud and water. The nearest thing to a kick I heard came from a Tommy digging out a new bit of trench. His spade struck a mess of leather straps.

"Cripes!" he said, " 'ere's one of those bloody Germans. I don't like this."

"Gippy" made up the fire for breakfast while Eddie Giddens, the "bloke" who had gone out scouting with him, told us about his experiences.

"We got right out past the barb wire," he said, "when hully gee, a star shell

Continued on page 56.

The Mother of Mr. Howley

By Arthur Henry

Author of "Suzanne's Big Night," etc.

Illustrated by P. J. Monahan

THE STORY OF HER LOST CAUSE AND HOW IT CAME TO PASS THAT HER WELL-BELOVED SON FAILED TO KNOW WHEN SHE BEGAN TO PACK FOR THE LONG JOURNEY

TWENTY-FIVE years had passed since Mr. Howley built his livery and sales stable, and in that time Toronto had ripped and torn and built and rebuilt around him, until now his building, once a thing to be proud of, was old fashioned. But Mr. Howley was still proud of it. It was a three-story brick affair, with a flat roof and an overhanging cornice stamped with a roseate design. In the center of the cornice was an oblong frame from which protruded a horse's head, a marvel of wood carving, for Mr. Howley had stood over the artist with dogged patience, inspiring him or irritating him as the case might be, until what he wanted was secured. When he took the head home and his mother, wiping her glasses on her apron, had viewed it severely and exclaimed, "It looks like Salt Peter !" all his trouble was rewarded.

Salt Peter, the old family horse of his father, back-woods preacher in a little town, was twenty years old when Tim Howley was born, and was then a marvel of speed and endurance. Most of Tim's youth, from his eighth to his fifteenth year, was spent in the garden or in the back yard cutting wood, and Salt Peter, during all those restless, perplexed and unhappy years, his head thrust out of the window in his stall, watching all he did, his underlip quivering at times as Tim thought in sympathy with his own sobbing spirit, had seemed to him to be his only friend.

Mr. Howley had originally partitioned off two rooms and a bath on the top floor for himself. When his father died and his mother came to live with him, he added three more rooms and engaged a maid—many maids in succession—none of whom Mrs. Howley could tolerate, and eventually it was understood that she would do the housework by herself. It was only after a bitter scene, in which for the first time in his life Tim had risen up against his mother, that she was confined to the housekeeping.

After the washing and ironing and baking were done, and the rooms scrubbed and the mending and darning finished, she would descend upon the floor below where the horses dwelt and mop the stalls, scolding the amazed stable boys for their shiftlessness and profanity, in language so vigorous that it might better have been profane. She would find two drivers in double-breasted long coats and silk hats, sun-

ning themselves in the doorway while waiting for a call, and order them to wash their hacks or march them into the harness room and set them a task of polishing the nickel ornaments and oiling the leather.

When her conduct became the scandal of the nieghborhood, Mr. Howley said to her at breakfast one morning: "I have never quarreled with you, mother, and I don't intend to——"

"What do you mean ?" she demanded sternly, fixing him with her eyes.

"When I was fifteen, I ran away from home——"

"Tim," she interrupted, "when I consented to come and live with you, I thought it out and decided to forbear to bring that matter to account, and I have forbore—but you'd better let it lie——"

"And I'll do it again," continued Mr. Howley firmly, "if you ever interfere with anybody around this place again—except me."

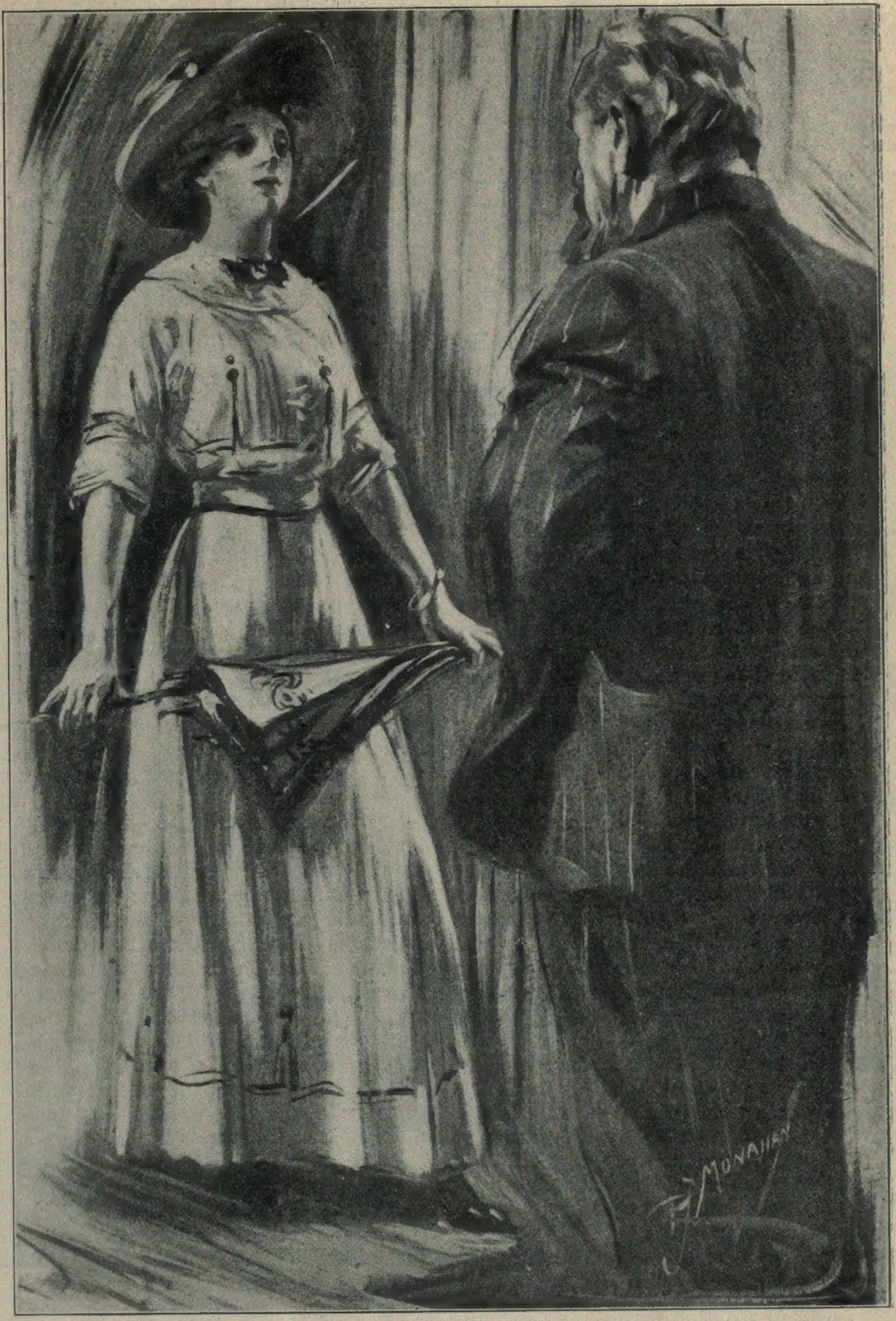
"Tim Howley, stop before a bolt from Heaven strikes you."

"Don't you speak to the men, except to wish them 'Merry Christmas,' and I tell you this—" he brought his fist down with a terrific blow, unfortunately exactly in the center of his coffee cup, smashing it to bits and splashing the contents everywhere.

"Tim !" cried his mother, jumping up, "you've cut your hand !"

While he was still gazing in astonishment at the havoc he had wrought and at the ragged gash from which the blood began to flow, Mrs. Howley had whisked out and returned with a basin of hot water, a roll of bandage and a bottle of horse liniment.

This ended the argument and there was never any occasion to resume it. So far as Mrs. Howley was concerned, the business of the stable ceased to exist; but in all other matters, the relations of mother and son remained unchanged. She was humble and solicitous regarding his food, arbitrary as to his wearing flannels and overshoes, and a tyrant regarding his opinions. If he went out for the evening, he knew that she would be waiting up for him on his return, austerely silent until he had given an account of himself.



"I HAVE DECIDED," SAID SUZANNE, "TO KEEP HER NAME KITTEN." HOWLEY STARED, AND MUMBLED AN ABSENT, "THAT'S GOOD"

All this had long since ceased to irritate Mr. Howley. In fact it would have been a lonely home-coming if she had not been there. The austerity of the face no longer impressed him, he felt rather the eager curiosity, the alert intelligence and the yearning affection for himself which she would have considered a weakness to reveal. He no longer felt any uneasy sense of guilt as he climbed the two flights of stairs at midnight from a horse sale, or at two in the morning from a political meeting or a poker game. He would find her in wrapper and nightcap, knitting a pair of socks, the invariable occupation of her sterner moods.

He no long attempted any irrelevant outbursts on entering, such as, "I tell you, it's a stormy night !" or, "Well, mother, what do you think ! Dr. Cook's discovered the North Pole !" He shut the door behind him quickly, saying nothing from easy habit now until he was comfortable in dressing gown and slippers and seated in his armchair. When his story was finished, she would go to the kitchen and return with a bowl of hot gruel in winter, or cold clabber and cream in summer. If she were not displeased with his account she brought two, and as they ate he might impart any information he pleased. Such as the fall of four inches of snow, or the latest scandal in politics. Or they might even have a pleasant chat together. If his evening had been misspent, he ate alone and took his scolding, kissed her and went peacefully to bed.

This had been the state of things for

about three years, when suddenly Suzanne Simpkins, a sedate little dressmaker, had wandered into Dockit's Riding Academy during an auction sale. Returning home at half past eleven that night, Mr. Howley hesitated before entering the room where his mother sat. He had the old guilty feeling of a perfectly innocent victim haled ignominiously to court, charged with safe blowing. He tried as of old to buck himself up with the assurance of a pure heart, and was afraid that he would overdo it as he used to—that he would enter whistling or attempt a pleasantry ending with a hollow laugh. Firmly repressing these impulses of panic, Mr. Howley with one hand holding to his beard as a kind of moral stay, opened the door with the other and closed it behind him.

As he hung his hat and overcoat on the rack he looked at himself in the mirror and saw that his face was flushed. A wild hope that she might think he had been drinking cheered him for a moment. He might even assume a tipsy manner and get off with a scolding on that score, telling her nothing. Experience, however, had early taught him that he was a poor liar. She knew that he never drank to amount to anything, except at the annual banquet of the Horse Dealers' Association, and besides, why should he be so disturbed ? What had happened, anyway, that he should hesitate to tell? Nothing. He almost whistled, checked himself in time and passed on into the sitting room. He saw her out of the corner of his eye, in nightcap and wrapper, knitting, her eyes upon her work, her mouth closed in a firm straight line. He threw his coat on the sofa and put on his dressing gown, seated himself in his easy-chair with a grunt of satisfaction, removed his shoes and tucked his feet into his slippers—and then he bolted.

"I've got a great idea," he said, jumping up and standing with his back to the fire. "I'm going to turn the flat roof of this building into a roof garden for the horses."

"What fool suggested that to you ?" said his mother grimly.

"Nobody. But why not ? I'll have three feet of rich soil spread over it and grow a turf four inches thick. And I'll have trees in tubs and an arbor of honeysuckle vines, where a person can sit and sew if they want to; and a horse or two at a time, if it wasn't feeling quite fit, could wander around there with its shoes off and——"

Mrs. Howley rose rigidly and, putting her work upon the table solemnly, left the room. Mr. Howley took a [illegible] breath and waited, but she did not return. This was most unusual and presently he went to her room and rapped lightly, with a troubled mind.

"What is it ?" came in feeble but icy tones from within.

"Come, mother, I want to tell you about the sale."

"Let it wait until to-morrow."

This was so startling to Mr. Howley, and the voice so strange, that he opened the door abruptly. There she sat upon the edge of the bed as he had never seen her before—a limp old woman with a wan and pathetic face.

"Mother, you are sick !"

"Tim," she said slowly, "all the evening I've had premonitions.

"Something's happened, and it's going to make me sick to hear——"

"Oh, come now, mother ! You have a cup of tea. It's early, I got home early on purpose. You come along and have a cup of tea and some gruel with me."

Almost shyly, he put his arm about her and lifted her to her feet, and they went to the kitchen together. Once there, Mrs. Howley's backbone seemed to stiffen.

"Go on back," she said, "and light your pipe. I don't like a man in the kitchen."

Mr. Howley returned to the sitting room and filled his pipe, but forgot to light it. He sat on the edge of his chair, his elbows on the arms of it, staring into the fire at the events of the evening. What was there about it all to have caused all this perturbation ? If he had not offered to keep Suzanne's pony for her he could have told his mother a perfectly straight story of the evening and with a clear conscience omitted all mention of her name. He knew, however, that she must have heard the sound of two horses when the men brought them in. So he could not speak of the one he had bought, without accounting for the other one. He rehearsed the matter in several different ways, disastrously.

"I bought Blackbird," he might say, "as I intended. Cost me seven hundred and seventy. Took half an hour to get him, after he reached six hundred, in five and ten dollar bids. Best trimmed gelding I ever saw of his height and weight, and the truest action of any nervous animal I've seen in years. I'd have thought twelve hundred cheap for him."

He could pause a moment, properly enough, contemplating the horse and the bargain. Then he might say, "After the sale some new Western ponies were put up, and a friend of mine bought one of 'em. Wanted me to take care of it. Guess you heard the two come in. It was the biggest crowd at an auction sale I ever saw. Must have been three thousand people there—and a band."

Then he would name over all the men whose names she was familiar with, and tell her what he had said to one or the other of them, and repeat some of the jokes of the auctioneer—not for her amusement, but to help fill up the time and convey the feeling of an evening spent.

When he had told it all, he could hear her say with a cold reserve, "Who was your friend that bought the pony?"

He grew hot and cold, and tried in vain to answer casually, "Well, she's not exactly a friend of mine. Never heard of her before this evening. She happened to be standing near me and we got to talking. Let's see, here's her card." He took it from his leather purse and held it before him. "The most comfortable person to talk to I ever saw. And spirit ? Anyone can see she has a lot of it in spite of her quiet ways and her tired look. She's a dressmaker, and I'll bet she's poor. I wonder how old she is—I saw her look everything, from eighteen to forty. And the way she hovered over that bucking broncho, kicking himself loose from his saddle, was like a mother over a child in a fit."

And then Mr. Howley fell into a reverie, the card before him, remembering the tones of her voice, the touch of her hand that had rested so confidently in his and then was away again, like a startled bird. He did not notice his mother's entrance with the gruel, and when she asked in a dry voice:

"What is her name ?"

He answered before thinking:

"Suzanne Simpkins."

Mrs. Howley was seized with a trembling. She almost dropped the bowl onto the table, and falling into her chair, threw her apron over her head and wept.

"Mother !' cried Mr. Howley springing up. "What's the matter with you? Confound it all ! Here, stop this nonsense !"

He took her hands, gently but firmly, and removed them with the apron from before her face.

"I knew it !" gasped his mother, gazing upon him pitifully.

"Knew what ? Thunder and turf !"

"The most awful premonitions weighed upon me as I sat here. I didn't know whether you'd come home a corpse or what. My heart is like ice in my breast. Oh, Tim—I was beginning to think you'd got past all that ! But I guess men never do. All that I've done for you will be forgotten. She'll not want me around."

"Mother ! Mother !" Mr. Howley was shouting, to no avail. He walked around and around the room, clutching his beard and kicking the chairs as he passed them, raging at the preposterous turn things had taken and at his own impotence to grasp them and set them straight.

He took her two hands in his and sitting on the arm of her chair, said with a forced and impressive calmness:

"You are seeing things. Grieving over nothing. This woman," he spoke coldly, " bought this wild pony and wanted it broke to ride and asked me to do it for her and I said I would, and that's all there is to it."

Mrs. Howley looked up into her son's eyes wistfully and saw not the little lie he knew he was telling but the big one he was unconscious of. And she saw that he was unconscious of it and as she gazed, her soul rose in yearning to her eyes and filled them with a new beauty that was heart-breaking to see, because it seemed, as it was, a stranger there.

"GOOD THING YOU GOT HERE," SAID THE POLICEMAN, "I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SEND FOR THE RESERVES"

"Now, mother," said Mr. Howley persuasively, "you go to bed. I think I'll put on my shoes again and take a look below. I'd like to see the new horses before I go to bed."

"No horses came in to-night." She spoke curtly. "And you know that I will not go to bed until you do."

"The horses didn't come? You must have been sleeping."

"You know I never sleep sitting up. Heaven knows I need it bad enough, with all I have to do. You never seem to think of me."

"But where are they, then?" He began to put on his shoes hurriedly. "They should have been here an hour before me."

From below came a distant rumble. It was the street door of the stable being rolled back.

"There they are now."

He heard hoofs beat faintly on the floor.

"There's only one."

He hurried out and down the stairs, entered the stable on the second floor and as he crossed over and reached the incline for the passage of horses to the ground floor, met one of his hostlers leading Blackbird up.

"Where's the other one?"

"I hope it's in hell," said the man fiercely, holding up a bruised and bleeding hand. . . "And I got off light."

"Where's Andy?"

"If he's still hanging on to that lady's pet, he's likely on top of the monument. The last I saw of him, he was being dragged up the steps of the Parliament buildings.

Mr. Howley rushed out and up the street toward the park. He had gone four blocks when he saw on the next corner a great crowd collecting.

"Here's Howley!" shouted some one, and the crowd made way.

"Good thing you've got here," said a policeman. "I was just about to send for the reserves."

Mr. Howley, intent upon discovering the trouble, pushed on without reply. He saw his man and four hilarious assistants holding a halter rope and at the other end the head and neck of Suzanne's pony extending from the vestibule entrance to Nolan's. Her fore feet were braced against the sill of the vestibule, her hind feet against the sill of the main door. The five men prevented her from backing further into the place, but they could not drag her out.

"Some one's gone for more rope," said the policeman.

Mr. Howley entered the place by the side entrance and was greeted jovially by the owner, his friend, Mr. Nolan.

The place was full of men, all friends of Mr. Howley's, for this was his district and they all knew that he would not have a blow dealt one of his horses. They were curious to see what he would do about this.

"Why didn't you phone me?" he asked.

"She only just backed in. Any friend of yours is welcome. It's not me that would put her out."

"Have you got a hose?"

"Sure." Nolan went to the cellar door and shouted, "Mike, bring up the hose."

When the hose was brought, Mr. Nolan attached it to a faucet and Mr. Howley, nozzle in hand, called to the men outside.

"Make way there! Give the pony room in front!"

The pony crouched as the stream of water hit her haunches, then bolted to the street. Mr. Howley followed.

"Clear out, you fellows!" he shouted to the crowd. "Get around to the side entrance and have a drink on me."

He stood looking at the pony, as the crowd moved away, encouraged by the policeman and the lure of the refreshment.

"Poor little devil," he said, "you're just about all in and don't know you've got a friend on earth!"

No one without hearing it could realize the quality of Mr. Howley's voice as he said this. It would have been the envy of an orator wishing to move a multitude. The words rolled from him with the unreserved emotion of a great soul, welling with understanding compassion, so natural and real that a horse could feel it. Mr. Howley walked quietly, and with an assured manner, to her head and grasped the halter with a firm hand. The pony bit at him half-heartedly and then, as Mr. Howley stepped out with a mellow, "Come along, sweetheart!" she followed, limping.

By the time they reached the stable, the pony's head was hanging heavily over Mr. Howley's shoulder, her dazed

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WHEN THE AVERAGE TRAVELLER RIDES EASILY OVER THE AVERAGE RAILWAY, HE THINKS LITTLE OF HOW THAT RAILWAY CAME TO BE THERE

The Railroader

THE SWEDES WHO ARE HARD-ROCK MEN; THE ITALIANS WHO CHATTER AND SMOKE CIGARETTES; "PICK-HANDLE HOGAN" AND THE REST OF THE UNQUENCHABLE IRISH BREED—BACKGROUNDED BY THE LONE IMMENSITIES OF THE ROCKIES

By R. T. McDonald

Illustrated from Photographs

"I WONDHER what like av felley was the boss on the Tower o' Babel job!" mused Spike Hennessey, drawing on his pipe in the cool of a British Columbia evening. "Anny ways, whin it comes to furrin languages, 'tis by no more than the thickness o' the divil's whisker he'd be batin' this camp."

Spike was a philosopher and an Irishman. Of all communities under the shining sun, railway construction camps are the most cosmopolitan, and the camp of the Canadian Northern in the jaws of Yellowhead Pass was no exception. Fragments of at least seven or eight languages were littered all over it—not counting dialects. Purring, spitting Russian; Swedish of plaintive inflection; liquid, gesture-cluttered Italian; home-made Quebec French; and nasal Canton Chinese were common as raspberries in August; and there were languages that nobody who spoke English ever ventured to diagnose, — strange-sounding caterwauls from little states of southern Europe, whose children were called in the all-embracing vocabulary of the foreman, "Italian. "The slow and oily Galician, the keen, hardy "mountainy men" of Montenegro, the picturesque Italian with a scarlet flower behind his ear, all answered to the cognomen—and it may here be noted that they answered quick.

When the average traveller rides easily over the average railway, he thinks little of how that railway came to be there, vaguely accepting it as part of the scenery, save where things go wrong and he is held up for three or four hours while a washout's damage is repaired.

But the conception of building a railroad from one point on the map to another is in itself a big thing — the germination of the idea in a human brain a greater one, but the labor of putting it into actual running order is inconceivably the most gigantic task that man has ever set himself on this earth.

An easterner once travelled over a Western Canada line, and in the course of his journey the train came to what is known as a "sink hole." For two hours it was held up while repairs were made. A railway contractor was on board, and pointed down the steep embankment to the muskeg below.

"We have dumped hundreds of thousands of tons of rock and earth down there."

The traveller looked. There was no sign of so much as a single carload, and he asked somewhat dubiously.

"Where has it gone to?"

The contractor's answer was to take him more than a mile distant from the track, where a number of large and curious looking hillocks bulged out of the earth.

"There is most of our gravel and stone,". said the railway contractor. "There is a subterranean channel under the muskeg, and as we dump in the 'filler' it oozes through the channel, and puffs up here. And thousands of people kick about what they call high cost of transportation! A year from now when all this is filled in, nobody will know that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in building this single mile of track."

The Canadian Northern has encountered all the ordinary difficulties as well as separate and peculiar construction problems of its own. No deus ex machina took a blue pencil out of his inside pocket and sketched a bold line across the continent for the C.N.R. For one thing, "Bill and Dan" wouldn't have had the money to materialize such a conception all at once. One hundred miles of track belonging to the Lake Manitoba and Canal Railway Company acquired in 1899, gave the Siamese Twin promoters their first taste of personally owned steam power, and the subsequent growth of the road has been a series of such lucky buys, hyphened up by C. N. constructed stretches put in afterward.

January 23rd, 1914, was the wedding day of coast to coast, the date on which the final tie that binds had the final rail laid on top of it, to finish its ten-thousand-mile course.

But back of that lies effort of herculean character carried on by thousands of men like Spike Hennessy's gang, in dim tunnel and stark cut, men who sing and smoke and play cards under the shadow of eternal mountains, and live their own unknown, joy-and-sorrow, rove-and-reap existence, outside the last bounds of the fastest coming civilization.

Foremost in the hard rock game, the Yellowhead Pass game, stands the Swede, Viking ever, even when the long beaked barque of his ancestors is turned into a sharp nosed pick, to cleave stone instead of sea.

You never catch a Swede wasting time. Where five or six Italians would be found making strenuous efforts to lift a big and obstinate rock into the dump-car, each advising all the rest meanwhile, and ending up with a joyful whoop of accomplishment after some fifteen minutes of hard work, a Swede calmly bull-dozes the rock with a few sticks of dynamite, and a shovel of fine earth. Afterwards, that rock can be swept up with a broom.

With ingenuity and determination like this, the Swede rises. Sometimes he even hews his way up into contractordom like Henning, who started in fifteen years ago, wheeling muskeg at seventeen cents a yard. Now he owns the controlling interest in the big contracting firm of Palmer Bros. & Henning, and is a millionaire. He had the

Moose Lake contract from Mile 27 to Mile 35, B.C.—eight miles of heavy work, including the tunnel, and further down he had fifty-seven miles under construction, from Mile 49 south. On this work there were many earth tunnels and some heavy, sidehill work. Mile 49, a typical railroad town, is known as Henningville. He saw after the work in person, and is a familiar figure on the line.

Next to the Swedes in number, and affording the strongest possible contrast to them, are the excitable Italians. To pass directly from a Swedish gang into a dago gang is to translate yourself into a different world. The silent, hardstriking determination of the Swedes vanishes. Instead, the work is carried on to an accompaniment of constant temperamental chatter. The inevitable cigarette is everywhere in evidence. One or two, with their racial passion for gay colors, wear a flaming scarlet flower stuck behind their ears. Picturesque, handsome, light-hearted, they work like a hill of ants. But they lack the necessary ballast and judgment to manage anything involving thought and patience, and with a few notable exceptions do not rise above ordinary station work. Pick and shovel artists they are—but artists to the last greasy curl of their black hair. They can admire a sunset, and whistle airs from grand opera as easily as they can use a knife.

Belgians are a more recent factor on construction work, but are greatly in demand. Sober, earnest and industrious, they keep much to themselves. Some thousands of them were shipped straight from Belgium to various parts of the work on the C. N. R. lines, and they have given the greatest satisfaction. Coming, as they do, from a low lying country, they have no experience of rock work, so they confined their attention to earth cuts on the Yellowhead line and they have been very successful.

The Russians and Austrians were also in pretty strong force and are of a better physical standard than the Italians, while the work they handle is generally somewhat harder too. Galicians are usually found about the camps in the capacity of "bull-cooks." They find the variety in that job more to their liking than a day's steady shoveling. The bull cook's duties are many though never very arduous. He rises at 5 o'clock, lights the fires in the men's bunk houses and fills the drinking pails with fresh water and does the "chores" round the camp generally for the day, such as sweeping out the bunkhouses after breakfast, filling the lamps, bringing supplies to the cook-shack and splitting wood.

Germans are few and Englishmen still fewer; work in the city is more suited to their taste. However, the Germans who venture into railroading usually do fairly well. They are often found in the position of "straw" boss, a sort of under foreman who has charge of a gang in a long cut on which many gangs are engaged under one manager.

The teamsters or "skinners" as they are known, are for the most part Scotch or French Canadians, and Irishmen are found at all kinds of jobs. One of the most noteworthy and popular Irishmen on the C. N. R. West of the Yellowhead was "Pick-handle Hogan." Seven years ago he was working on the grade. Now he is a big contractor and had 15 miles of very heavy work in hand. Genial and popular there is seldom trouble in his camps and many of the men who work for him now, worked with him when he was in the grade. To better understand the hardy spirit of the railroader it should be known he went "broke" more than once before he found success.

The most spectacular class of achievement in construction is undoubtedly tunnel work, and for this the Swede is indispensable and glorious. The tunnel at Mile 32, B. C., where the Canadian Northern crawls through the Yellowhead Pass some sixty or seventy feet above the right-of-way, is entirely the work of Swedes, Henning's gangs.

The tunnel is 1,335 feet in length—not remarkable as far as that goes. But for sheer devilishness, it would be hard to find its equal. The skyline about it contains not only the jagged weathered peaks of the Selkirks, but the roundedly symmetrical summits of the Rockies as well. These latter are more or less a huge fold, lapped back on itself, sedimentary deposits, so twisted in places as to form circles. Rocks of this nature are peculiarly difficult to tunnel. Sometimes a "shot" will dislodge a mass as big as a house, sometimes it will only blow out a stove-pipe hole in the twisted seams.

Tunnel work is all done from the top—that is, the roof of the tunnel, known technically as the "heading," is first put in. This heading is from four to six feet high, the top of it eventually becoming the top of the tunnel. Once the heading is constructed, the tunnel is enlarged by blowing up the benches of rock which form its floor until the grade of the line is reached.

In this instance, four headings were started. This meant commencing somewhere about the centre of the tunnel, and working back east and west towards both portals, as well as in from the portals themselves. Consequently a "drift" was run in at a

FRAGMENTS OF AT LEAST SEVEN OR EIGHT LANGUAGES WERE LITTERED ALL OVER THE CAMP, FROM GESTURE-CLUTTERED ITALIAN, DOWN TO HOME-MADE QUEBEC FRENCH

THE VARIETY AND PICTURESQUENESS OF THE CONSTRUCTION GANG IS USUALLY A MARVEL TO THE UNINITIATED

Turning the long-beaked barque of the Swede's ancestors into a sharp-nosed shovel

point about half-way along the tunnel. A drift and a heading differ only as regards position, a drift being at floor grade while a heading is at roof grade. From this drift, the men worked upward until they reached the level at which the heading was being constructed, and then began working to meet the headings being driven from the east and west portals. A "trap" was built in the drift, under which the dump-cars were run and filled from above, as coal is dumped through a coal-chute.

In a place like this, ventilation is all important. The poisonous fumes engendered by the shots, combined with the gases from the rock, had an over-powering effect on the men. Not even a hard-rock "hog" can get along without oxygen. At first, construction was much delayed owing to the inability of the men to work for any length of time in the deadly atmosphere, but this was overcome later by the installation of a powerful fan.

Down the centre drift the visitor squeezes his way cautiously. It is only five to six feet high, and just wide enough to allow the dump cars to pass through. Daylight is lost. The incessant, reverberating clang of hammer on drill is deafening. The tiny lights of the drillers' carbide lamps dot the gloom like stars on a misty night. Below them, the swaying bodies of the bench drillers can be dimly discerned, while on the floor, under the full glare of powerful naphtha lamps the "muckers" are shoveling for dear life, or swinging mighty hammers to break the unwieldy rocks—using "dago power" they call it—and others are busy shoving out the loaded cars.

Slowly, one's eyes accustom themselves to the dimness, and Bedlam resolves itself into a scene of orderly disorder. Against the dull sheen of the damp walls the drillers in the heading sway and swing rhthmically. Here is one putting in an "Englishman's hole." In the straight wall fronting him he drills an arched group of holes in a slanting upward direction. A strap is attached to the handle of his eight-pound hammer near the head, and looped over his wrist, so that the hammer swings freely, although gripped lightly by the hand close to the end of the handle. Used in this manner, it has an immense driving power. The driller holds the drill by means of a key, and after each stroke a deft twist of the left hand brings the drill around to a new position.

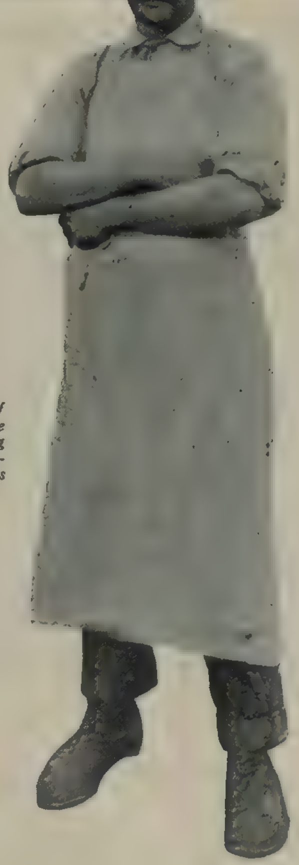
He starts off with a few easy taps, gradually increasing the power until he is going full steam ahead. The hammer swings behind him almost to the level of his shoulder, his arm being extended and his body crouched. Then, as the hammer comes forward, the shoulders square up, the knees jerk forward, and by an almost imperceptible shortening of the arm and a supple twist of the wrist the hammer is brought full on the drill-head with tremendous force. The men say that it is the little jerk of the knees that does the trick. Tirelessly and remorselessly he works, the cords in his neck standing out, and the play of his shoulders and back muscles being plainly visible. He is a revelation in skill and endurance.

The bench drillers work in pairs. Often the holes are from eighteen to twenty feet deep, and it is the work of one man to manipulate the long drills. Immense sixteen-pound hammers are used, and the apparent ease with which they are wielded is largely the result of "knack." In all drilling, the machine-like regularity of the swing is noticeable. Once a man gets the rhythm, his action never varies. His body might be a stationary engine, and his arm the piston for all the variance shown.

These tunnel men work in the full knowledge that at any moment death may visit them, but they are so accustomed to danger that the knowledge never worries them. In the east portal two men once had a narrow escape. One had gone out in search of a fresh drill, and in the interval of waiting, the other had got off the bench and walked towards the portal. Suddenly, without any warning whatever, there was a tremendous fall of rock from the roof. A length about thirty feet long by five feet thick had caved in for want of support. It had looked sound enough to the eye, and rung true to the hammer, but it broke away along an intervening mud seam on top. By a margin of a few seconds, those two men cheated death.

But all the dangerous work is not done in the tunnels. The powdermen had a job at Mile 32 that was a caution. As has been said, the Canadian Northern here ran along the hillside some sixty to seventy feet above the Grand Trunk Pacific's line, the two roads forming a pair of gigantic steps in the mountain side of which the Canadian Northern was the upper one.

THE GALICIANS, WHO GRAVITATE NATURALLY TO THE COOK-CAR AS THEIR PROFESSIONAL STAND



The variety of the job is more to their liking than the monotony of a day's shoveling

For awhile the excavation for the top roadbed was done in the usual manner, the rock being carried over the Grand Trunk on a level deck and dumped through chutes, into the Fraser. But this was too slow for Henning, the Swede contractor. Also, it was too costly, through chute-damage. Also again it kept a continuous murmur of sulphurousness afloat above the Grand Trunk right of way from railroad men who objected to carrying their lives in their dinner pails.

So it was decided to blow the whole hillside out at once, by drilling "cayutes"—little tunnels run in at grade — and up-and-down holes, put in every thirty feet or so along the higher slope. Fourteen "cayutes" and a much greater number of vertical holes were required, and in them the seven-dollar-a-day Swedes placed nearly 4,000 cans of black powder and 700 cases of dynamite at a cost of some $20,000.

On the afternoon of May 17th, 1914, all was in readiness. There was an air of suppressed excitement about the men completing the preparations. Engineers, visitors and railroaders galore had forgathered to witness what was properly regarded as the sight of a life time.

Seven o'clock p.m., was to see the first shot put off. A telephone message was received saying an eastbound freight train was held up further west. Its arrival was impatiently awaited, especially by the small army of amateur photographers, who saw the chances of an unusually interesting memento grow more shadowy as dusk drew near, until finally there was no more hope, and the cameras were shut up in despair.

Large fires were lit some distance out on each side of the doomed area. The valley in front was deserted. Quite a gala effect was given by the beacons dotted here and there, lit by sightseers outside the range of the shots. The tang of the pine was in the cold night air, and in the welcome glow of the fires hundreds of excited shovel-equipped dagoes kept up a lively chatter. These were gangs held in readiness to be turned loose on the work of clearing the Grand Trunk track as soon as the shots were put off.

Meanwhile high up on the far hillside, the centre of attraction, moving figures can be distinguished in the flare of the great Milburn Lights. These are the men who are giving the final tests to the batteries and seeing that the wires are in connection. Suddenly a weird long-drawn cry of "Fir-r-re" is heard. Thrice repeated, it sounds uncanny in the stillness of the night. A short interval after the third call and the magic handle is depressed. There is a belching roar and a mighty flame. The thunder of falling rocks and the rending crash of trees continues for some time, gradually ending in a spatter of the smaller rocks far back in the bush. A heavy pall of smoke and rock dust rolls slowly out and descends to the river, along which it goes in billowy and majestic state till it is dispersed in the West. What damage was done? None dared move. There were three more shots to follow.

After a little delay the second was fired with the same impressive incantations. This was by far the most heavily loaded series of holes. It was darker now, and this time a stunning double report was followed by a magnificent pyrotechnic display. What seemed like balls of living fire were hurled far across the valley and in the faint starlight the shadowy forms of mighty trees could be seen falling to the ground like grass before a reaper. The third shot was also a success.

The fourth shot was the hoodoo. It failed to materialize. Was tried again, but wouldn't go. At one a.m., the chilled and weary observers retired to cuss in dreams, only to be wakened again at five with the news that at six-thirty No. 4 would be due. This time, she came in with a spectacular effectiveness that fully compensated the camera fiends, who snapped and snapped again to get this or that astounding after-effect.

Far over the valley lay a heavy coating of broken rock, while there were thousands of yards still on the hillside that the shots had broken down, but could not throw out. Huge masses of rock that would make a good load for a two-horse team were thrown a distance of half a mile. One fairly large piece landed on the roof of the engineers' cook-shack which was right in the line of fire, directly across the valley and about half a mile away. It smashed in the roof, carried away a corner of the table and buried itself in the ground, a couple of feet below the floor, the boards of which were badly smashed. Another piece performed a more wonderful feat still, and at longer range. Some distance behind the engineers' camp a stout poplar tree was decapitated about four feet above the ground, but like the sentinel of Pompeii it stuck to its post and was found in an upright position beside its.

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A Hero By Profession

HOW THE GRAND CHANCE COMES WHIRLING ON THE VAST WINGS OF A BUSH FIRE, AND HOW THE GRASPING OF IT IS MERELY REPETITION AND ENLARGEMENT OF THE OLD PROVERB THAT "YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN"

By Robson Black

Author of "A Dollar and Costs," "Scrambled Journalism," etc.

Illustrated by M. V. Hunter

AT this moment, Major Cecil Villiers is the anonymous hero of his country. Two Hero-fund committees convened in his honor in one day. A resolution passed the legislature full of hexagonal phrases and exuding words like the drip off the Christmas turkey. But all the time, mark you, he was a hero *by proxy*, for no man save himself and a few close-tongued comrades hold possession to the keys of identity.

Major Villiers arrived at Quebec that seventh day of June to arrange for the tour of the illustrious Duke of Marven. Maybe you do not recollect the caustic vein of the interviews with this Imperial man-from-Cook's. The Major dictated the bare crumbs of day and date and place and function. Also he dictated painfully fast, for his brain worked like a coupling-pin between trains, steamboats, civic receptions, corner-stone layings, and the other ruck of jubilation a potentate doesn't want to do, and must.

The Major's hair, complexion, accent, fitted *exactly* those six-line pen-portraits hung up by the society editors—Six feet of stature, features straight and substantial, a pair of bronzed hands, the stilted gait of the cavalryman; good enough for a magazine cover—except the mouth and the forefinger, and they could belong to no other than a successful tiger-slayer, or an agent for a popular edition of Tacitus.

A newspaper interview was, of course, only the wink of an eye-lash in Major Villiers' daily routine. For eleven years he had followed the unique employment of ambassador ahead of great imperial shows, sub-Duke for Dukes, sub-heir for heirs-apparent, in any case the frigidly-correct stickler for whatever was specified by Tradition and Taste. To the slovenly-minded, the job was no bigger than a tailor's mannikin; *actually* the piloting of a princely fellow in democratic style through a democratic state is about as ticklish as framing a universally-agreeable tariff bill. Two hundred Canadian Clubs had wired the Duke of Marven two-hundred invitations to speak, six of them on the same day and three at the same hour. Four universities suggested a nice little L.L.D. Fourteen plutocrats sent in fourteen suspicious offers as hosts. There were three-hundred-and-sixty stops at railway stations and three-hundred-and-sixty separate (but not distinct) speeches to be received from mayors and corporations. Major Villiers billed the town, as it were, visited the mayors, shook their horny hands with delight, suggested a few dark lanterns to their illuminated addresses, and calmly examined the freshly-erected guillotines, or reception platforms, in order to apprehend any chance of repeating the trap-door scenes from 'Faust'.

And so the course of years brought to Major Villiers recognition as official herald of the Bigwigs until toting an Imperial Highness disturbed him no more than toting an umbrella.

But one sad day political parties changed in the Mother Country, and after that, such overseas pro-consuls as required an advance agent shrewdly selected according to the color of the party in power. Major Villiers was not that color and I do not need to explain what happened.

Lacking employment on anything more substantial than a monthly church parade he resigned his commission and sailed to Canada, bag and—luggage, and soon made himself at home as Superintendent of Supplies for the "Quebec and Northwestern Railway," at that time poking its forepaws into the wilderness across the pate of Lake Superior. Five years dropped off the calendar—*one* being entirely sufficient for the nation to forget that "Villiers" was ever written on a birth register.

Now, in Keddar dwelt one thousand souls, addicted mainly to store-keeping, implement selling and railroading. At four a.m. one morning Villiers awoke with his face toward the window of his berth and an uncanny impression that the sunrise had returned home the worse for drink. From where he lay, his sight could just reach the summit of the town elevator and the glass windows in the cupola were glowing with the sickening red smudge of a forest fire.

With the quick appraisal of danger that in a soldier's skull shares nothing with hysterics, the king's annointed was out of bed and flinging on his clothes.

Beyond the town lay an isolated farm; and at the edge of his little clearing stood Caleb Carey and Caleb Jr., seven years old, and cold in the young dawn.

"Nothing but a bush fire; don't cry, little man—brace yourself and fill the buckets!" said his father. And when the little man had braced himself and wetted down his fear with the fiftieth pail from the farm well, he slipped away from the barns, ran hard to the root house and there on the slope took note of the advancing flames.

A semi-circle of night sky, visible only through the sparser branches of clumps of popular, flickered irregularly from ochre to the colors of blood. The flames sucked in new miles of spruce and tamarack and their shavings of underbrush and, as he watched, little Caleb felt the air about his face blow suddenly hot and dry; it tasted of the deadness of ashes. With the awful gasping sounds that tell of a cauldron not far off, the winds rose high and whisked about in tantrums and lifted the long meadow grass. A possum raced by the boy's feet and hares and porcupines darted from the brush to take shelter beside the humans.

"Nothing but a bush fire," repeated Caleb Carey, when the lad returned with his tale of terrified wonder; but the sweating pallor of his face gave his story the lie.

Through the still unburned woods to the west of the Carey clearing a rider urged his horse, spurred it over the clumps of forest slash, into the opening where it turned to the house at a frightened gallop. Caleb listened to his message without concern—a message of warning from the people of Keddar, an order from the mayor to start for the town without delay. Caleb did not like either the mayor or the town; it was the county capital and at best a boss place.

"Tell the mayor to mind his business," said he, "and let the settlers mind theirs!"

His Orkney stubborness flamed at the interference so that he scarcely grasped that Caledon mines was cut off with forty men, most of them suffocated, no doubt, in the shaft! Bruce's farm and Simpson's and Vanegan's—deserted an hour since and everybody on his way to Keddar!

When the flickering stillness of the lane had folded around the horseman, Caleb dropped his bucket and mounted the root-house for further inspection. He saw the narrow segment of fire crawl a full semi-circle about the horizon and stretch forward greedily to cut the remaining line of flight. The winds were rising to a deathly howl and lashed the hundred foot pond that the settler regarded as his one impregnable retreat, with a hail of red-hot embers. Huge spruces on Vanegan's Hill, crisped for hours in the ovens of the valley, burst instantly into flame, roaring upward to the clouds like pyres of martyrs.

The superheated air, the soughing voices of the raging forest struck a dread close to the dread-proof heart of the pioneer. When Mrs. Carey saw him returning she understood the meaning of the quickened nervous steps. Caleb's face was streaming with sweat, and the tone of his words uncovered much misgiving. In ten minutes he and his household were moving slowly toward the town.

No sign of human life appeared. Caleb was probably the last man and his, the last family to desert the treasures to which their strength and spirit had been cast for nothing. Some sudden stroke of sentiment made him rein in the team. Why go to Keddar at all? What guarantee of safety there? Why not establish his reputation for independence by refusing to quit when the quitting was good? Mrs. Carey looked troubled. "Caleb—you're not going back?"

"I am," said Caleb. She thought he sounded unwontedly brutal. A clattering of hoofs on the road behind, and Caleb turned to look. Tongues lolling, and uttering that unaccustomed moan of beasts in great fear, four of his milch cows scampered into the ditch and so made a way past the democrat. By their side ran a calf, a staggering mewling thing without sense of direction. And in the same assembly a black bear ambled onward, fellow-citizen in such extremities with all four-footed nature. In a neighboring pasture a steer gored helplessly at the wire fencing leading to the road, and in a jiffy the little Caleb was down and had unfastened the gate; for this unexpected mercy the beast snorted a brief "thank you" and sank its hoofs in the road for Keddar. Caleb's resistance dissolved under the evidence of a brute's instincts. He shook the lines. "Geddap!" and the democrat rolled on.

Meantime, the tall visitor from the standing Pullman had sized up the situation in town.

With the handy perception of a soldier trained in South African warfare, Major Villiers saw that, given

A SEMI-CIRCLE OF NIGHT SKY WAS VISIBLE TO THE BOY ON THE MOUND. AND AS HE WATCHED HE FELT THE AIR ABOUT HIS FACE BLOW SUDDENLY HOT AND DRY. IT TASTED OF THE DEADNESS OF ASHES another two hours of their own sweet way, the population of Keddar would produce through self-combustion one of the serious panics in the record of the northland. He saw what no other man appeared to see, that undisciplined effort to fight the peril must send hundreds to the most awful of all deaths. He saw the blaze swallowing up fresh acres of timber, pressing its hateful circle closer and closer upon the outskirts. The terror of it only touched him with the disposition to be up and doing—two parts a soldier's automatic response to duty, and one part, (who shall say ?) the vanity of self-possession. As he strode across the square to the steps of the hotel, only a few had time to notice him. But those few followed the apparition of a *composed* man with as much awe as they had faced the crimson ghost looming over the tree tops. Villiers knew plainly what he wanted.

"You'll give me a hand—and you—and you"—he said, passing quickly through the knots of men on the verandah. Five hundred hands were immediately available—but only the one head. A helpless eager mob, he told them off into tens, each under a foreman.

"I want you with me," said Villiers, touching a particularly strong-jawed settler on the arm and Caleb Carey mustered at his side, Caleb, junior, including himself in the order.

Ten were despatched to the bridge over the Merrivale River with instructions to keep its dry timber free from the rain of embers. Danger threatened the hotel with its frightened crowd of women and children, and Villiers established a pair of bucket brigades for service on the roof. Already volunteer riders had done their work in the country round, as the Carey family had lived to testify, but hundreds of settlers delaying their departure might perish beyond sight of Keddar. And for their sake empty wagons, bravely manned, rolled out on the grey roads like artillery corps. Villiers himself commandeered the stores of dynamite at the mining company's office and presently the boom of overthrown houses closest to the forest edge gave the children on the hotel steps their first thrill of conflict with a blazing wilderness.

Smoke blew over the open spaces of Keddar with increasing heaviness. Women were dragging their children in a slow, sobbing, noisy procession to the bridge across the Merrivale. Returning grief-stricken from the railway station, a group of refugees told of the impending destruction of the tracks and the burying of a baggage coach in ashes. Down at the bridge, Caleb Carey with twenty-five men and lads, crudely equipped with buckets and tubs, beat back the increasing showers of sparks, hewed off timbers already afire and scattered them in the stream. Villiers had left the work to Caleb Carey as his most dependable aide, but saw on his return that no disciplined staff could have held back the powers raging upon Keddar and its only bridge. Faster than the buckets could ply, fresh attacks of the unfatigued enemy gathered in the air and fell upon some unexpected quarter.

Suddenly a long blot of red appeared to compass the entire structure. Men at the south end leaped ashore on the Barrens, those on the north where they could, some in the river, some on floating logs.

Villiers moved from point to point, unruffled as an inspecting officer on a parade ground. He adjured, encouraged, took hold with his own hands, not infrequently forgetting that he was without any authority to demand or remonstrate. He planted the dynamite and lighted the fuses, shouldered buckets of water and climbed shaking roofs to deal an axe blow. Three hundred men did his bidding to such good effect that an open fire-brake of one-hundred feet in width surrounded the town and gave the advancing death its first substantial check.

Smeared with dirt, his clothes torn and his right hand bearing an ugly cut, the king's late diplomatic envoy looked anything but the hero, anything but the interlocutor of Imperial dukes. His gallery, his chorus, his orchestra, where ?—a mountain, a riot of frightened animals, the sobbing and shrieking of the wind. But this was organization, thought Cecil Villiers, this was discipline, this was a big thing in efficiency, in order, in promptness, in foresight. Here in the back eddies of the world he was working out a game identical with the old one but to the saving of human life and homes and hopes. A thought of the superb news value to any metropolitan newspaper, the delicious piquancy of Villiers and his exploit this day in Keddar, struck him as irresistible; in his own mind he determined that New York and London, Ottawa and Washington should be reading every line of it before another twenty-four hours. The entire melodrama-loving world should know at last how hard it is to keep a good man down.

Over the sheets of smoke the sun poured a useless light. Most of the men had returned from the outskirts bringing loads of property, a few despairing settlers, and story after story of the death harvest in the districts beyond. The bridge was now gone in fragments, scraping along the shores of the Merrivale, and Villiers was not blind to the possibilities of such a loss once the fire leaped the brake and descended through the town. Only by reaching the Barrens could the position be saved.

Within an hour he had stretched a ninety-foot pontoon bridge from side to side of the Merrivale. Skiffs, logs, sections of the neighboring boathouses, a discarded stone-scow and fallen trees lay straining in the grip of rope and wire, bearing up a narrow platform capacious enough for emergency service. To Villiers it was only the working out of an old military trick. However he felt pleased at the chance for such an extraordinary demonstration; it would hold good as a yarn at the regimental mess.

Caleb, junior, raced down from the village with news of unwelcome color. The flames were over the brake and tunnelling a rapid passage through the outbuildings to the hotel. Villiers may have heard the lad's exclamations, but his eyes kept to the opposite direction. A cloud had poked a mulatto face through the wedge formed by two mountain tops, quickly trailing into the sky a large family of mates. A smile gleamed through the smears of burned wood and he shrugged his shoulders at Caleb's insistence.

"The wind is changing," he said quietly, "a thunder storm will be here in twenty minutes." It needed no prophet to make the words plausible. Every look turned hopefully to the west. The valleys were giving up their stores of moisture, hurrying them forward in a spasmodic flank movement.

"Night or Blucher" repeated Villiers; and at the instant heavy splashing rain drops pattered on the hard grasses and vaporized again into lifeless air. He knew that the fight was won.

It was a good many hours after the Keddar folks returned to their homes that anyone—it happened to be Caleb Carey—should think sentimentally of the part played that day by the six-foot level-headed stranger whose name no one had even bothered to inquire. And so with the blessing of the swearing mayor he planned a deputation thirteen strong, himself the spokesman. When Caleb's voice shouted an opening salutation through the broken window of his car, Villiers looked up with brusque impatience, but for the first time in his life, the sight of bobbing heads broke his nerve.

"We are merely a deputation from the people of Keddar," said Caleb, trying to make matters easier. The station agent's wife, as if in demoniacal collusion came running to the car door all aflutter with perishable news. The Associated Press, she tried to explain, wanted *the story*, wanted it quick from anyone able to speak plain English; the message had just arrived roundabout from Beagresville.

Who had been babbling to the Associated or any other press? Villiers' frown was rather transparent. But the station-agent's wife opined it must have been her husband's gossip with the operator at Beagresville who had some newspaper relative in Buffalo. And being as it was *confidential* to the Associated Press, little fear, said she, that anything would "leak out."

For a brief muscular minute Major Cecil Villiers of the Royal Cavalry fought his personal devil, and fought him hard. Then he suggested sharply: "Mr. Carey will tell them what happened."

"Glad, ten times glad," said Caleb, "but I've got to nail the story to a *name*."

The hero's expression flickered a moment like a lamp that lingers between triumph and effacement. He wrote the name on a company's card and passed it through the window.

When Caleb picked up the long-distance receiver in the agent's office he heard a thin-pitched voice demand "the guy that put the glory-song to shame." So he cleared his throat, inspected the card and spelled its contents slowly:

"J-O-H-N S-M-I-T-H."

LETTERS *from an* ENGLISHMAN *to his* SON *in* CANADA

There isn't a hint of wavering in the old land—the army grows; the navy calls and coals and puts out into the mists again, serene under the storm-driven Jack; the newspapers join hands with the censors; and the people, the staunch, steadfast, unexcited people are content to wait. Waiting is the hardest thing in the world. But it's an Anglo-British science.

January 1st, 1915.

. . . . To wish you a good New Year with better outlook at the end than we can claim now. However, things are going on decidedly well. In every branch and on every point we are much more than holding our own. The Russian block is wearing down the enemy and losing him the best troops he has left. Here our new army is shaping in grand style. Recruiting is at the top notch. We can't spare more than those coming along or we shall hamper war supplies, fleet, arms and clothing. The middle class is nearly all in training and fine stuff they are.

Ted went to stay with Archie at Newcastle, and from him learnt most interesting news of the fleet and the new ships fast coming along. Also that no more men can be spared if we are to keep pace with the output of war material. One coal pit employing eight hundred men closed down and the next day five hundred and eighty of them were enlisted and passed the doctors—two hundred were over age. The staff is very confident and has no faith in the enemy's leadership, whereas the French army is producing some first class divisional commanders and general officers. We shall see some forward movement soon after you get this.

General trade is big and busy and that apart from war production. Of course some trades are badly hit, like electro-plating, fine furniture and expensive restaurants. These don't count in a nation's health. It is time we became more thrifty. On the other hand works of art of good quality—old pictures, coins and the like are as hard to buy as ever, and no dealer will take five per cent. less than pre-war prices. Stamps, for instance are dearer than ever and dealers buy most confidently.

We only sent two big ships to Falkland Islands: and they were off at six hours' notice. We are all perfectly cheerful and by the end of the year we shall be winding up. Austria is badly beaten and Italy is certain to come in unless a very liberal accommodation is offered her. No doubt the Germans mean to be "frightful"; but they dread, with the very best of reason, the temper of the Belgians and the French when they burst over the frontier.

The feeling of the Belgian women is really alarming. It will be impossible for any army chiefs to prevent raids once the forces of the allies are across the border, and if the German population has not cleared itself out of the Rhine provinces, there will be terrible reprisals.

London may be damaged by bombs and Brussels blown up by mines but the end is certain; and the approximate depopulation of Germany, for Frenchmen are not disposed to take prisoners when the advance begins in earnest.

Amongst our own friends we have lost no one, though one or two have been wounded and gone back.

We have Belgians down in the village: and we see much of the wounded near us and at Aldershot. We are warned of possible air raids on the latter and we are going to dig out a big shelter trench behind the garden, as we are on a line of attack in the event of an air battle.

Stocks keep up; to-day War Loan is at premium. Wheat is high and this ought to help your side. English securities and especially industrials are stiffly held.

Mother is showing signs of some improvement, which greatly cheers us for the New Year.

February 6th, 1915.

. . . . We have been very glad to hear of your activities in connection with the expeditionary force.

The Canadians ought to be useful, though there was some weeding necessary at Salisbury Plains. The mill has been grinding them down and we hear very well of their present state. Of course the rain has been abnormal. Here 11.5 inches instead of a normal 3 inches for December alone. The worst is now over and everything points to early activity.

Germany seems bent on smoothing out our way in the States. The furious hatred which German writers and officers spit out at us is good evidence of their frantic despair. The blockade does not worry us at all. Marine insurance stocks are higher in price than they were a month ago, and we only laugh at the threat.

Men from the front are more confident than ever; and when the time comes for us to be ready to move we shall not be long. To-day the big guns for Metz are crossing our lines in Surrey to Southampton. Two locomotives draw one gun, loaded on five special trucks. These are eighteen inch pieces. The new armies are growing steadily into shape and the fleet is becoming stronger in just the points where we need it to face submarines and cruisers.

Stocks are good, though of course there is no accumulation of money for investment, owing to taxation and charitable supplies; also prices of food are stiff. Your people must be doing well out of wheat if any is left free of contracts. The price will be high next autumn also, owing to the contemplated invasion of East Prussia and Hungary, and the absence of a large part of Belgian and French crops. So your western people ought to do finely with anything round an average crop, if only the weather remains open long enough to get it in.

March 14th, 1915.

. . . . No doubt your lot will be "off to France" directly, and I trust that you view the prospect with the equanimity that it deserves. For a month past we have been shipping 100,000 men per week and enormous quantities of artillery are now going. . . . . . Hospitals are preparing for 120,000 wounded during April and May. The new armies are wonderfully fit; I wish you could see the men—we are surrounded by them here—nearly 200,000 in a radius of five miles of us. If it is a question of fighting in the field as between our soldiers, man for man, and the Germans, we shall have them on the run. But just when we can get their armies into the open will depend somewhat upon the presence of the Russians; and, as of course you know, Russia is terribly short of transports and of munitions. If we open the straits that may be remedied.

As to the United States, we are quite easy. We realize that any real attempt to come in on the side of Germany would mean a risk to the Union, and we know that in the long run the United States will see that it will be necessary for them to declare that freedom of trade (however important a principle to them) is at the bottom less important to the Anglo-Saxon race than freedom to live their civic life. Anything that establishes German military ideals on the European world will react with inevitable effect on America. Now that our fleet is growing fast and the raiders are being held up we shall have more freedom to deal promptly and decisively with neutral vessels and a formal blockade may be established.

The Clyde trouble is annoying us but it arises chiefly from absurd confidence in Scotland that everything will be over in July. Many of the men in the yards are nearly worn out by overtime; and the money they make is such that they want a few days to spend it in. It does not excuse the men but it explains a lot.

Scott, of the Manchester Guardian, has been foremost in denouncing the strikers and of course the Union Headquarters have no part or lot in the unrest. As to profits of the masters it is worth noticing that there is *no* armament firm quoted on the Stock Exchange whose shares are not *lower* than they were before the war began. Ship owners are, on the other hand, doing well where their tonnage is free for running contracts at present rates.

Affectionately,
PADRE.

Love We Our Enemy?

By Ernest H. A. Home.

SMASHED-in the cottage door,
Smashed-in the walls:
Home never, never more—
Death's shadow falls.

Where grew the marigolds—
There, by the gate—
There lies a purpling corpse:
Yonder its mate.

Gaping the stricken lips,
Staring the eyes—
God! by the linden tree
Old Anna lies.

Seek we our dead, and weep—
O curse of Might!
If this be work of day
What of the night?

Blood-spattered everything,
Filth everywhere.
God—if there be a god!—
Availeth prayer?
God—if a god there be—
Love we our enemy?

The Price

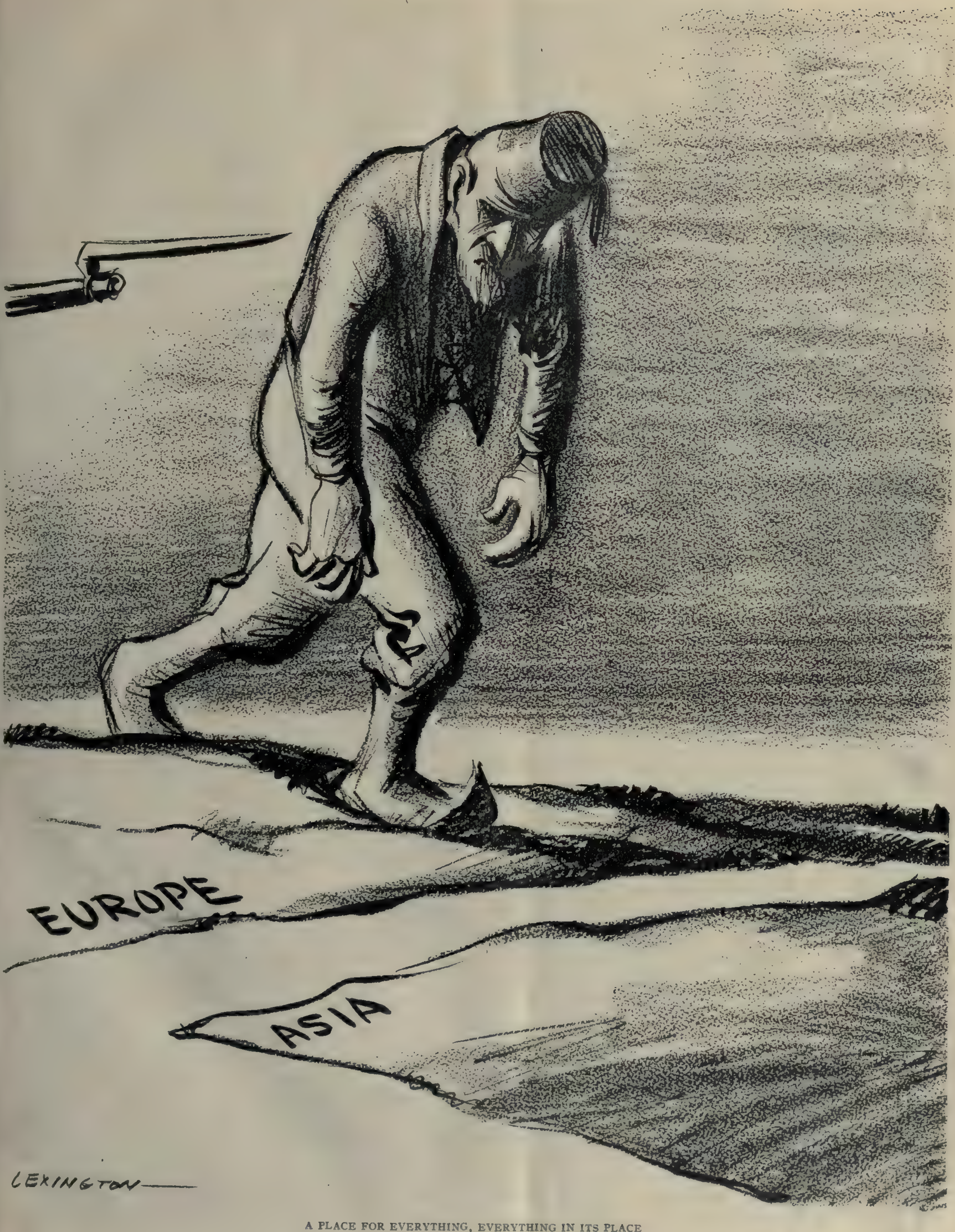
By Ernest H. A. Home.

"SACRED to Jean Dubois,"—
Carved on a bit of stone,
Out on the treeless plain,
Out in the wind and rain,
"Sacred to Jean Dubois,"
Sacred to Jean alone——

And over the distant hills
Beyond the snarl of the guns,
Weary and sad, she tills,
The land that was once her son's.

"Sacred to Jean Dubois,"—
There at the foot his lance,
Shattered when came the shock,
Shattered as on a rock,
"Sacred to Jean Dubois,"
Dead for the love of France.

And over the distant hills,
From the stench and the sound of the guns,
Feeble and bent, she tills
The land that was once her son's.



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

Apples of Eden

WHEREIN AN UNAPPLAUDED ACT IN THE ORDINARY ROUTINE OF DAILY LIFE IS SOMETIMES HARDER TO PERFORM THAN THE ONE WHICH WINS THE VICTORIA CROSS

By Gwendolyn MacLeod

Illustrated by F. A. Noteware

LOCKE HEARD THE MAN SAY, "RATHER A GOOD SCOOP FOR SOME CUB REPORTER AND ——" THE REST WAS DROWNED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC FROG

THE train stopped with the usual whiz and vindictive shriek, as if the monster regretted the necessity of disgorging any portion of its prey unharmed.

Charlie Locke got out and glanced around in the hope of a greeting; if only from a stray dog. He had been away a year, and felt cheated when he found that even the station agent was a new man—not an over civil one either. Not a very cheerful home-coming, thought Locke, as he started out to walk the two miles between his place and the station. Well, he had wanted peace—Lord, how he had wanted it the last four months, and now he'd probably get it.

He sauntered on, smoking and thinking idly of the quiet beauty of the scene, so quiet in fact that it seemed as if all the heart-rending sights he had witnessed since the outbreak of the war must have been nothing more than a bad dream.

Along about the last of July, Locke had found himself lying in a German household somewhere near Berlin, with a military looking doctor standing over him sentencing him to bed for an indefinite period, and all because Locke happened to possess an unmanageable appendix—all this in the face of his being a self-respecting British subject too. It was about the time the Kaiser was expecting Paris on a platter, so very naturally the only thing that made his presence bearable at all, was an over-flowing purse.

Like the well mannered Briton he was, his first act on regaining British soil, was to enlist. But not possessing an appendix equally as well mannered, he found himself gazetted home on sick leave.

The gray of twilight was gathering around as he came out on the high road and found himself near the entrance to his own grounds. He could see the roof among the encircling trees; and once more, pretty and homey as everything seemed to a world-weary traveller, he could not help this friendless lonely feeling, and almost wished he had followed his first impulse and stopped off in Montreal, where he'd be more apt to get in touch with a crowd of the "fellows." And there he would have had his sister's comfortable place to go to when the club palled on him. He had been a bit of a fool to come off here all by himself, with no one more companionable than wheezy Mrs. Andrus and her rheumatic husband. Oh well, he'd take the train back the first of the week.

On coming up to the house he noted that the doors and windows of the library were open, and felt a rush of thankfulness to Mrs. Andrus for this unconscious welcome. He came on into the room meaning to surprise the old lady by ringing the bell. The place was rather dark. He stumbled over a foot-stool and banged against an easy chair, naturally making a fracas.

Charlie said something rather strong and went over to the window to finish his smoke before summoning Mrs. Andrus. He stood moodily looking out and thinking it would be a sort of consolation if he were a man with a history, a mystery and a secret crime; then at least there'd be a ghost to greet him on the threshold.

A step sounded from the inner room. He caught the flutter of a white dress in the doorway and rose rather suddenly. A girlish voice called:

"Good gracious, Minnie, how you startled me!"

Locke stood still and stared stupidly before him, dumbfounded. Certainly it could not be a ghost that spoke, for it was against the rules of the tribe of ghosts from all time. Also if it were a ghost, there was more than one. It certainly would be novel to find his dwelling taken possession of by a spook family.

"Minnie!" repeated the voice, "be a dear and stop teasing me. I have been in the garden and the house seems like a tomb."

The speaker was approaching. In another instant she would realize her mistake. Charlie felt horribly guilty, though he was in his own house. She came on and in the midst of an animated description of the sunset saw that it was not Minnie but—a man, a real flesh and blood man, calmly standing in her library. There was a little fluttery gasp, and then an assumption at dignity and a bold front to cover up the frightened little thumps of her heart that she was sure he must hear.

"What do you want? If it's money you sh-an't h-have it. If it's——"

"I beg your pardon, I—I—" Charlie began. Then the idea of apologizing for having entered his own house struck him as such an insane thing, he laughed. Rather a pleasing laugh too, and one that would dispel almost any girl's fear.

She was very near him now, a tall slender attractive person with a perfect mop of bronze hair and a pathetic little appealing something in her face that was curiously contradictory to the firmness and determination around her mouth. She was apparently making as careful an analysis as Charlie and concluded that, as he did not measure up to her idea of a house breaker, he was an escaped lunatic. His next remark confirmed this suspicion:

"I'm mighty sorry I startled you, and—and—well, hang it all, it rather took my breath to find I'd such a charming guest!"

Just then Mrs. Andrus and another pretty bit of femininity entered. Mrs. Andrus uttered a, "Lord bless my soul!" and dropped in a chair, at which the first girl turned her back and whispered to the two women: "Mad, stark staring mad!!"

Both the girls had retreated to the door, and seemed about ready to run at even a word from him. About then Mrs. Andrus came to enough to say: "If it ain't Mr. Locke, Mrs. Gordon—why I never did! When did you come? Laws o' goodness, and he's been to the war. My! my! my! I surely thought you'd gone an' been killed, and 'twas your ghost we were seein', and sure all the time it was my own boy."

Between these sputterings of Mrs. Andrus, the eldest of the two girls, the one who had entered with the housekeeper, came forward.

"You must excuse our apparent inhospitality, Mr. Locke," she said. "We had no idea of seeing you, as you may imagine. I suppose you ran up to see how your home looked. What an adorable old place it is."

"I believe I was as much taken by surprise as you," he said. "I supposed I should find the old den shut up——"

At this point a man drove up with Locke's luggage. The girls looked at each other and the youngest said:

"Mr. Locke perhaps does not know that his agent, Mr. Siddall, has rented the house for six months, mother mine."

"Indeed I did not," Charlie said growing very warm. "How stupid of me to come in like this!"

Mrs. Gordon began to laugh and could not stop although Winnifred looked reproachfully at her. Charlie caught the infection and laughed too, and old Jane joined them, cackling shrilly, and exclaiming at intervals: "Why, I never did! Straight round the world. Land's sake!"

When the atmosphere cleared up a bit, and Locke got a number of things straightened out, among them, "What in thunder the one Mrs. Andrus called Miss Winnifred meant by calling the other girl 'mother mine.'"

After Locke had remembered that there had been some controversy between Mr. Siddall and himself before he left for the continent, as to the advisability of his renting the old place in the country; how Mr. Siddall's clear-headed business reasoning had finally won out against Charlie's sentimental argument that he didn't want "piffling" strangers around his own private haven; and how he later had given in, then repented and had written Siddall countermanding the order; Mrs. Gordon insisted that the explanation was proof that they were trespassers and the only way that things could be made to balance would be for him to have Mrs. Andrus prepare his rooms, put his things away and stay, "exactly as if the Gordon family were not on the map." There really wasn't any alternative, at least for the night.

Surprise wasn't the word to express what he felt when Winnifred told him, that the little wisp of wildness, properly called Mrs. Gordon, was her stepmother. It was incongruous that the vivacious little bundle of irresponsibility should be the mother of this tall girl with the calm direct gaze. She was such a self-possessed person that Locke found himself wondering what it would be like to see a light in those deep eyes. He felt like a little boy who looks into a calm bottomless well, and wants to throw a stone to see if there really could be ripples on that surface of glass.

Winnifred went on to tell him about her and her father being at a summer resort a couple of years previous to this, where Minnie also was. How the two girls, had become friends immediately, probably through the very fact of their being so different. And how Winnifred's father had fallen in love with Minnie. Locke found himself wondering how anyone could help it.

Mrs. Andrus told him later, about the accident that couldn't be spoken of before Mrs. Gordon. She and her husband had been motoring to town one night to the theatre. They were late, and Mr. Gordon told the chauffeur to smash the speed laws to smithereens—he did, along with the car and two lives. A train was coming, but the chauffeur thought he could make it— The two men had been killed outright, but Minnie had been carried on the fender of the engine for a mile.

Charlie wakened the next morning with a sense of something unusual having happened. It was a sparkly, snappy, sunshiny morning, which prob-

CHARLIE CAME CLOSER. "WINNIE GIRL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME. THIS LAST WEEK HAS BEEN TORTURE" ably helped along his decision to spend a couple of weeks in the neighborhood. He'd take rooms up at "Aunt Jinny's" the dear poker-like old maid who used to teach him his letters, and who now was the crossest dearest, roaringest little old lady that ever walked.

Locke woke up one morning to the realization that the three of them had motored and teaed and danced away two weeks. They had been glorious bubbly days, but the question was, where were they landing him. He had played around with both the girls, and as he realized in his more sober moments, had played hard. Where was it going to end? Some nights when he went home, he was sure it was Winnifred's demure ways that attracted him. Then he'd go over the next morning, maybe for breakfast, and Minnie would come tumbling in with a bunch of flowers in one hand and a kitten in the other; both so full of fun and nonsense that he knew it was the very sunshine of her that held him. Foolish? Of course, it was more than that, and the different kinds of idiots he called himself would fill a volume.

Charlie decided to spend the day in the woods with his gun and his dogs and think things out. As he was returning, about dusk, he couldn't resist the temptation to stop as usual at the Gordons. When he was within a stone's throw of the place he stopped, roused by the sound of voices. In the stillness of the spring night the words were distinctly audible:

"Threatening never does one any good, and besides you have no right to be seen around here. If you persist——"

"I should say it was for me to make terms, not you. How about my going up to the house and presenting myself to Mrs. Gordon. Think she'd enjoy it?"

Locke stood thunder-struck. The first voice had been Winnifred Gordon's, maybe a little tremblier than usual, but unmistakably hers. The second, the strident voice of a man who holds a trump card. He could see his face now; he was undoubtedly a handsome chap in spite of the signs of dissipation. He felt a natural impulse to start forward, but remembered that he had no right to interfere. He had unwittingly intruded upon some secret of Winnifred's. As he turned he heard the man say:

"It would be rather a good scoop for some cub reporter, and would be food for the scandal mongers. Very interesting for one of the morning papers to come out with black headlines announcing the—"

The rest was drowned by some enthusiastic frog. The black hopeless feeling with which he turned away was not all selfishness either, for there came back to him the troubled look that sometimes stole into Winnifred's eyes, especially when the little play-mother Minnie, was the gayest. Charlie realized that his deeper more serious love was for Winnifred. She was the only girl in the world he wanted, but manlike he didn't want her tarnished. "Good Heaven! there must be some mistake." But no, he had heard it.

He went on home, but a resistless something urged him to go over anyway, and make his accustomed evening call.

Minnie's greeting, "Charlie you're a special dispensation from Heaven," was quite characteristic. Her extravagant adjectives were a part of her charm.

A few minutes later Winnifred joined them on the porch.

"How's your head honey-girl?" Mrs. Gordon asked. "She's been shut up in her room this live-long day Charlie. She wouldn't even let me in, and I 'most died of the horrors." Minnie's description of the things she resorted to in her loneliness amused the two in spite of themselves.

Winnifred looked pale, but this wasn't out of the ordinary, as she always looked that in contrast to Mrs. Gordon's vivid coloring.

"You ought to have gone out for a little air," Locke said to her.

"Bed was the best place for me," she answered coolly.

Charlie felt a wave of increased bitterness, when she added: "I did go out for a few moments after sunset."

"You heartless little wretch!" cried Minnie, "you might have asked me to go with you."

Locke saw Winnifred smile. It was such a pathetic, weary little droop, that his heart ached.

Alone in his room that night Charlie tried vainly to straighten things out. He wondered how a girl like Winnifred had become entangled with a man of that calibre. It was probably a girlish infatuation, and she had done something imprudent that had to be kept secret. He battled all night with his "consummate folly" as he called it, but argue and reason as he would the horrible pain remained.

The next two or three days passed so quietly that Locke could almost have persuaded himself that the scene he had witnessed in the wood was some delusion of his own brain. It was so out of keeping with his opinion of Winnifred; so at variance with her apparent character. There must be some explanation. He knew however, that the argument only came from his own infatuation.

Quite by accident he learned something of the stranger. He stopped in at a wayside inn where transient motorists stopped for refreshments. Locke was talking to the old chap who owned the place, when the man whom he had seen with Winnifred stepped out of one of the private rooms.

"Patterson's his name," said the proprietor in answer to Charlie's question. "There's a fast set on 'em here. There're staying up to Hill's place. You remember young Hill what was left all the money, and now he's burnin' himself up, an' it too, with the crowd he's runnin' with. I'm hearin' this Patterson chap's wife has left him, and faith who'd blame her."

Charlie didn't know how he got out of the place. It was worse than he'd thought possible. Good Lord! his Winnifred.

That evening Locke went over to tell the Gordons of his decision to go to Montreal the next day. Winnifred was alone in the garden.

Was it imagination that his: "Winnifred, I'm going away to-morrow," caused a little start.

"Why, Charlie I thought you were going to stay all summer."

Was he going to be strong enough not to tell her how he cared. Locke was too much a man of the world not to know that anything serious between them was impossible. How could there be when he knew there had been another man—a married man, and yet what a fool he was to doubt his clear eyed girl. What did it matter if there was an affair, he'd defy tradition and—

There was a sound of horses' hoofs. Before Locke who had his back to the driveway could turn, the strident voice said just behind him.

"I'm awfully sorry to interrupt, but I had to come along, you know you haven't kept your promise, so I'm here."

Winnifred's eyes, black with anger and something else, were fixed on him. There was something in her glance that checked further words.

"Please go away, Mr. Locke," Winnifred said, seeing that Charlie was about to interfere.

"After I have relieved you of this—"

"Go, for Heaven's sake. You can't do me any good. Walk on and meet Minnie; keep her from coming home at present."

"Shame to trouble you Mr. Locke, I might go and meet her myself," was Patterson's insolent reply.

Winnifred's two hands clenched over Charlie's arm. "Have a little mercy on me," she whispered. "If you ever fancied you cared even a wee bit for me, I conjure you by our friendship to go and keep Minnie from coming!"

Charlie went blindly down the avenue without a word; feeling as if a

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In the Forefront

N. W. ROWELL, THE MAN WHO NEVER RESTS; MARKS BROTHERS, FARM-BOYS WHO PLOUGH THE MEADOWS OF MELODRAMA; F. S. MEIGHEN, PATRON OF THE ARTS AND COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS

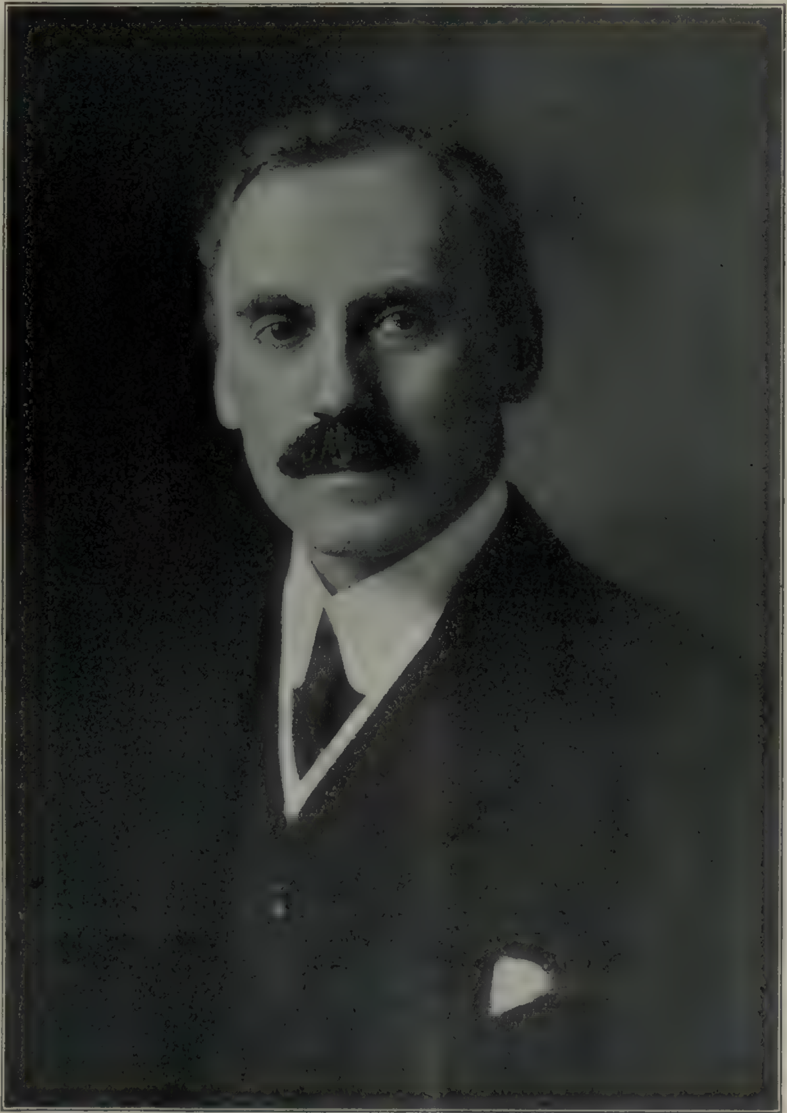
Unresting Rowell

Leader of the Ontario Opposition, lawyer, church worker, temperance advocate

By Hector Moore

IT is not every Leader of the Opposition in a provincial Legislature in Canada whose name is national in its significance. There must be some very substantial reasons, therefore, for the prominence of Mr. N. W. Rowell, Leader of the Opposition in Ontario. Most people, if asked for an explanation, would immediately refer to his "Abolish the Bar" policy, which made the general elections in Ontario last summer so exciting, and which was the forerunner of energetic campaigns against the liquor traffic, that owing to the war, are now worldwide in their extent.

It is true that the "Abolish the Bar" campaign, conducted by Mr. Rowell and his colleagues with such vigor and pertinacity, and followed up now by his demand for drastic treatment of the liquor traffic at least during the war, did bring him right to the front in the public eye, and caused him to be the most talked of man in Canada last spring, but Mr. Rowell's interests and activities are by no means confined to the problem of the liquor traffic.



NEWTON WESLEY ROWELL, M.P.P.
The man who has vitalized Provincial politics in Canada

Newton Wesley Rowell is one of the hardest working men in this country. Although he is genuinely interested in the welfare of the working men, and fights to secure for them fair wages and shorter hours, yet, for himself, he recognizes neither an eight, a ten, nor even a twelve hour day. It is substantially true to say of him that he works all the time except when he eats or sleeps. His capacity for labor arouses the amazement of all those who come in contact with him. Not only is he head of the Liberal Party in Ontario, with the leadership in the Legislature, but he is also the active head of one of the big law firms in Toronto, and keeps up the practise of his profession. In church matters also, he is one of the outstanding laymen in the Methodist Church, and is interested not only in religious affairs in Canada, but through various Missionary Boards, and especially the Edinburgh Continuation Committee, of which he is treasurer, he is in close contact with church problems on an international scale.

With all this load of responsibility, it could not be expected that Mr. Rowell would have very much time for amusement. It is always the sincere hope of his friends that he finds sufficient fun and recreation in work itself, for assuredly, he gets no opportunity to find it anywhere else.

But although, inevitably, he is not exuberantly light hearted, and although no one could accuse him of being frivolous, yet Mr. Rowell is not all seriousness. He has his lighter moments when he can turn a neat, subtle jest, and tell a humorous, cultivated story. This characteristic comes out often in the House, where the Leader of the Opposition is particularly happy in repartee. His most carefree times, however, are when he is at dinner, either in his own home or at one of those public or semi-private functions which apparently are fundamental accompaniments of political life. Mr. Rowell, on such occasions, is very fond of telling stories and incidents of famous public men, especially English Liberals, and among these his favorites seem to be Bright, Gladstone, Asquith, Lloyd George and Herbert Samuel.

"N. W." therefore, is by no means a one-sided man, whose interest in life is bound up exclusively in a single issue. When new problems and new crises arise, Mr. Rowell is at once keenly on the alert, and ready to participate in them. For example, he has taken the war most deeply to heart. He has been the apostle of Canada's through-and-through responsibility in this gigantic conflict. His central theme seems to be that Canada, in proportion to its population and resources, should do every whit as much as the Mother Country in the struggle against German militarism. This duty he has preached with the utmost force and vigor in the Legislature of Ontario, and on the public platform not only in his own province, but also in Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He has also interpreted from his point of view the issues of the struggle and Canada's part in the conflict in an address to the Canadian Club of New York.

His visit to the Maritime Provinces in January was in response to invitations from Canadian Clubs in that section of the country, and it is understood that similar clubs in the Western Provinces are anxious that he should visit them also. Mr. Rowell's services in helping to arouse a deeper feeling of Canada's first-hand interest and responsibility in the war have been recognized by the Press, Liberal, Conservative and Independent, who, in eulogizing his course have urged all public men to follow his example.

In the session of the Ontario Legislature which has just closed, the financial condition of the province attracted much more attention on the part of the public than it usually does. Finance is always an important department of government, but when times are good and money tolerably available, it is difficult to get the average voter deeply and personally interested in balance sheets. This year, however, when every cent of expenditure, personal and public, has to be scrutinized carefully, finance came into its own, and another side of Mr. Rowell's versatility became evident—not so much to the Legislature, which had recognized his abilities in this line before, but to the general public. The Leader of the Opposition's business and legal training has peculiarly fitted him to pick out the essentials in the most complicated and lengthy financial statements, and without going into the question of politics at all, and without passing judgment on who was right and who was wrong in the stormy scenes that marked the financial sessions, it can be fairly stated that the people of Ontario are fortunate in having such a keen and relentless financial critic to subject the financial management of the province to the minutest scrutiny. Such probing is good for private household accounts, for companies' business, or for public finance.

Mr. Rowell's real contribution to Ontario politics, however, a contribution which is affecting and will continue to affect provincial politics throughout Canada and raise them to a higher level of interest and usefulness, is his emphasis on the fact that, under our system of government, it is the provinces, rather than the Federal government, which have to deal with matters of social reform such, for example, as within the last few years have occupied so much prominence in the British Parliament. Mr. Rowell may be said to have vitalized provincial politics in Canada.

Under his touch, backed up by the efforts of able men with him, traditional subjects have taken on new life. Take agriculture, for example. What Mr. Rowell has done ever since he entered the House is to deal with the human element of this problem. It is of the rural home, the rural school, the rural church, that he has spoken, as well as of mere acreage and production. Still he has not neglected this latter aspect. Back in 1913, he conducted a methodical campaign for "More Food." He thus anticipated by a year and a half the nation wide "Patriotism and Production" campaign, inaugurated after the opening of the war. It is, however, we repeat, the human, rather than the material aspects of life on the farm which Mr. Rowell emphasizes. Although working on independent lines, he makes one think of Gifford Pinchot's investigations into the rural school and the rural church in the United States.

Another of Mr. Rowell's hobbies (he seems to give equally deep and thorough study to them all) is city life, especially that of the laboring man. When he wants to find out the facts and the results of unemployment, he does not merely read books or consult experts—although he does this too. He goes right into some of the homes where the husband is out of work and the family thereby in distress. He sees conditions for himself, and when he comes to speak of the problem in the House, there is a definiteness, an energy and an earnestness which could not come from any amount of long-range study.

These excursions of Mr. Rowell into the homes of the people are never resented, for they are not dictated by any idle curiosity or academic inquisitiveness. On such occasions, accompanied as he is by respected social workers, he is welcomed as one who comes not as an investigator, not as a public man, but as a friend.

In such other issues as tax reform and woman suffrage, Mr. Rowell again does not deal with them as academic debating points, but as problems affecting the daily life of the people.

As for his most spectacular fight, the one against the liquor traffic, to be really appreciated it must be considered not in isolation but as one of the divisions of his social reform programme. He has always laid great stress on the opinions of famous social reformers, statesmen, and labor leaders. All through his campaign last summer, he referred to the statement of the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, one of the social reformers in the Asquith cabinet, to the effect that,

"If social reformers were to leave intemperance unfought, it would be like an invading army that left unchallenged behind it the strongest positions of the enemy. Their work would be incomplete, and what little they had accomplished would soon be undone."

Since the war, of course, Mr. Rowell has been able to quote in support of his contentions not merely strong opinions such as Lloyd George's declaration that of the three enemies Great Britain was fighting, Germany, Austria and drink, drink was the worst, but he has been able to point to actual drastic moves made against the liquor traffic in Russia, France and Great Britain, and the forward steps proposed in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The most important feature of the Ontario Legislature which closed on April the first was the sharp cleavage of policy between the Government and Opposition on the liquor question. The Government's bill provided for the appointment of one Provincial License Board with wide powers to deal with the traffic; Mr. Rowell's proposal, rejected by the Government, was "at least" to close all drinking places during the war, and to submit to a majority vote of the people the question whether these places ever would be reopened or not. This policy is part of the legislation to be adopted by Saskatchewan. It was proposed publicly by Mr. Rowell several months before the Saskatchewan government announced its policy.

Whether the Government or the Opposition in Ontario is right on this question it is not for us to say. The significant point is that once again Mr. Rowell has launched a drastic policy against the liquor traffic which has made the issue the really live one in the province.

In the meantime, whether right or wrong, Mr. Rowell continues to work. Work, work, work, is the keynote of his life. If activity, ability, sincerity and persistence are virtues to be commended, the Leader of the Opposition in Ontario is an example to be set before the youth of the land.

"Ten, Twenty, Thirty"

The Seven Marks Brothers, with their four shows, and their thirty-eight years' experience, have played melodrama to upwards of a quarter of a million people

By Robson Black

DOWN on the shores of Christie Lake, eleven miles from Perth, Ontario, lives Robert Marks, a six foot showman. Before his doorstep spreads one of the rarest estates in all Ontario, an estate of flowing waters, of scattered islands and granite headlands, of long ghost-walks of silver birch where the rabbit plays his "comedy lead" and the hawk signs up for forty weeks of "heavies."

This is the place—this Christie Lake—where the Marks family of players and managers have grown from childhood, where their dramatic companies are assembled at midsummer, where the second edition of the Marks name, adding new patterns to the family heirloom, will probably pass along the enterprise to interminable generations. Around the lake shores the actors have their cottages, their motor boats race the waters in the early morning and the pitch of night. They fish together, work together—as pleasant a family as ever tanned and fattened under the summer sky. And now since the railway came within catapult throw of the big Marks' home, they are building a great rehearsal hall, warehouse, and painting-studio where the entire Marks enterprise will be housed when the forty weeks of road tour are ended and another forty in process of planning.

The Marks stock companies, which a large proportion of Canadians and Americans have known at some time or other, are in many senses the foundation stones of theatrical effort in the Dominion. There have been more delectable efforts, as with the gifted and unfortunate Harold Nelson once an idol of Western Canada, but the dramatic companies organized by the Marks family have been the real genesis of Canadian theatrical enterprise. Although continuity of management in the theatrical business is tragically rare, the brand of "Marks" in the theatrical world has persisted for thirty-eight years, developing from the original single venture of Robert W. into the four companies of the present day, owned by four brothers, R. W., Tom, Joseph and Ernest. Stranger still, profits have flowed in until the family fortune represents probably half a million dollars, invested, you may be sure, where the moth and rust of the theatrical gamble corrupts not even a penny.

In the commonplace designation of theatre-goers three divisions are usually hit upon as sufficient to pigeon-hole universal taste for amusement. There is the high-brow crowd which attends only when the tickets equal a roast-of-lamb, the low-brows running largely to burlesque where the chief comedian smashes a pie against a Chinaman's face, and the browless or unpretending crowd which attends frankly and vaguely to "see a good clean drama." These divisions are sorely inaccurate but upon such assumptions men build theatres and companies rehearse their actors and playwrights write plays. Theoretically there are but three spots giving deadly access to the Public's brains: in the head, in the feet, and in the region between the stomach and the heart. The latter I think, might roughly describe the target against which the average travelling repertoire company train their crossbows. "Lena Rivers," "Dora Thorne," "The Two Orphans," "The Three Musketeers," and all their thousand-and-one comrades, such as these companies are accustomed to play, represent a fairly close approximation to the actual ideals, aspirations, and notions of morality lurking in the skull of the average man and woman. At least they are healthy and polite, with a plain-as-day plot, a Calvinistic denunciation of dark moustaches, and a halo of broken hearts and scalding tears pinned above the heroine's tiara. Virtue in rags never failed to make women cry—in the theatre—and the click of the duellist's sword resolves the humble carpenter to spend his next strike pay on fencing lessons. I have watched audiences bawl in undisguised grief at the picture of poor lean Lena Rivers, and men stuff handkerchiefs down their larynx when little Eva moans to Uncle Tom that she is "going there." Let no one take away the notion that the impact of the visiting stock company leaves no permanent reminder on the life of a nation for I fancy I know a Canadian and American election or two that were decided on the pattern of "Dora Thorne," "Parted At The Altar" or "The Devil's Auction."

ROBERT W. MARKS
One of seven brothers who have made half a million out of the show business

How those seven brothers of the Marks quit the festive life of their father's farm near Perth is an end of the story which must be dragged from the past. As often happens in big families of farm lads, Robert W., the eldest, struck out as a small trader, beating up business for organs and sewing machines. The other boys worked the farm, cut the roots, jigged round on the hay rake, attended the circus, hoed turnips and in other ways experienced the glorious uplift that goes with farm life as we know it. One day, Robert W., still vending his five-octaved harmonicas came to Maybrook and into that village that same day came Kane Kennedy, magician, "Mysterious Hindu from the Bay of Bengal," as his name indicates, and Kane rented a hall and bade the tired-business-man of Maybrook, Ontario, to come right this way.

Robert saw the show, recognized the cleverness of the performer and fixed one conclusion in his mind that Kane Kennedy, rightly managed, could make three times the gate receipts. After the audience left, Robert introduced himself and said: "I own a team of horses and a wagon; you have a tent and a lot of clever bunco. Let's hitch and take fifty-fifty of the profits."

That day was the start of the Marks Brothers' enterprise. Robert headed across Ontario by easy stages—if a stage *can* be easy—and found himself in the year 1879 on the way to Winnipeg. No railways were then in sight of Manitoba. "I could have vaulted across Winnipeg on any clothes-pole," as Robert expressed it to me. "It was just a muddy fresh-rigged town that Easterners thought was a thousand miles northwest of the North Pole and did not care if it moved another thousand. The show I gave in 1879 was the first amusement enterprise to come to Winnipeg. The issue of one of the two weekly newspapers of that day stated that 'Winnipeg is no longer in the back woods as a show has struck town.' "

The only way to get into the Dakotas from Manitoba was by taking the "flyer" or flat boat down the Red River, and Robert Marks with the entertainer and three or four additional people to help the show out, took chances on the southbound currents of fortune. Even in such times news travelled with surprising swiftness, so that when the flat boat veered into the dock at Grand Forks, N. Dakota, the sheriff of the place with a luxurious moustache hurdling over his upper lip ordered Marks and his company ashore. Marks tried to balk the order.

"You have no hall," he protested, but the sheriff was equal to the challenge.

"The townspeople say they won't let you by. If you give the word we'll fit up an opery house in half an hour." So Marks gave the word and half the men in Grand Forks carried tables and beer kegs into a half-finished store. The tables were stacked against one end to form a stage while the kegs served as seats. Three shows were given that day—the first entertainment Grand Forks had ever seen.

When a showman struck his route through the north-western part of Alberta about 1880, he gambled desperately on a perforated hide. In the majority of these raw untamed towns to which the Marks caravan finally made its way, local custom decreed that the travelling troupe should be the natural target of the drunken and well-armed cowboy. In the history of these towns no entertainment had been more than half finished before one or more "toughs" started potting at the lamp chimneys, reducing the house to darkness and chaos in a very few minutes. Marks saw he must nip such horseplay in the bud or lose his profits. Before reaching a town he'd secure the names of the five wildest characters known to local annals, and these men he'd seek out, coax into a good humor with drinks and then request them as an especial honor to act as policemen at the evening's entertainment. With solemn conscientiousness those men carried out their duty. Ugly, burly, ill-scarred cutthroats, they stalked up and down the aisles during the performance, swaggering from right to left, and if a person in the audience dared even to laugh in the wrong place one of the gunmen was at his side with a significant slap on the shoulder and a grunted innuendo about "filling him full of lead." But Marks solved the showman's problem of keeping order in the bad lands, although as he says himself "the gunmen kind of spoiled the quiet scenes."

Colville, Kansas, 1 a.m., and Marks was seated at a table in the only hotel, the "Silver Dollar." Then, as since, he wore the high silk hat which has distinguished the Marks Brothers in their out-of-doors appearances. No one had ever dared enter Colville in a plug topper before but Marks looked on it as good advertising. Presently he detected a solemn footfall behind him and without an instant's warning a pistol was rammed within an inch of the hat and two bullets ploughed their way into the wall opposite. Marks turned with all the calmness he could muster and said: "Pardner, please take better aim next time." For an instant the cowboy glowered above him, for he had mistaken him for a preacher.

"How'll ye trade hats?" he challenged. The showman hesitated a moment but caught sight of a gesticulating bar-tender half hid behind a partition.

"Done!" he declared, and they cemented the exchange with a drink. That hat deal proved opportune, for the cowboy was the largest ranch owner in the district and in honor of his plug-hatted guest formed his outfits into a guard-of-honor to escort the Canadian about town. He also insisted that every employee should buy from Marks from one to five tickets for the performance.

The hair-raising period of mining towns and six-shooters came to an end about the time that Robert drew his brother Tom into a vaudeville partnership. Where previously they had been taking any trail that led to life at its fiercest and freshest, now they determined to quit buccaneering and make the show business as normal as a hardware store. Robert and Tom worked the variety circuits throughout the North-west until the fields were white with the stubble. That led them to organize a dramatic repertoire company and through the requirements for actors, vaudeville performers for the waits between acts, advance agents and managers, the other brothers of the Marks family were absorbed one by one from the farm back near Perth. In such manner seven boys from the single household leagued themselves to a theatrical enterprise—a record quite unique in the world of amusement.

Four companies came into operation as time went on and ambitions expanded. With popular gifts for comedy Tom and Ernest hoed out their own row in eastern and western Canada and in the United States. Robert W., established a goodly name in the Dominion through his own industry and the talents of his wife and star, May Bell Marks, and then struck south for the past ten years through New England. Joseph—another of the brethren—operates successfully in various parts of the country. And always the plans are made and executed under happy co-operation. Any special stroke of good fortune befalling one brother or son or daughter becomes a matter of general family rejoicing. Perhaps that is owing a little to the white-haired mother of the Marks clan, still in vigor of body and mind, to whom the children rally once a year as to their common friend and leader.

From this fine old lady, far past eighty years, to the youngest Marks, Robert aged four, is a short interval as time is counted but it makes a long lane of travel and adventure. I reckon that the one parent company started by R. W. Marks has entertained nearly 6,000,000 people since it first took the road. Of this No. 1 company, Mrs. Marks has a repertoire of over 200 long parts in which she is "letter-per-

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Col. F. S. Meighen

Versatile patron of Music, Art, Literature, Polo and The Army

By Madge Macbeth

THE second in command of the new Montreal regiment known as The Grenadier Guards, may not have fulfilled a young boy's ideal of the stalwart soldier; for he was a smallish man of slighter build than his photographs seem to denote. Beside, his manner was devoid of that autocratic intolerance toward his subordinates which is so frequently assumed by members of military circles and which is apt to awe the youth who does not require to come beneath its sting. It reminds one of the story which pictures Pat, a brawny giant, belaboring an underworker so brutally that at last the superintendent interfered.

"Why in heaven's name are you beating that man, Pat?" he asked.

"Just to show oi have the aut'ority," replied the Irishman, well satisfied with himself.

Colonel Frank Stephen Meighen derived no satisfaction from merely showing his authority; indeed, his example was sufficient for his men, for he *is* a soldier. And like many another great military leader, he is not constrained to measure his soldierliness by inches.

His title does not indicate military prominence of mushroom growth. Since boyhood, his tastes have centered largely about the armouries of Montreal, and he has been identified with the 5th Royal Scots—well, from Adjutant, upward.

Mr. Meighen — Colonel Meighen—was born in Montreal, December 24th, 1869, son of the late Robert and Helen Stephen Meighen; and nephew of that well-known Empire-builder, Lord Mount Stephen.

He attended the High School, graduated into McGill, and received his B.A., in 1892. Born, as the saying goes, with a silver spoon in his mouth, enabled from a monetary standpoint to choose any career his fancy might dictate—or none at all for the matter of that, young Meighen made his father his ideal, and decided to enter a business life—the sort which Robert meighen filled so ably in the commercial metropolis of the Dominion.

Every one knows that the Lake of the Woods Milling Company was one of the late Robert Meighen's pet hobbies, and through this concern young Frank industriously worked his way to the responsible post of secretary-treasurer. And he got there by work, gentle reader, and not because he was the son of his father! "Slow, but sure," many people say of him.

One can usually tell a director by the company he keeps, and Mr. Meighen kept such a good company, and the members of it had such confidence in him, that upon the death of his father he was requested to succeed to the presidency. In many ways, he is totally unlike his father and in no particular does this show so plainly as in his refusal to make business the sole object of his life. His interests are many and varied outside of things commercial and things military, and they range from art to sport. His library, one of the finest in Montreal, shows the result of thoughtful selection, for Mr. Meighen is not only a collector of books but a reader of them. The time usually spent by other men at their clubs is given over by this man to reading. He is a member of almost every club in Montreal; yet he is rarely ever in any of them. They say—that mysterious 'they' who talk so much and say so little—they say that Colonel Meighen is not a good mixer, that he is too reserved, too fond of minding his own business. Perhaps! But take it from one who knows, that should he want to win the friendship of a man or a collection of men, he would fail just about as often as it snows in July. He gets what he wants, he wins it one might say, in contradistinction to the people who have it thrust upon them.

Another source of great pleasure to this many-sided man is his collection of miniatures, which is considered the finest in Montreal, and probably in the Dominion. But he is most widely known as a patron of music. Colonel Meighen was responsible—to what extent, I am not sure—in bringing the Grand Opera Company to Montreal. He was responsible to the tune of many, many thousands, for keeping them there. It was an ambition of his, to give Canada a permanent Grand Opera Company of its own, and to give encouragement to Canadian singers, so that they might not be obliged to seek fame and fortune abroad. Apparently, the public did not see eye to eye with him, in this matter, and the Company was forced to disband in spite of his liberal support.

Colonel Meighen is an enthusiastic polo player, his ardour impelling him to buy a portion of land in Back River, establish polo grounds and maintain a club there. This, I am told, costs something like $10,000 a year. He keeps about twenty polo ponies, beside his other horses, and has entertained many of the most prominent polo players of the world at his club.

Very few Canadians, comparatively speaking, have made an especial study of languages—Colone Meighen proving the ex-

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COL. FRANK STEPHEN MEIGHEN
Who represents the highest type of leisured English gentleman, Canadianized

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?"

CHAPTER X.—Continued

Jack turned to his wife. "It was a trick, wasn't it, Gwendolyn?" he asked.

She nodded and gave a little shiver. "I hate to remember that woman's scream," she said. "I don't believe I'd have planned it if I had realized it would affect her like that."

"Tell us about it," I said. "How did you come to think of it?"

"Why," said Gwendolyn, "I've always heard that most spiritualists believe, in a way, in their own magic. Of course, they know that what they do is just a trick, but they believe, in the back of their minds, all the time, that there is something really behind it. When I talked to her the other day, I saw that she was like that. We talked together for a long time, and it was perfectly clear that, down in the bottom of her mind, she thought there was something in it.

"So I thought that if we were to produce what looked like a materialization, play a trick on her—the same kind of trick that she plays on other people—she would be—well, startled into admitting something. But I didn't dream it would terrify her like that. Mr. Jeffrey agreed with me that if she did know anything about the girl they found in the ice, the trick would probably work."

"But how did you work the trick? That's what I want to know. It's the ghastliest thing I ever saw. I was frightened myself, and I believe Jack was."

He nodded.

"Oh," said Gwendolyn, "that was Mr. Jeffrey's idea. The thing I thought of was ordinary in comparison. The thing I thought of was to borrow his portrait and have it hidden behind a curtain somewhere, and then draw the curtain. But his plan was so much better that I doubt if mine would have worked at all. He deserves the credit for it."

Then we all turned to Jeffrey.

"Why, it was simple enough," said he, "if you happen to know a little about parlor magic. Iridium. That's the answer. You paint a little film of iridium on the back of a plate of glass, and it has the property of being opaque to reflected light and transparent to transmitted light."

"Well?" said Richards.

"Why, we chose the library for the seance," said Jeffrey, "because it has a mirror in it—a big mirror. We took that out and set my portrait in behind it, and hung a bluish-white electric light over it. Then we replaced the mirror with a sheet of plate-glass painted with iridium. As soon as there was light in front of it in the room and none behind it, it made as good a mirror as if it had been silvered. But as soon as we turned out the light in the library, as of course we knew the medium would do, it was possible to make the portrait show through the glass by turning on the light behind it.

"I had the thing wired so that I

could put on the current gradually and work the switch from under a litter of papers on the library table. As soon as the woman screamed I turned off the light, just before you turned up the lights in the library. Of course, when you did that, the glass became a mirror again, and the portrait was hidden."

"So the medium still thinks," said I, "that she really saw Irene Fournier's face? She hasn't discovered the trick."

"They use iridium mirrors a lot themselves," said Jeffrey; "and she may think of it in time, or her husband may. But I don't think they have thought of it yet. So I'd suggest," he concluded, "that we bring them in here and question them."

Richards had already started toward the door to put this suggestion into effect, when an exclamation of Jeffrey's halted him. We all turned to look at him, and saw an expression of perplexity and vexation in his face.

"What's the matter ?" I asked

"The Jap !" said Jeffrey. "What became of him ?"

"The Jap !" I echoed.

"The man who was playing the organ," said Jeffrey.

And at that we all stared at each other blankly.

"He was playing the organ all through the seance," said I; "and then when we turned up the lights he was gone."

"No," said Gwendolyn; "don't you remember how much more impressive everything got when I asked for the girl who was frozen in the ice ? Don't you remember how still it was ? The organ had stopped playing then."

"You're right," I corroborated. "And I remember now feeling a draft of cold air. I thought it was Richards opening the door."

"I had the door open as soon as the lights were out," said Richards.

"Well, we've lost him," said Jeffrey. "That may be important, and it may not. We'll know more about it when we've questioned the medium and her husband. He may simply have smelled trouble and got away, without having any other vital reason for doing so. Anyhow, he's gone. Let's have the others in."

Richards had already turned toward the door to carry out Jeffrey's suggestion, when we heard a sound that froze us in our places for a moment—held us staring at each other and then galvanized us all into sudden activity.

All sorts of sudden sounds are compared with the muffled throb of a revolver-shot, but really nothing else sounds just like it, and there is no question about the real thing when you hear it.

As Richards flung open the door we heard the officer we had left on duty calling for him, and as we ran out pellmell into the hallway our nostrils were greeted by the pungent, acrid tang of gunpowder.

When we got into the library we saw Barton—the medium's husband—lying on the floor, bleeding profusely from an ugly looking wound in his neck. His wife was bending over him, and the policeman had hold of her.

My first thought was that they had made some sort of concerted attack on him, and that it was he who had fired. But the sight of a dainty little silver-mounted revolver on the floor, a yard or two away from where the man was lying, put an end to that idea. One of our prisoners had fired the shot.

Jack rushed to the telephone to call a doctor, and the rest of us gave our first attention to the wounded man. He had fainted, and his condition gave us a bad scare for a minute or two. But we soon came to the conclusion that the wound was not a fatal one.

"Who did it ?" asked Richards of the officer as soon as there was time for such a question.

"I don't know," said the policeman. "The two of them were over there in the corner with their heads together talking away in low voices so that I shouldn't hear what they said. The first thing I knew, I saw a flash and heard a shot. I don't know where they got the gun from or who fired it."

The woman had paid absolutely no attention to any of us. Her white face, as she bent over her husband's body, showed no more expression than if she had been turned to stone. But, after hearing the policeman's answer to Richard's question, she spoke in a voice as expressionless as her stony face.

"I shot him," she said. "But I didn't mean to. I was trying to shoot myself, when he caught hold of the barrel of the revolver."

"You know that anything you say may be used against you ?" said Richards. "It's my duty to tell you that."

"I am going to say something," said the woman, "and you can listen as hard as you like and use it all you

JEFFREY HAD PLAYED HIS CARD; THE QUESTION NOW WAS—WHAT DID THE WOMAN HOLD AND WOULD SHE BLUFF OR WOULD SHE SHOW?

please. That'll be better than—"

Richards glanced round at the policeman. "Wait a minute," he said. "This isn't the time to talk. We've got to look after your husband."

The police detective who looks forward to landing a big crime is as fearful of interference, as nervous lest some one else get the credit away from him, as a reporter who thinks he has a scoop. Richards didn't mind us. We couldn't get the credit away from him in any case. He was afraid of the policeman.

The doctor for whom Jack had telephoned lived just around the corner and came almost immediately. It was at Gwendolyn's suggestion that we had the wounded man taken to a spare bed-room, instead of calling for an ambulance. That was a rather welcome way out of the difficulty to Richards as well as to ourselves. For a different set of reasons we dreaded publicity about equally.

Gwendolyn took charge of our new patient until a regular nurse could arrive, and Jack went along with her. Jeffrey and I accompanied Richards back into the library, where the policeman had detained the woman. Richards sent him out to stand guard outside. He examined the revolver in silence before he began asking any questions.

It was a dainty, small-caliber weapon, hardly the sort that a man would think of carrying about with him.

"Where do you carry this?" was his first question.

The woman answered by pointing, without a word, to an inner pocket in the coat of the rather mannish-looking tailored suit she wore.

Richards went over to her, turned the coat back, and looked critically at the lining around the pocket. It was perfectly evident that she was telling the truth. The line formed by the edge of the cylinder was worn there clear across.

"Been carrying it for some time, then?" said Richards.

"Yes," said the woman sullenly.

"When did *you* first know Irene Fournier?" said the lieutenant.

I began to get a better impression of Richard's power. Compared to Jeffrey, he had always seemed downright stupid. But that question was cleverly put. I felt perfectly sure that Richards had never heard that name until the woman herself cried it out on seeing the vision in the mirror, and yet his tone had the assured, contemptuous authority of one who could have given her police record from the time she was fifteen. He strengthened this effect a moment later, after waiting in silence for the woman to answer his question.

"It was hard luck for you when you did meet her—wherever it was—wasn't it?"

In words the woman answered only the first part of the lieutenant's speech, but the expression of hatred on her face was a sufficient commentary on the second part of it.

"I met her along last October," she said.

"Well," said Richards, "how did it happen? How did you get to know her?"

"She drove up to the house one day in a taxi," said the woman. "I thought she was some swell come for a reading. I thought she'd be a pretty good subject, too; she looked so innocent with those big, soft eyes of hers, as if she'd believe anything you told her. The first thing that surprised me about her was her talk. She looked like an American, all right; but she talked with a foreign accent—French, I guess, and the name she gave us had a French sound."

"Fournier?" said Richards. "How did she spell it?"

The medium spelled it out for him.

"That's French, isn't it," said Richards, turning to Jeffrey, who nodded. "Well," said Richards, "did you give the woman her reading?"

"She didn't want one," said the medium. "She wanted to rent our top floor. Said she liked the neighborhood and wanted to live quietly. I said I'd have to see my husband about that, and called him in. And he agreed to let her have the rooms right off."

"She was all alone?" asked Richards. "Hadn't she a maid or anything?"

"Why—yes, she was alone," answered the woman. "There was a Jap who came to see her every day. They'd have long talks together. It seemed as if she was giving him orders. He never had any talk with any of us."

"He was the man who was playing the organ—this evening, and who beat it when he heard we were asking about her," said Richards.

He didn't say it like a question, and the woman made no answer. Not even a gesture of assent or denial.

"You and your husband got pretty well acquainted with her, didn't you?" said Richards.

The woman nodded. "We took her into partnership with us for a while," she said.

"How did that happen? Was she a medium?"

"No; but she used to give us tips."

"Tips!" I repeated.

"About people," the medium explained—"folks who had come to consult us, or who we could get to come. And it was queer how much she knew that we didn't, and we make a point of knowing a good deal. She told us about Miss Meredith. We'd never even heard of her. It was Irene told us she was rich and queer and all broken up about the loss of a niece of hers. She told us they were having the girl's portrait painted. She said she thought she could get the portrait for a day or two, for a look at it, so that we could get ready for the old lady.

"It was then the talk came up of her going in partnership with us. It was the next day Miss Meredith came. We hadn't done anything about trying to land her. I suppose Irene had, though I never knew. She drove up in a carriage with a heavy veil on, and said she wanted a reading.

"I was going to give her one, because I knew already, from what Irene had told me, enough to make a good beginning. But Irene wouldn't hear of it—made us send her away; tell her we were too busy, and make an appointment for her early the next week. She said that was the way to impress those people—treat them as though you didn't care anything about them. We got the portrait the next day. The Jap brought it in."

"Did you know where Irene got it?" Richards asked.

"No," said the woman. "She said she'd borrowed it, and that we could keep it a week safely enough. It was the most wonderful thing I ever saw. It almost frightened me. And my husband felt the same way about it."

"How was that?" asked Richards.

"Why," said the woman, "it might have been painted from Irene herself. We both of us looked at it and said that if Irene only had the dress, she might have walked straight out of the picture. She said she thought she could get the dress, and the next day she had it. I don't know how she did that either."

"You gave Miss Meredith a materialization the next time she came?"

The woman nodded. "We didn't dare let her see too much," she said. "We were afraid she'd go right out of her head. We just gave her a little glimpse in a dark light. But that was enough."

"Well?" said Richards. "Go on. How many more times did Miss Meredith come?"

"She never came again," said the woman. "She made an appointment, but she didn't come to keep it."

"Why do you suppose that was?" asked Richards.

"I don't know," said the medium.

"Hadn't Irene any suggestion or explanation?"

"Irene disappeared the next day herself."

"What day was it she disappeared?" asked Richards. "Do you remember the date?"

Continued on page 60.

Come Sup With Us

One Supper Free With Every Breakfast This Week

Our Annual 10-Meal Treat

Again we make this offer, to introduce to your home the ideal summer supper, the best-liked dairy dish.

The offer is this: Buy from your grocer a package of Puffed Rice, to serve for breakfast with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

Take this coupon with you. Your grocer will give you for it, at our cost, a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Serve that as a supper or luncheon dish, floating in bowls of milk.

That means ten breakfasts and ten suppers, all for 15 cents. The suppers are our treat.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Bubbles of Whole Wheat

Compare Puffed Wheat with bread or crackers, served in bowls of milk. Here are toasted kernels of whole wheat puffed to eight times normal size. They are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

The morsels are airy and flaky and thin. They crush at a touch of the teeth. They have a fascinating flavor, much like toasted nuts. And they supply the whole-wheat nutriment in the daintiest form that's known.

Nothing else that you serve in milk compares in taste or form or fitness with Puffed Wheat.

What Steam Explosion Does

Then Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. The process creates in every grain a hundred million steam explosions. Every food granule is blasted to pieces so digestion can easily act. No other process does that.

So, beside their enticements, there are other reasons for Puffed Grains. In this form every atom feeds, and there is no tax on digestion. When these grains are served between meals or at bedtime they should be always served in this way.

Here's a 12c Coupon

We want you to know the wider uses of Puffed Grains. They are not mere breakfast cereals, not mere dainties to be mixed with fruit. They are superlative foods, the best-cooked foods in existence. There are daily uses in every home where nothing else serves as well.

To let folks know this we are making this offer to millions of homes this week, and we urge you to accept it.

Buy from your grocer for 15 cents a package of Puffed Rice. Then we will buy a package of Puffed Wheat. Present this coupon and you'll get them both. You pay for one, we for the other. Do this so your folks may know all the delights of Puffed Grains. Cut out the coupon now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Sole Makers **Saskatoon, Sask.**

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER 105WR

Good in Canada or United States Only

This Certifies that I this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name............ ....

Address . .. .

....

Dated 1915

To the Grocer

We will remit you 12 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
East of Manitoba—Peterborough, Ont.
West of Ontario—Saskatoon, Sask.

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

12-Cent Coupon Good only when Puffed Rice is purchased

FACES SPOTTED WITH PIMPLES
BLOTCHES, BLACKHEADS, Etc.

You see them every day, young men and women by the score. We treat them personally and by mail and cure them too, after all else has failed. Many were told they would outgrow them, that they couldn't be helped, etc. Are you one of the number? A fair trial of

OUR HOME TREATMENT

will convince the most skeptical that our remedies are the most reliable made. We've given over 23 years to the study of skin, scalp and complexion blemishes, and are daily treating them.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, WARTS, etc., eradicated forever by Electrolysis, the only treatment that will permanently destroy the growth. Satisfaction assured.

Send 5 cents for descriptive booklet and sample Toilet Cream.

We treat the skin, scalp, hair and figure. Consultation invited at office or by mail.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE
62 College St., Toronto. Estab. 1892

COUPON
Kindly send booklet "M" and sample of Toilet Cream.

Name ....

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Druggist ....

Bran Does This

It aids to good health, good spirits, clear complexions, better days. It is Nature's laxative.

A bran dish three times weekly helps keep one at his best.

But folks don't like clear bran. So in Pettijohn's we hide it in luscious flakes of wheat. Not gritty bran, but tender. One can hardly discern it. Yet each dish is one-fourth bran.

This bran-food is efficient yet inviting. It will delight you in taste and effect.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address the Quaker Oats Company, East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.; West of Ontario; Saskatoon, Sask.

The Pedlar's Pack

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THIS is the time, when, if you are past youth, the tender old lines, "Oh, that we two were Maying!" come to mind and soften the eye and the memory. What would we do without that divinely human gift of memory! And now, think of it as the world stands to-day. Over there in those mighty British Isles, the first little flowers are a-bloom; all through Europe the daisies are springing above dead men—young, vigorous, beloved men of which Canada takes her heavy toll. So that, thinking over dear and peaceful "Mayings," of old-time sweethearts, of the dancing step of the girl with the light heart who never can grow old because Time hasn't the heart to furrow her cheek or whiten her hair, and thinking with a sense of gladness, of freshness—a damper to it all comes with the morning paper and its black and heavy head-lines. You happy, my dear, when some mother's son, some woman's man, some little girl's brother lies in a broken heap afar on the battlefield!

Of course you are not happy! The grief of all those other dear, silent, patient women, creeps into your soul and drowns the joyous thoughts of Spring; the old delicious memories. Every mother suffers with another mother. That love, the mother-love, knows no bounds. It is outside all conventional limits just as a giant river sweeping through the land might be. Nor can the true woman's sympathy be with the mothers, wives and sisters of our race only. Sympathy,—thank God, who sent His only Son to the Cross to demonstrate it to Humanity—is, must necessarily be, world wide. We must share our sorrow and love with the German or Austrian woman who has given all she loves most on earth to the service. We do not for a moment believe that our enemies are in the right, or will win. But we must accord them their due, honestly won, for bravery and an immense, if forlorn courage. We must honor valour, even if it goes against us; we must look out on the world with wide, generous eyes. Our trouble is, and it is a world-wide trouble, that we look on our own side as a thing "invincible" and on the other or opposing side as cowardly, brutal, and mean. We have heard all about German "atrocities" but while deploring them as sins against humanity, we oftentimes fail to realize that the average German soldier—so often a mere peasant—is a conscript, a sort of cattle driven to punishment and death.

Yet, even a cow loves her calf.

THE MARITIME TRADITION

HAS it that Britishman and seaman are names that must live and die together. The Pedlar is no politician (Poor soul! were he one he would not need to scribble for a living) but even that peaceful and civil man must agree with a valorous shout that the old girl—whom we call Britain, is right. Time again has she proved her sea supremacy. Trafalgar Day has come to stand as the symbol and rallying point of one great tradition; and we have (at the moment's writing) Beatty's grand dash to bear out our belief in Britain as mistress of the seas.

PAT O'BRIEN

TIM of the Cross-roads was jubilant. "There doesn't much creep out under the censor's blue pencil," he told the Pedlar, as the two were communing over their wayside lunch. "Sorra much, but be holy Saint Patrick, Beatty done the thrick on the seas, an' Hogan an' O'Leary on the land. That was a broth of a boy, O'Leary an' beloved av the wimmen. He was a winner with them, too, be all accounts; especially with them French Mamzelles, which is foreign for colleens. Again Redmond has gathered the finest collection av boys from North an' South. The poor, quare little counthry! Me God, man, times have changed since I was a gossoon—before the young people were quitting the land for America an' our own Canada. There was nobody left when I went over in 1892 but ould men an' wimmen an' babies. An' now Ireland has contributed thirty-five thousand and again thirty thousand more! An' look at the size of us over here! Pedlar, me man, if you an' me was young, 'tisn't here we'd be, talking for the magazines an' posturing for the movies. Faith we'd be in the thick av the fighting, boy, wid O'Leary an' the like." The old man drooped a bit, and on his grand old face came a look of grief. The weariness of life stood strongly on it. Old Tim was thinking deep thoughts and the Pedlar walked softly down the road.

OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT

ONE gets a bit tired reading of the glories of "The Patricias" few of whom are Canadian born. What of our Boys of other regiments? We do not see any encomiums coming their way in the daily papers. In fact, the London picture papers rarely furnish photographs of the Canadian Forces. And I am jealous for our boys. They are so fine, so big, so strong. Yesterday the Pedlar was looking, through a mist, at a part of our third contingent marching—well set-up men, a lot too good to feed to the guns of the enemy. In its way a heart breaking sight, and yet a glorious one!

Still the woman at home occupies one's thought. Hers the waiting, the watching, the wondering. Hers to go on with the little but important daily tasks; hers to bear the babies and spend on them her hope and love; hers to give her grown man-child, and to watch the "Honour" list. Believe me, that Woman's message from on High or from Nature is to suffer and to wait.

All the same:

These were maimers not of cattle
Who behaved like men in battle—
Open battle for the fighting British Lion;
  No assassin's knife they carried
  But ten thousand men they harried
  An' ould Dublin is their city, Pat O'Brien.

Forgive a Pedlar this, but I am so proud of my Irish Boys.

THE BLUE CROSS

THE news that a whole Company, or rather combination is decently expressed by a first (and second) aid

Important Announcement to the Canadian Public

By the proprietors of WINCARNIS

IT has come to our notice that there is a tendency to class "WINCARNIS" as a "Beef, Iron, and Wine." We want to state emphatically that "WINCARNIS" is *not* a "Beef, Iron, and Wine"—there is no iron whatever in "WINCARNIS" and it is far superior to any other wine tonic.

WINCARNIS is composed of three ingredients:

(1) Pure, natural, specially selected wine.
(2) Extract of beef.
(3) Extract of malt.

These three ingredients constitute the most valuable tonic, blood-building and restorative elements known to science. They are combined by a special process which retains and enhances their health-giving properties in the form of an agreeable and satisfying beverage.

Remember—There is No Substitute for

WINCARNIS

ENDORSED BY OVER 10,000 PHYSICIANS

PRICE: Pint Bottles, 90c; Quart Bottles, $1.50

If you cannot obtain Wincarnis from your dealer, write to our Canadian Agent, Mr. F. S. Ball, 67 Portland Street, Toronto.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

For Men, Women and Children

Any kind of Shoes
BLACK, WHITE, TAN
2 in 1 gives the "Shine of Satisfaction"

The F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd., Buffalo, New York
Hamilton, Can.

TRAVEL ALL AROUND THE WORLD AND YOU WILL FIND NOTHING SUPERIOR IN SURROUNDINGS OR SERVICE
BUFFALO'S IDEALLY LOCATED HOTEL.

HOTEL LENOX

North St., at Delaware Ave, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Patrons who visit this hotel once, invariably tell their friends that—for *Fair Rates*, complete and perfect equipment and unfailing courtesy

BUFFALO'S LEADING TOURIST HOTEL

unquestionably excels. Beautifully located in quiet section—North St., at Delaware Ave. Thoroughly modern—fireproof. Best obtainable cuisine and service.

European Plan — $1.50 per Day and Up
Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Take Elmwood Ave. car to North St. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls," also for Special Taxicab Arrangement.

C. A. MINER, Manager

Feel the Tingle and "Snap"
to your entire body after a bath under a

NIAGARA SHOWER
MADE IN CANADA.

There's nothing equal to it. If you take it in the morning you're gingered up for the whole day. Take it when you get home at night and you're a new man. There is no comparison between a shower and a tub bath. A shower is a genuine pleasure—a tub bath is a genuine necessity, but it comes close to being a genuine nuisance.

A shower rests and soothes, braces and refreshes, brings health, comfort and vigor.

Have one in your own home where you and all the family can enjoy it whenever you please.

You can put up the "Niagara" shower in less than half-hour without any help from the plumber. Simply screw it to the wall and there you are.

The curtain absolutely prevents any splash or injury to walls or floor.

Complete, shower-head, pipe, clips, ring (nickel-plated), splash curtain and rubber tube, $15.00, delivered.

Write for booklet on the Facts of Bathing, to Department C.

Kinzinger, Bruce & Co., Ltd.
Niagara Falls - Ontario

to those intelligent beings who work for us all, with their quiet, noiseless bodies, is happy news to any human being who has appreciated, or loved a horse or a dog. The charger's renown in battle dates from of old. It has happened in military annals that the story of the horse and his rider has been often told in the same dispatch. Only the other day we were looking at the picture of wounded horses coming in on sleighs to be treated by the humane men of the Blue Cross. One big fellow was bundled up, on the little cart, and two men were bending over him. You may say when you read this, "But what about the hurt MEN?" Kitchener attends to that, believe me. No doubt the horse shines with a reflected lustre, but, believe an old soldier, the bond between them is as indissoluble in death as it was in life. The war horse of the present day is appraised on his proved merits and there are many records of his great doings in the present struggle of the nations. Splendid is the assistance he often gives to his fortunate possessor. Rightly should he be assisted when he is wounded.

DANGER: AND THE MAN

YEARS ago, down in Cuba a soldier said to me, "I'm afraid when I hear the sing of the bullets." I answered: "So am I, but I'm only a woman and you are a man, and big." He took fresh heart then and it was my comfort to nurse him later when he was dignified by wounds. Some of the best soldiers the world has known felt a sense of fear when the first bullets came singing about their ears. The soldier at home is very much like the actor who is out of an engagement, and no one quite realizes what he can do until he has done it.

War naturally affords the highest and most tragic exposition of danger that we have; and the iciest of minds will allow that the soldier unconsciously takes on a new dignity during a campaign. The pomp and circumstance of war are in the very nature of things over-powering. Therefore, the impression it creates is deep-seated and abiding. It is impossible to ignore the power of the war drums, the thrill that the marching feet brings; the wet eyes of women watching their fine young men going to make food for the Moloch that war is. A red beast ever devouring, never satisfied. As never before the full meaning of war is coming home to Canadian women. Is it then strange that the actors in such a world-wide drama should be invested with the dignity inseparable from the situation. The boys on the firing line are the sons of every woman of us, and the big maternal heart of woman—whose man is always her baby—yearns over every lad at the front. They are all her sons.

O'LEARY

"I'M proud of O'Leary and' Hogan an' the rest," remarked the man at the Cross-roads, as he leisurely patted the tobacco into his pipe with his smallest finger. "I went to school wid O'Leary's father—a fine bonchal he was, full of fight an' divilment. An' the young sprig comes off a fine old root of shamrock. Down in Macroom they live, the O'Leary's, an,' the new Lance-Corporal is be all accounts a broth of a boy—especially with the wimmen. But shure what Irishman isn't. The race is doing finely in th' war. Pedlar me boy, that O'Leary stripling killed a round dozen of them Germans an' captured the rest. 'I knew he'd do something if he got the chance,' says his ould father an' mother, a big broad faced woman she is wid a face full of fight. An' so the boy did. But he made his chance. An' he took his opportunity at the first knock on the door, as Shakespere says.

Then look at the Connaught Rangers, your own West-of-Ireland sojers, Pedlar. Aren't they the men an' marching to their ould regimental tune, "The Young May Moon is Shining, Love," an' dispising "Tipperary" as well they might seeing it wasn't written by an Irishman at all. My God! I wish we wor youngsters Pedlar, an' rovin' through the thrinches. 'Tis a sad day for the ould men who cannot join the colors."

WAR NICKNAMES

THE first Duke of Marlborough was to his men merely, "Corporal John." The grim Frederick the Great was known to his veterans as "Our Fritz." Napoleon at the height of his power was only, "The Little Corporal." Wellington was known to his troops as, "Old Nosey" (like a gander we had at home, by the way, who lived to an unknown age in the goose calendar.) Our Roberts, dear and beloved (they put a wreath of Shamrocks on his tomb in St. Paul's on Patrick's Day) was known as "Little Bobs," and he loved the name.

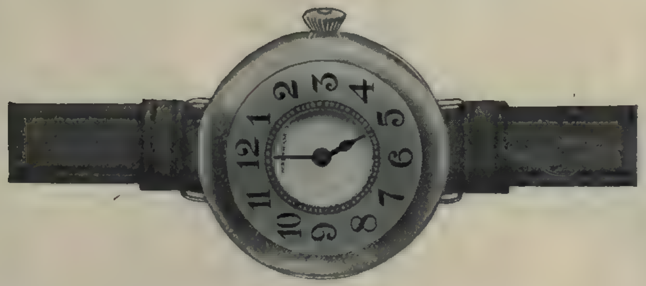
To come to the seamen famous in Britain's everlastingly glorious story, "Old Grog," was Admiral Vernon who in the reign of George II. was probably the most popular man in Britain. It was not "the drink" but his grogram waistcoat which brought him the soubrequet. And what a grogram vest would be, you will have to ask some-one older than your Pedlar.

Another British Admiral of the fifteenth-sixteenth century was Sir John Norris, whose delightful subname was "Foul Weather Jack."

Continued on page 59.

The New Waltham Military Watch

"Design Reg'd"



The regular Waltham Military Watch, as already supplied in great numbers to Canadian soldiers, is a splendid sturdy timekeeper.

We now offer an improvement the advantage of which will be noted from the above illustration. The watch has its own armor plate which protects and partially covers the crystal.

This is the most substantial wrist watch made for military men. It has a solid back case with two bezels, rendering it weather proof.

We venture to say that the strength and reliability of these watches will well correspond with the same fighting qualities of the Canadian soldiers who wear them.

Ask to see the new watch at your jewelers. It is supplied in 7 Jewel grade at $12, and 15 Jewel grade at $15.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

Suppose You Made a Vim-Food

Would You Make It Like Quaker Oats?

Suppose you could make your own oat flakes. And you knew that your children's vim and vitality depended largely on how they liked them.

Would you not sift out the little grains—puny, starved and tasteless? And make those flakes of only the big, rich, luscious oats?

We do that by 62 siftings. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker. Our process enhances the flavor, and brings to your table these rare, delicious flakes.

They are for folks like you—who know the value of oat food, and want this energizing dainty to be loved by those who need it.

Quaker Oats

The Morning Dessert

Nine folks in ten get too little oat food. And nothing can take its place. Oats stand unique and unapproached as vim-creating food. A thousand years have not produced a rival.

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If you want a home-full of oat lovers, specify Quaker Oats. Your nearest store supplies them without any extra price. And every package, always, is made exactly as we state.

Large Package
30c
Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.
Regular Package
12c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(886)

Apples of Eden

Continued from page 28.

flash of lightning had stricken him, leaving nothing of vitality except the power to hurry on.

He turned into the road to the village and sat down to wait, or in the event of Mrs. Gordon coming while the man was there to stop her and take her off until the road should be clear. Presently, however, Patterson came out and Charlie saw him take the path toward the Inn.

That night Locke packed his bags and telephoned for a reservation on the midnight train. When he finished he found it was only eight o'clock. Four interminable hours to wait. He must have one more look at the place where they had all had such good times.

As he passed the library window he stopped. Winnifred was talking very earnestly to Minnie, and both the girls had been crying. Winnifred seemed to be trying to keep Minnie from doing something. Then he heard horses' hoofs. It was too dark to discern the features of the man, but instinctively Locke knew who it was. He had been there and had just come from a session with the two girls. Charlie wanted to throttle him. "Gee, he certainly is a reckless rider. That's an ugly tempered brute he's on too. Is it possible he turned to the left. The sound of the hoofs seems to be coming from that direction. He couldn't have, because that's the old Dufooset Road—and Good Heavens, old Andrus told me they had taken the bridge down over the ravine to-day. I'm a fool, with a bundle of overwrought nerves. Patterson's no idiot, and he knows his directions."

All this, while he was walking up to the front of the house. On entering the library he noticed what a pathetically subdued little figure Minnie made.

"Winnifred tells me you're going tomorrow Charlie." It was half a question.

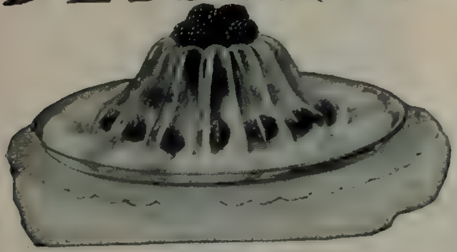
"Yes, I'm afraid I've loafed long enough. I'm feeling pretty fit now, fit enough to face the music again. I expect to sail about the end of the month."

"Isn't your decision rather sudden ? I thought you'd made your mind up to stay here all summer, and in fact elmiinate all possibility of a return of your old trouble by an operation, before you joined your company."

"Yes, I had thought something of that, but I'm anxious to be off and into the thick of it, so I'm going."

Minnie continued: "Well Charlie, I have something unpleasant to tell you. Something that concerns both Winnifred and myself, and of course you as our friend."

DESSERTS



Jellies, puddings, frozen desserts and salads—with or without fresh or canned fruits—are most popular when made with

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GELATINE
(It's Granulated)

LEMON JELLY (Like Above)

Soak 1 envelope **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 10 minutes and dissolve with 2 cups (1 pint) boiling water; add ¾ cup sugar and stir until dissolved and cooled; then add ½ cup lemon juice and strain through a cheese cloth into mold. Add fresh or canned fruits or fruit juices as desired. Serve with or without whipped cream.

They are appetizing and economical. A package of Knox Gelatine makes two quarts (½ gallon) of jelly.

The contents of both packages are alike, except that the Acidulated package contains an extra envelope of lemon flavoring, saving the cost of lemons.

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Good Lord, did he have to go through it after all, and before a third person. But what he said was:

"Anything that concerns you Minnie, will interest me, but why look so tragic."

Winnifred hadn't said a word, but she looked scared to death, and her mouth became a little hard line at Minnie's first words.

"I'm going to be frank with you Charlie and tell you that I wouldn't tell you this, if it wasn't absolutely necessary. In fact I wouldn't tell you if I didn't know that you'd probably read it in the Montreal papers to-morrow."

A faint little "please Minnie," came from Winnifred, but she apparently didn't hear it, and went on:

"A year ago, Winnifred and I spent the summer in Muskoka. Never mind what part. We met several men, naturally, but there was one, whom Winnifred tells me you've seen. His name was Patterson, and he was married. I—I—He fell in love with—"

There was a thumping on the outside door. Mrs. Andrus opened it, and immediately started her: "Lord have mercy on my soul! Oh!"

Locke pushed forward to see what was wrong. Andrus and the gardener were carrying something that was covered.

Andrus said: "He's dead, sir. He took the road to the left, where the old bridge was. He didn't see that the bridge was gone in time to check the speed of his horse. His neck's broke."

Both the girls had been crowding behind Charlie, and had heard it all. After giving Andrus some directions, Locke took the girls back to the library.

They were both strangely quiet, but Minnie as usual was the first to break the silence.

"Charlie, I'm going to finish what I was telling you, at least a part of it. It isn't necessary now, to tell you the why's and wherefore's. Phillip Patterson left here to-night with the avowed intention of exposing the whole thing. Of course his version of the silly indiscretion wouldn't be pleasant—and as Winnifred and I have had more or less attention, we're naturally not over popular with some of the catty ones of our own sex. They would simply eat it up."

Minnie was going on in a sort of dazed way, but why in Heaven's name didn't she say who it was that had been mixed up with Patterson.

"Phil Patterson's attention flattered me at first and——"

Thank God, then after all his girl with the clear eyes hadn't even been smirched, but why had she been the one to meet him and——

Minnie's voice reached him like something unreal.

"Winnifred learned of Patterson's presence and tried to shield me. She met him several times and tried to reason him out of his intention. He came here to-night for more money. Winnifred said bitter things to him—and he said the morning papers would — Please do I have to go on any more? Good-bye Charlie, you start early you said."

Winnifred walked to the far end of the room. What dignity she had, how could he ever have doubted her. His instinct told him that she didn't want him to say anything about Minnie.

He came closer. "Winnie girl, why didn't you tell me.

"This last week has been torture."

Winnifred's head dropped.

"Charlie, I'm going to ask you one thing. No matter what happens, I don't want this subject ever brought up again. You understand dear, *ever*. And I want you to know that in spite of it all, Minnie is the most wonderful little woman that walks."

"Of course little honey. It's none

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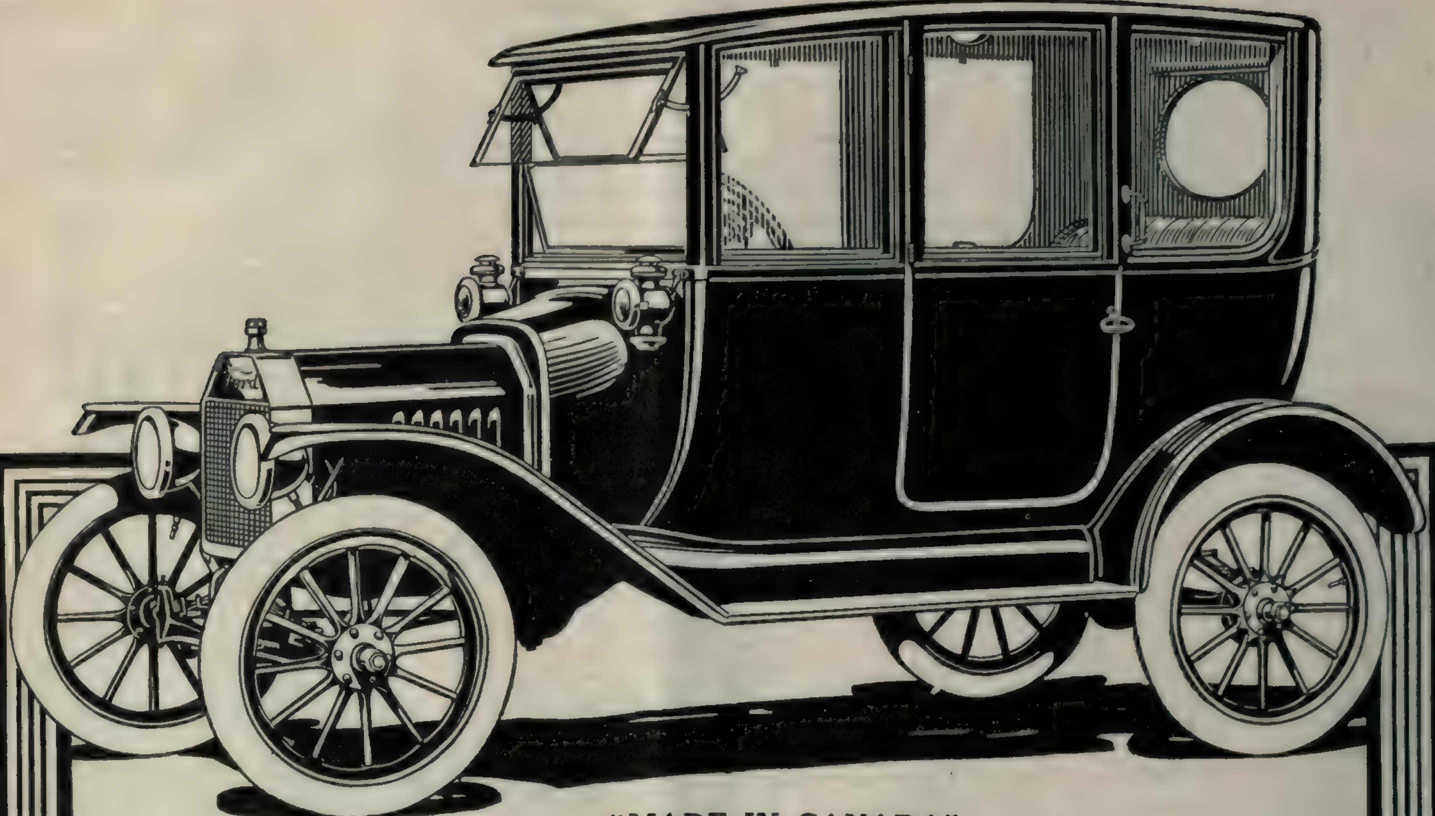

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Write for Catalogue B 1.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

of my affair, and anyway, we'll need Minnie's sunshine. Bless her dear little silly heart."

. . . . . .

Minnie was going through the rather lonely looking rooms picking up a pair of gloves here, a picture and a book there. She was leaving the old place. Charlie and Winnifred had been married two weeks ago—or was it two years?

Was that the bell ringing. Oh! dear, she couldn't talk to anyone. Why did people bother her? Mrs. Andrus was coming. It wasn't a caller after all, merely a letter. A letter from Winnifred from Vancouver. Minnie's lip trembled a little.

"Minnie Mine!

"How stupid and weak written words are. How am I going to tell you what's in my heart? Minnie, I know now, when it's too late that you loved Charlie, but didn't know soon enough. Girl! girl! don't you know I wouldn't have done it, had I ever suspected you cared. I want you to believe me Minnie and know down deep in your heart that I never would have let you shoulder my folly; a folly you knew nothing of until that night.

"You say, Charlie loved me, and not you, and that you did it as much for him as for me. I tell you I didn't think your kind of love existed. And you meant me to go on and never know you cared, as I should if I hadn't stumbled over the little disconsolate heap in the woods. Minnie, if it could only have been an hour earlier. But it was too late then, we were married. I did what I thought best. God bless you girl."

The Railroader

Continued from page 19.

stump. It had been cut clean through and the rock was discovered embedded in the ground about 150 feet to he rear, where its cyclonic career ended.

Five hundred men and a steam shovel working for a week had the greatest part of the material cleared off the Grand Trunk track, night and day the work went on, the trains were running through in five days and soon matters were going smoothly once again.

But though the face of nature may be changed, she cannot be defeated. Over that rock-strewn valley, hardy mountain plants have taken root to flourish and beautify it. And when this summer's traveller glides through the Yellowhead on the first trains of the third Transcontinental, the evidences of the "Big Shot" will have vanished as completely as the men who prepared it, the hard-rock Swedes and the Dago muckers who have drifted like blown leaves tossed by the breath of that remote, inscrutable spirit who ordains the movements of labor.

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WITH DETERMINATION
SCOURS
WITH DISCRETION
POLISHES
WITH DESPATCH

GET
WHAT YOU
ASK FOR

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SOLE MANUFACTURERS

WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band?"

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouf-organ."

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She—"What do you think are the three sweetest words in the English language?"

He—"Enclosed find check."

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The Canoe that made Toronto famous
Ask for Catalogue "C" which tells all about "Dean" Canoes, and make your selection.
Walter Dean, Foot of York St., Toronto

Col. F. S. Meighen

Continued from page 33.

ception to this rule. He speaks French and Italian fluently, and has more than a working knowledge of German and Spanish. Of course, he has travelled in the countries where these languages are spoken, but so have many others of us, others, who did no more than pick up a catchy phrase or two, and a superficial idea of the people. He spent a year in Italy, studying the language, the literature and the people; his love of pictures made the grand old galleries more than a passing delight, his search amongst aged books usually resulted in a "find" of some sort, and he made numbers of friends amongst the warm-hearted people in all walks of life.

There are those who call Colonel Meighen taciturn; retiring, modest unassuming are much better words. It seems to have been his desire all along not to do anything startling; not to appear prominently in any way whatever. He has been linked to the highest type of the leisured English gentleman, and probably that describes him as aptly as any phrase can. Three or four years ago he married Miss Gwenyth Jones, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Jones, of Quebec, and with delightful absence of aught resembling "splurge" he brought his bride home to his mother, living for some time in the handsome residence on Drummond Street. Only recently they moved to a home of their own, dignified, hospitable, to a degree, but unostentatious as has been everything which the owner of it is associated.

In going to the front, there must have been a wrench in the heart of this soldier-captain-of-industry, for he not only leaves a young wife, but an infant daughter in Montreal.

Furthest North Trader

IT is something like two thousand miles to the mouth of the Mackenzie from Edmonton. Recently a man who is engaged in business two hundred miles west of the point where this great river enters the Arctic and two hundred miles directly north of Dawson, paid a visit to the city.

He was Mr. D. Cadzow, who for some ten years back has conducted at Rampart House on the Porcupine river a trading post which has the distinction of being the most northerly in America.

In talking to Mr. Cadzow one gets a new idea of the breadth of the Dominion. Though such a stretch of country lies between his home and Edmonton, he looks forward to the day, not long distant, when all along the northern waterways there will be large settlement. All that is necessary is the building of the railway to meet navigable water at Fort McMurray.

He went down the Mackenzie first at the time of the Klondike rush, being about the only man who ever reached Dawson by that route. He had a most adventurous time of it, but arrived at the mining centre at the height of the excitement. When this died down, he went up to the Porcupine river and reestablished the post which the Hudson's Bay Co. had abandoned some years before.

Rampart House has had a very interesting history, being started back in 1863 when the determination of the international boundary drove the company back from Fort Yukon. Mr. McDougall, who was in charge, and is still living, a resident of Victoria, tried to make a bargain with American traders to take over the post, but not doing so, burnt it down. He went east some forty or fifty miles, and feeling sure that he was in Canada, built another. Later he found that he was still in the United States and another fire took place. Finally he located at Rampart House, which is just east of the boundary line.

While the country north of Edmonton has large possibilities from an agricultural point of view, particularly as grazing land after a certain distance down the Mackenzie is traversed, it is in connection with its minerals and timber that Mr. Cadzow expects to see it developed to the greatest extent. Its asphalt, salt, galena, mica and copper, the flow of natural gas and the undoubted evidence of oil, there is no question about.

But it has never been properly prospected, and never will be till the railway is built. More than enough has been discovered to justify the construction of this, but once people get in there, he believes that things will happen which will astonish the world and throw Cobalt quite into the shade.

Of the beauties of travel in the northland, he cannot speak too enthusiastically. During the four or five hundred miles that the Mackenzie runs through the Rockies, the river is an extremely beautiful one and Mr. Cadzow is confident that there will be no more popular tourist trip in America than that down this mighty stream with the sight of the midnight sun at the end of the journey.

"Bobby," said the lady in the tube railway, severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

"Not in a train," said Bobby.

McCormick Haying Machines

YOUR haying tools must be strong and steady; they must work easily and smoothly; they must get all the hay and put it into the best shape possible. That is why you should consider McCormick haying machines—mowers, rakes, tedders, side delivery rakes, windrow hay loaders, etc.—for **I H C** hay machines have never been beaten for good work in the field or for durability, at any time or place.

McCormick local agents sell these machines. When they sell you a **McCormick** machine for the harvesting of your hay crop, they sell you the best in hay machine design and construction that the market affords. Canadian farmers have called **McCormick** standard for many years. You buy a machine that you can depend upon; that will give you perfectly satisfactory service.

Drop a line to the nearest branch house and we will direct you to the nearest agent handling our machines, and will also send you interesting catalogues on any of these machines you may be interested in.

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Then think of the *equally good* **Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano**, which we will put in your home for $100 less, under a positive protecting guarantee of ten years.

If you carefully weigh all the facts and the evidence we can furnish, you will do as thousands of others have done—decide that the $100 is as good to you as to any piano firm—and choose a

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$1425
MODEL 80 TOURING CAR F.O.B. HAMILTON ONT.
COLES PHILLIPS

Ten, Twenty, Thirty

Continued from page 32.

fect" and ready to appear on two hours' summons.

We were spinning down Christie Lake one afternoon. Robert Marks was officer-of-the-watch and I was deck-hand. He talked in the easy take-your-time-about-it style of a lazy summer's day, but to my ears it contained a pretty good precipitate of showman's philosophy.

"The best time to go into a town with a show is immediately after the declaration of a strike. The average workman meets his chum. 'Bill', says he, 'we're going to win this strike'. 'Right you are' says Bill, 'and in two weeks they'll be crawling at our feet.' 'Let's go to the show to-night.' About ten days after a strike begins, the first jubilation wears off and, as a show-Manager, I prefer to be some place else.

"There are two kinds of people we try to draw and keep drawn: the young man and his girl who want to see every show end with a marriage, and the middle-aged unromantic team of housekeepers who look on marriage as a chestnut and want to see some of the tragedy and clash of fiction. Then, of course, *everybody*, young and old or middle-aged, loves a comedy. The comedian's jest is the great universal tonic. Above everything else the world wants to laugh, and the man who can sell tickets to a laugh is on his way to fortune.

"The great appetite of the masses of show-goers to-day is for melodrama. Despite what 'experts' say, melodrama is the one great perennial in the theatrical business. We have been playing melodramas for over twenty-five years and they never fail to draw except in the bigger towns where the public is made over-fastidious by frequent visits of the dollar-fifty companies. And of all shows the *clean* show is the winner. For the lifetime of the Marks' enterprises our people have absolutely refused to compromise on honest and orderly entertainment. Stock companies must depend on *family* patronage and the vast majority of Canadian and American families are founded on wholesome standards.

"Children travel with our companies. Children are great business-getters especially at matinees for the mothers and kiddies are usually daffy about other mothers' kiddies. *Only*, stage children can break as easily as make the popularity of a show. Trot out the little actor once or twice with a note or a bouquet of flowers or a speech of five or six lines and all the women and children of the audience clap their hands and cheer. But give the youngster a *long* part, fetch him on the stage six or eight times during the four acts and you will hear the same women flare up with indignation and exclaim: "The idea of submitting the little darlings to such long hours and all that excitement! Where are the police when these outrages are going on?"

"Are they well mated?" "Perfectly. She's afraid of automobiles and he can't afford one."

Boarding-House Strawberry Short-Cake

A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry.

~

Upon being introduced to Pat O'Reilly, a man asked him if he was related to Tim O'Reilly.

"Distantly," replied Pat. "Tim was my mother's first child and I was her twelfth."

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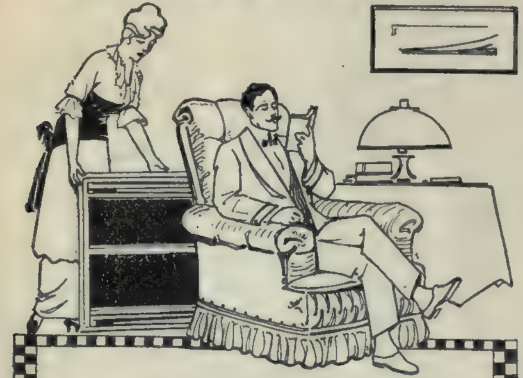

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THE O.K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Howley's Mother

Continued from page 15.

eyes, half closed, confused and sullen—for the moment beaten, but with more of peace in her breast than at any time since the lasso had dragged her from the free life of the range.

It was about this time that Suzanne Simpkins, in the quiet of her apartment, working cheerfully on the dress she was making for the rich Mrs. Bernstein — working late, because of the hay and oats and stable-rent she must now pay for, and the saddle, bridle and riding pad she must buy and the hours she would want for a ride in the sunlight—was saying to herself that in the morning she would go around to Mr. Howley's stable and kiss her pony's nose!

The pony followed Mr. Howley into the stable and up the incline to the stalls in the rear. She was given a box-stall with a thick bedding of clean straw.

When Mr. Howley returned to his sitting room, he found his mother without her knitting, but with two bowls of steaming gruel on the table.

"Men had a hard time with the dressmaker's pony," he said indifferently, "but it's all right now. Did I tell you I'm going to have a roof garden for the horses?"

"Will anything grow up there?"

"Why not, if it has the soil?"

"Then I'd like a few beds of vegetables. I haven't had a good mess of peas since I left the parsonage."

"All right. I'll fence off an end of it for you."

This idea of a roof garden stayed with Mr. Howley after he had kissed his mother good night and retired to his own room. Then he dismissed it or rather deposited it among those projects to be brought forth again and promoted in due time.

It had been a busy day, but all of Mr. Howley's days were busy, much more so than anybody knew. Even he was not conscious of the amount of business, large and small, he accomplished day by day. Things large and small were all the same to him. He could build an empire or mend a strap with equal ease. He moved and thought, decided and executed, without excitement or hurry. Every night his slate was full and every morning found it clean again.

That night the moment his head touched the pillow, he was asleep. At five he was awake and up. He bathed and dressed in fifteen minutes, left his room briskly, stopped at the kitchen door to say "good morning" to his mother, then descended to the second floor, a signal for the night watchman to retire and the work of the day to begin.

As if by magic, at his entrance the horses began to whinny and coax. There was a sound of cleaning in the stalls, of hay rustling as it filled the racks, of oats pouring from measures into the mangers. He passed to the ground floor and with his own hands rolled back the main doors opening on the street, and stood there for a few moments, viewing the world of a new day, like mine host before his inn.

His foreman arrived and together they entered the office, passed on bills, looked at the market report, made a list of purchases, decided on the dis-

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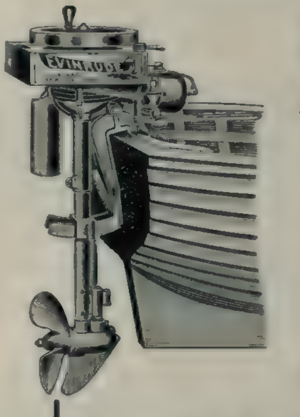
EVINRUDE

The Original Standardized Detachable Motor



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charge and the hiring of help, reviewed the condition of the horses, laying Fanny off for a day, sending Joe to pasture for a month, ordering the sorrel team brought in for work again. All this was finished by six o'clock and Mr. Howley went up to breakfast.

The morning papers were on the arm of his chair and a telephone stood on the table within reach.

Mrs. Howley, serving breakfast, was an agitated old lady, solicitous and anxious and a little trembly. When, however, it was all upon the table and the man had found it good, she rose from her humility, an upright moral force. She had done her part, now let the rest of the world do as well!

Mr. Howley ate his breakfast and read the papers, giving a digest of them to his mother, who listened with eyes shining through her glasses, shedding over the affairs of men the light of an elemental and aggressive intelligence. There were days when Mr. Howley spent the entire morning at the dining-room table, reading, figuring, drawing rough plans and talking over the telephone with his office, or the world outside. But this morning his time was short.

"I see," said Mr. Howley, "that they got the price of Blackbird eight hundred. It was seven seventy."

"What's the name of the other one and what did she pay for it?"

"It was called Wildcat out where it came from, but they registered it as Kitten for the sale. I never saw a horse jump and buck worse. She got it for a hundred.

"I see," continued Mr. Howley, his newspaper spread wide before him, and then the telephone rang. He listened at the receiver with a peculiar expression of pleased embarrassment. He hesitated, looked furtively at his mother and said, "Oh, well—well, yes—well, I'll be down in a moment."

He rose hastily.

"If it's that Suzanne Simpkins," said his mother sharply, "I want you to bring her up here. I want to see the old maid dressmaker that buys a bucking broncho for a hundred dollars and—" He left the room, closing the door softly. She hurried to it and called after him:

"I want to see her, do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I'll bring her up."

She closed the door with a bang and stood in the middle of the room, pale and cold.

Mr. Howley hurried to the office in a state of agitation unusual with him. He attributed it to his mother's conduct.

Suzanne was standing just inside the stable door, the light of the first real spring morning falling around her. In spite of her rather severe gray gown and plain black hat, trimmed only with

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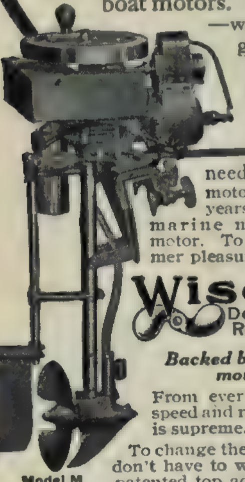

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In territory where we are not now represented, a good live agent can earn big money during the summer by selling Wisconsin Motors. Big profit—pleasant work. Get particulars.

Model J
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DIAMONDS $1—$2—$3 WEEKLY

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms 20% down, $1, $2 or $3 Weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

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a velvet band, she seemed a charming creature, radiating youth and expectancy. The fact is, she had wakened that morning with such a thrill of delight as she had not felt since the mornings of childhood had brought a joyous confidence in something wonderful the day would bring. She had come running to Mr. Howley's stable, bringing this returned spirit of her youth with her, and her form and face, even the quality of her voice, expressed it.

"I came to see my pony!" she said, breathless from eagerness. And then, suddenly, a shadow crept into her eyes. Perhaps this promise of delight would also pass with the day, and she would find herself again sewing and saving and giving to others for her reality, and for her pleasures only phantoms.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Howley, recovered from his agitation and expanding with a genial warmth, "come right along with me."

The shadow vanished. She beamed on him, dimpled and smiling, and tripped to his long stride through the dark stable, carrying something of the light of the spring day with her.

They walked up the incline to the second floor and passing through the harness room, extending under the living rooms above, walked through an alley leading by the granaries and reached the stalls in the rear.

"I have decided," said Suzanne gleefully, "to keep her name Kitten."

"That's good," he answered absently.

They were just passing under his living room and the thought of his mother troubled him. How on earth was he to take Suzanne to her—on what pretext—and what was the sense of it, anyway? Yet he knew that whether foolish or not, his meeting with Suzanne had assumed a tragic significance in the mind of his mother. He must bring them together and leave the rest to fate.

Suzanne looked into his face:

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, sinking easily from the airy heights to the wistful patient manner reality seemed always to require.

"No, no!" he shook himself and laughed but got no further, for as they reached the stalls he heard a succession of sharp blows and the sound of rending wood. He hurried forward, followed by Suzanne.

A stable boy was standing near one of the box stalls dejectedly, holding a currycomb and brush. The door of the stall was battered. One of the boards, split in two, was just rebounding from the opposite wall to the floor.

"I can't do nothing with her, sir," said the boy.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Howley, in a large, good-humored voice. "She's not used to a stall——"

This Sample of

LUX

is for you, Madam!

WHAT is LUX? It is a soap of unusual purity made into the thinnest of flakes that readily dissolve in hot water. It makes a creamy, foamy lather that cannot injure the daintiest fabric or the hands.

LUX is a wonderful life lengthener of all woollen and flannel garments. It absolutely prevents them from matting, thickening or shrinking in the wash.

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"Is it Kitten?" gasped Suzanne.

"And all she needs," continued Mr. Howley, "is a little civilized society and a friend or two——"

Mr. Howley opened the door of the stall and stepping in, confronted the pony with a smiling face and a large expanse of strong and kindly person. Kitten snorted and backed away. She stretched out her neck and gazed at Mr. Howley curiously.

A cheerful whinny sounded in the next stall and Blackbird thrust his nose over the partition. Kitten lifted her head and whinnied excitedly.

"They like each other, don't they, Mr. Howley?"

Suzanne put her hand upon his arm and stood close beside him, laughing and looking at her pet with the fond indulgence of a mother for a precocious child.

At the sound of her voice, Kitten pricked her ears and lifting her head, looked at Suzanne with great, wondering, innocent eyes. Suzanne patted her neck and taking an apple from her reticule, held it to her pony's nose. Kitten fumbled it a moment, then bit it in two.

Mr. Howley and Suzanne looked at each other and laughed and the pony, relaxing her rigid limbs, crunched her apple till the juice trickled from her mouth.

"I must get me a saddle and bridle and some blankets and things. I don't know what kind of a bit she's used to, but I like a light snaffle and curb, don't you?"

"You don't need to buy anything," said Mr. Howley. "I've got everything you'll want in my harness room."

"Oh, no," said Suzanne stiffly, "I shall want my own."

"Well, use mine for a while anyway, until you know just what you want."

"I know now," said Suzanne promptly. "I've taken the *Bit and Spur* for years. I shall get me an army saddle."

"Going to ride straddle!" exclaimed Mr. Howley.

"Yes," said Suzanne, "cross-saddle."

"How long since you've ridden that way?"

"I never rode any other way."

She did not tell him that she had not ridden at all.

"How much will it cost me to keep her here?"

They were outside the stall and Mr. Howley was wondering how to propose her call upon his mother. He could feel the similarity in the two women—like and unlike as a different treatment of the same theme—the one didactic and literal, the other whimsical and poetic; the one engraved in plain letters on glazed paper and bound in boards, the other writ in a varying hand on thin parchment, bound in flexible leather.

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GET your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, public schools, good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because *our* success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where *every* acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada for from $11 to $30 per acre—irrigated lands from $35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance within 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many good farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

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in the irrigation districts, if you want it, providing you are a married man, of farming experience and have sufficient farming equipment to carry on the work, with no other security than the land itself, and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and its ability to create prosperity for you and traffic for our line. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, sink a well, etc. —interest only at 6 per cent.

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To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 8 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm —our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already established—ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. These improved farms have houses and buildings, well, fences, fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results; all planned and completed by practical men who know—our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of great Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

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increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such **low prices and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of the Prairie Provinces and want them for your neighbors, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY—always the best day.**

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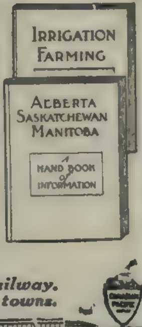
The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming—irrigated lands for intensive farming; other lands, with ample rainfall, for mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.

Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great population, which insures highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the last best West. The present time, your opportunity—don't delay—investigate—you owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first—so time is precious. **Write today for books—illustrated.**



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is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless ornamental fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

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For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal, Que.

W. P. HINTON,
Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager
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He knew that he must not offer to keep the pony free.

"Well," he said firmly, "I must charge you fifteen dollars a month. Of course that covers everything—delivering her saddled at your door and bringing her home when you're through, also doctoring when sick. I couldn't do it for less. It's business, you know."

"Oh, I think that's very reasonable. I've seen advertisements——"

"Robbers!" exploded Mr. Howley. "And they'll cheat you at that. Why, hay's only eighteen dollars a ton and oats sixty cents a bushel when you buy them, and I raise all mine myself."

They were nearing the door leading to the private hallway and the apartments above.

"Say," he said abruptly, "I want you to meet my mother—fine woman—come on up."

"But," said Suzanne, hesitating, "perhaps she won't want to, it's too early——"

"Not for mother—she said to bring you."

Suzanne looked at him quickly, surprised. He was embarrassed.

"I guess she wants a dress made," he said, "or something."

They found Mrs. Howley seated stiffly before a small table in the sitting room, dressed in a shining black alpaca with a crocheted collar and what looked like a lace doily on her head.

There were three cups and saucers, a pitcher of cream, a bowl of sugar and a pot of tea on the table. She rose severely as Mr. Howley ushered in Suzanne.

"I thought you might like some tea with us," said Mrs. Howley, fixing her eyes sharply upon Suzanne. "My son had hardly finished his breakfast when you called."

"It smells good," said Suzanne, going to the table. She felt in the presence of something intense and tragic rather than hostile. She did not feel any menace to herself, but rather that she must move softly lest she hurt this other woman. It was so strange and unexpected but she had no time to think about it.

She smiled as she met Mrs. Howley's gaze, but in her eyes there was only a great sadness and the worn look came to her face, making it seem cold.

Mrs. Howley's countenance suddenly softened. She looked quickly from Suzanne to her son, tried to say something, then rose and hurried from the room.

"I guess I'd better go," whispered Suzanne.

Mr. Howley nodded and tiptoed to the door.

"Mother is pretty old," said he, as they went down the stairs to the street together, "and she *will* do all the work."

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It is absolutely pure, conforming to all Pure Food Laws. It is of high quality, being made from choice cocoa beans, skilfully blended.

Its flavor is delicious, because it is made without the use of chemicals, by a strictly mechanical process that perfectly preserves the appetizing NATURAL flavor of high-class cocoa beans.

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Mothers should give only the well-known

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE GUM LANCET MARK

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor;—they are guaranteed by the Proprietor to be absolutely free from any harmful ingredient.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 36 Powders

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.
MANUFACTORY: 125 NEW NORTH ROAD. LONDON, ENGLAND.

"She adores you," murmured Suzanne. She looked into his eyes, her own bright with moisture.

"You'll like her when you know her better," said Mr. Howley.

Suzanne's heart was absurdly light as she left him. The night before she had suddenly reached out and into her hand had flown some fluttering thing that seemed like happiness. She feared to lose it. She dared not close her hand, she dared not look too close but she could still feel it there.

Mr. Howley went into his office but he could not get his mind on his business. Thoughts of his mother upstairs, alone and troubled, weighed upon his spirit. He could feel no pleasure in Suzanne, if his mother were to grieve because of her. Perplexed, he went upstairs.

Mrs. Howley was washing the breakfast dishes. She smiled upon her son, with a rare softness of expression.

"I wish," she said, "you'd have Miss Simpkins come and sew for me."

Mr. Howley gazed with his mouth open.

"Well!" exclaimed his mother, sharply.

"Of course—certainly," he said hurriedly, "I've always wanted——"

"I'll not have any new fangled things," she interrupted. "She can do plain sewing, can't she?"

Mr. Howley looked relieved. "I guess," he assured himself, "they'll work it out in their own way."

He was not one to interfere very much with a person's ways but dealt solely with results. Nor did he count upon an end to anything. He sensed life as shift and change—reaching for what he wanted, taking what he could, and brooding very little over what he missed.

Of course he missed the fact that from that moment she began, silently, to lay the affairs of life away. He did not know that when he left her, she went to her room and lay down, conscious for the first time of age and weariness. We seldom know when those about us begin to pack for the long trip—especially if they are old and go about it leisurely, as Mrs. Howley did. She gave no outward sign of change but through succeeding days was to all appearances the same tireless and indomitable spirit, grimly observant of her son, as he beamed upon Suzanne, already seeing these two moving about in this familiar setting, alone, herself away.

Meanwhile, Suzanne was discarding her well worn garments and doing an unwonted amount of spring shopping for herself, and Mr. Howley would often forget his most important business concerns, to find himself wondering if he should have his beard cut off or only trimmed.

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Where the glacier-fed rivers commence their thousand mile journeys to two Oceans. You canoe in sight of snow-clad peaks in the keen air of Canadian pine forests.

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Nature's Exposition Route to the

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Stop over where you choose—no extra fare.

Send for "Resorts in the Rockies," obtainable from any C.P.R. Agent, or A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Montreal, Que.

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pervades the room after the furniture has been dusted and polished with

IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

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It makes old furniture and floors look like new, and the whole house more livable.

Ioco Liquid Gloss will polish any highly finished surface. Try it on your motor. It both cleans and preserves the varnish.

Dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
LIMITED
BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Made in Canada

Taking the Nerve Cure Under Fire

Continued from page 12.

went! We dropped flat down into the mud. When the light burned out we went on till we could hear the Germans talking and coughing. Coming back, I got caught in our own barb wire and 'Gippy' had a helluva time helping me get free. It's mighty lonely out there."

"Gippy" had the fire blazing brightly by this time, and we had the best breakfast I've tasted since leaving England—bacon, tea, bread and toasted cheese. The wood for the fire came, I believe, from a ruined barn two hundred yards in front of our trenches. The issue of coke is not sufficient to make tea more than about eight times in twenty-four hours, and as the Tommies like hot tea about fifteen times a day, they "scrouge" for the extra fuel. The water supply was kept in an empty rum jar, filled twice a day from a stream at one end of the trench.

After breakfast we had several cautious peeps at the ground in front of our trenches. One could see some straggling barb wire, then a stretch of mud, then a ruined house and barn, and beyond them, five hundred yards away, a low bank of muck, the German trench. There wasn't a sign of life. One could not look over the parapet for more than ten seconds, however, without hearing a zip, zip, zip and the thud of bullets striking the bank. The German snipers are good and we were very lucky to escape casualties. One of our fellows had a hole bored through his cap by a bullet that passed within half an inch of the top of his skull.

Dinner was a sumptuous meal, consisting of a "McConk" ration of vegetables and meat, bread, jam and tea. We amused ourselves through the afternoon sniping at the German loopholes. One chap in our company put three bullets in succession through a loophole where he claimed with the aid of glasses to have seen the muzzle of a German machine gun. Twenty bullets buzzed over his head or spattered him with dirt for his pains.

After dark we slipped out of the trench across the field, and back down the road. We were sniped at but no one was hit.

The next time we went into the trenches, our platoon was given a section of trench to hold by itself.

It was a bright moonlight night when we went up, and coming along the road, the Germans turned a machine gun on us. We could hear the bullets hitting the walls of a ruined farm beside the road. Curiously enough, no one even bothered to duck. We just walked straight ahead. I don't think any of us ever expected to be under fire in such

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a matter of fact way. We all expected to be a little fluttered, but, as a matter of fact, we found the whole thing uninteresting. The reason for our indifference, I think, was that even in those first days of our active service, we had all come to believe that "we'll be hit when our time comes, and not before."

We found our section of trench rather wet and the pump out of order. It was rather unpleasant for us N.C.O.'s, who had to paddle up and down in water that varied in depth from six inches to two feet, while making the rounds. It rained a bit that night too. In the morning we were able to get the pump in working order and clear out the trench. The German snipers potted steadily at the stream of muddy water pumped out over the trench, with no further result than to shower the man working the pump with dirt.

A fog came down in the middle of the morning, and a party of us were detailed to build a sandbag barricade across the road. We had it up to a height of two feet when the mist thinned, and the Germans spotted us. Snipers and machine guns got to work on us, but we got back to the shelter safely. We didn't run for it, either.

One of the youngest chaps in the platoon was missed for a moment. He was discovered in the field behind the trench, grubbing up turnips.

"I wanted a good stew for dinner," was the only reason he gave for exposing himself.

In the afternoon the sun came out and we stood in the sun outside our booby hatches and chatted or sang. One of the fellows had a copy of the Saturday Post with one of Irvin Cobb's stories about German soldiers in it. We agreed it was below his usual standard. Rather a queer place for literary criticism, wasn't it?

We made tea, and cooked our rations in the way we'd seen the regulars do it. In fact, we felt almost like veterans already.

Then next we had one day's liberty in a good-sized town just back of the firing line before marching back to our old billet. We discovered an estaminet across the square from a shrapnel-pitted church, where one could get a "biftek et chip" for a franc. We had a splendid feed. Farther down the street we found a cake shop, and feasted on patisseries. Yet we were in range of the German artillery all the time.

. . . .

And how long ago those first days seem! As I said in the beginning, windmills, wrinkled peasants and shell-wrecked churches—even an occasional good run-in with the Boches—will not satisfy us long. We want the big fight that we have been promised. With our feet turned the other way, we want to cover the same ground, and more, that General French's devoted little army traversed last August. We have been promised it soon, and there are signs that it is not far off. Just now we're in advanced billet, right back of the firing line, waiting to take our regular turn in the trenches. Where we sit three men were killed and eight wounded by a German shell the day before yesterday. But at the present moment five of the fellows in the brick-floored outhouse, which is our home, are playing cards, one is writing a letter, and another is spreading margerine on his bread.

You people ought to come over and get your nerves rested up. One doesn't worry in France to-day. One just obeys orders. As a result we're relatively happy. I'll write you again soon if I don't get knocked over in the meantime.

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"This plant belongs to the begonia family." "Ah ! And you are taking care of it while they are away."

~

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity," wrote a school boy.

"Where did you get that idea?" asked the teacher.

"Please, miss" was the reply, "it says in the text book 'the population of London is very dense!' "

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The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 40.

Storms accompanied all his sea pranks. Neptune poured on him, this brave, even fearless man, all the vials of his wrath.

But one of the most flattering and expressive nicknames ever invented fell to the lot of a bluejacket Commander who was loved by his men as "Old Dreadnought." This was Admiral Boscawen. The battleship name is no latter day invention because in 1744, Admiral Boscawen captured the French twenty-eight gun frigate with the "Dreadnought" under his command.

Nicknames are usually the outcome of love or admiration. Hurt as one's young feelings were at being hailed as "Ankles" or "Giblets" we knew long ago that such uncouth names emanated from love, and deep family affection. Never again shall we hear that beloved voice calling out "Here, the Nipper! Here you blessed long-legged Giblets," and how the long legs used to cross each other in the awkward run! Tim of the Cross-roads calls the Pedlar many a comical (or hateful) name but there are voices in every life that are stilled forever.

CANADA TO THE FRONT

CANADA has come to the front gloriously. There is something, wonderful too in the way Canadian women are taking very fateful news. Not an outcry or whimper. And remember Canada is not hardened to war. The Pedlar gets letter after letter to his little P. O. Box 183, Hamilton, Ont., (I suggest the address to you merely) and some are letters from old mothers and fathers and some are from girl sweethearts of Tommy at the Front. They are sad, often tragically so, those letters, and they are not answerable at all, because despite the robin singing his vespers in the high old pear tree, and the snowdrops and crocus peering up from the garden mould, one thinks of our men lying so quietly over there in Europe, and of the splendid boys who are aching to go across. The drums call. Have you not noticed their appeal? and we rush to the door or window to see our men—children some of them—march by. Shall one ever forget the march of Canadian Recruits! Not in uniform, their old working trousers sprung at the knees, they marched behind the regulars, eager, full of the earnest, deep in pride. And just one woman said in her soul "God love them, especially that youngster who marched with head eagerly thrust forward, with kneed pants and an extraordinary walk."

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LIMITED
MONTREAL

No German for Him

A boy who had been absent from school for several days returned with his throat carefully swathed, and presented this note to his teacher:

"Please don't let my son learn any German to-day; his throat is so sore he can hardly speak English."

~

A tall, gaunt-looking man entered a hotel in Calgary not long ago and applied for a room. Among his belongings the proprietor noticed a coil of rope. Upon being asked what the rope was for, the man replied:

"That's a fire-escape. I always carry it with me, and in case of fire I let myself down from the window."

"Yes," replied the landlord, stroking his chin reflectively, "seems like a pertty good idea; but guests with fire-escapes pay in advance at this hotel."

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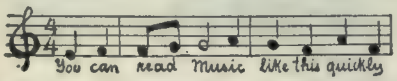

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The Jade Earring

Continued from page 36.

"Yes," said the woman. "It was the 27th of November."

"That must have been quite a shock to you and your husband," said Richards. "Didn't you make any inquiries? Didn't he make any effort to find her?"

"No. Why should he? We had nothing to do with her really. She didn't owe us any money or anything. She came and stayed a while and went away. It was none of our business."

"She was pretty valuable to you in your business, wasn't she?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman. "But we could get along without her. We don't need any help from anybody."

"You couldn't hope to do much with Miss Meredith without her, could you? Not as much as you could with her anyhow?"

"Miss Meredith never came back, I tell you, so it didn't matter."

"Do you ordinarily let people go as easily as that—people that are once fairly hooked, especially when you know they are rich?"

"Well," said the medium, "we couldn't do anything without Irene, could we?"

"So you passed it all up," said Richards, "and didn't think anything more about Irene till you saw her picture in the papers—the girl they had found frozen in the ice?"

The woman nodded.

"Why didn't you come across then?" asked Richards. "Why didn't you tell us who she was?"

"We didn't owe you any favors, did we?" said the woman.

"You knew you were in wrong with the front office," said Richards. "We were pulling joints like yours all over town. You had a chance to get strong with us. If you'd given us the right tip about Irene Fournier you could have gone on as you were, and we'd never have bothered you. You must have known that. Why did you let the chance go by?"

"I don't know."

"You and your husband talked it over, did you," said Richards, "and neither of you thought of that?"

"No. We never thought of that."

"Why didn't you return the portrait when Irene went away?"

"How could we? We didn't know where Irene had got it."

All the while the lieutenant had been asking his questions I had sat beside him watching the woman, puzzling over her sullen, half defiant replies. What she said hung together well enough, but the manner of her saying it was big with potential falsehood. What was the thing she was keeping

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back—the thing that would account for her scream at the sight of Irene's face, and for that unexplained revolver shot that had changed the face of things so suddenly ?

I wished that Jeffrey had been paying a little closer attention. After hearing Richards ask a question or two, he had lounged over to the window and stood there looking out, without the slightest sign of any interest in the proceedings. I wondered if his indifference were real, or if it concealed, as it sometimes did, the materials for one of those intuitive flashes of his that used to make us all wonder at him. I wasn't left wondering long.

"By the way, lieutenant," he said, and he didn't even trouble to look around as he spoke, "when was it you raided these people ?"

Richards frowned thoughtfully and began thinking back.

"Let's see," he said. "It was a few days after New Year—the fourth. That's right, isn't it ?"

He asked the question of the woman, but she didn't answer.

"And you got them both ?" asked Jeffrey. "The woman's husband as well as herself ?"

"Sure," said Richards.

"Your husband must have got home two or three days before that, then ?" asked Jeffrey, turning now for the first time to the woman.

"Got home ?" she said. "What do you mean ?" Her face had turned suddenly white, and her eyes were staring.

"Fully three days before that," Jeffrey went on quietly. "Because the paint was perfectly dry on the canvas when the police raided you. You didn't paint out the portrait until after he came back."

"I—don't know what you mean," gasped the woman, "about his coming back. He'd never been away."

"Oh, yes he had," said Jeffrey. There was more pity in his voice than anything else. "How else could he have found out that Irene had been murdered ? The paint was dry on the canvas the fourth of January. They didn't find Irene's body until the eighth and it had been frozen in the ice for two weeks." Jeffrey waited a full minute, and just as we expected him to follow up his advantage, he picked up his hat and started for the door. About half way there he turned and with one of his characteristically quick movements was at the woman's side. "When was it your husband went away. The same day Irene did, or the day after ?"

It was the sort of situation that only such as Jeffrey could have led up to. It was a game of life and death, Jeffrey had played his card; the question now was—what did the woman hold, and would she bluff, or would she show ? There was a tense second and then :

"It wasn't him that killed her," she said. "He didn't do it. I swear he didn't do it. I killed Irene Fournier myself."

CHAPTER XI.

AN ESCAPE.

THOSE were the last intelligent words we got out of her. Richards pressed her with questions for a while, trying to get some details as to how the crime she confessed to had been committed, and where and why, but wholly without result. The woman was half hysterical, but she had self-control enough left to keep her jaw locked and her lips tight together, and the only answer she ever made was a desperate, frantic wagging of her head which might have meant anything.

So at last we called a taxi in preference to a patrol-wagon for Richards

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and the policeman to take her to the station in. While we were waiting for it, he arranged to send a plain-clothes man up to the house to keep an eye on the husband. The precaution seemed rather unnecessary, both because he was too badly wounded to make any serious attempt to escape, and because his wife's confession seemed to do away with the motive for it.

While we were waiting for the taxi to arrive, Richards explained his theory of the crime to us. It was the typical police view, but it seemed to me to hold water. Though I had a feeling that Jeffrey didn't look at it like that. Evidently Richards shared this impression, for he tried hard to convince Jeffrey that he was right about it.

"It is all explained now, isn't it?" he said. "This Irene comes to the house, settles down there and gets friend husband buffaloed. She was a good enough looker to do it, that's sure. He gets loony about her, and the two of them run off. Wife left behind. She gets on the war-path; follows them up. Finds them together somewhere and takes a shot at the home-destroyer. Maybe she leaves her husband to get out of the fix as best he can—maybe she helps him. He can't denounce her, so he comes back to her, or with her, I don't know which yet. Anyhow, they've got to stand by each other. When she sees Irene's face in the mirror, she goes off her head and tries to kill herself. There you are!"

He wheeled round on Jeffrey, whose face was still thoughtful, and who had given no sign of assent.

"What's the matter with that?" Richards concluded. "Doesn't that explain everything?"

"Do you think it does?" asked Jeffrey.

Richards threw up his hands with a gesture of exasperation. "Now look here," he said. "I suppose you've got some dinky little silver-mounted theory that you're on the trail of, and that you'll try to show up the police with it again. All right, go ahead. I've got a confession, and I've got a motive, and I've got a story that holds together. And that's good enough for me. If you think you can get anything better before this woman's case comes to trial—"

"It will never come to trial," said Jeffrey.

"All right," said Richards. "You wait and see. You go your way and I'll go mine. I'll leave you alone and you leave me alone. Does that go?"

Jeffrey laughed and patted him on the back. We were standing in the hall watching for the taxi, and as Jeffrey spoke its lights flashed round the corner.

"Two to one, Drew," he said, "that the lieutenant pays us a call within a week."

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Richards was too indignant to make an articulate answer. But it was a grunt that spoke volumes. The policeman led the woman down the hall just then, and the three of them went out together.

"All the same," said Jeffrey, as he closed the door behind them, "I wish there was a chance that the lieutenant was right about it. But there isn't. Not a chance in the world."

After the lieutenant had gone, he favored me with another prophecy and a bit of advice.

"You'd better forget all about this case for the next few days," he said to me. "Get back to your office and make up for lost time. Nothing's going to happen for a few days—nothing, at least, that you need bother about. But at the end of that time I suspect I shall be calling you in again. And when I do, I shall keep you pretty busy, so dig down to a clean desk, if you can, before that time."

I took the hint and followed his advice as well as I could. Of course we had Barton still in the house, making as good progress toward recovery as a man could be expected to make from that sort of an injury. But he was under the care of two men nurses, and orders were that he was not to be allowed to talk anyway, so it was comparatively easy for me to forget about him—easier, I suspect, than it was for Gwendolyn.

Equally, of course, I did think about it a good deal, especially on the daily trips up and down town from and to my office, trying to solve the puzzle—trying to see what it was that Jeffrey saw that made him so sure that Richard's theory of the case was wrong; so sure the case would collapse in the lieutenant's hands that he could calmly predict a further appeal for help from him within a week.

Nothing but the direst necessity would bring Richards to our doors again after what had passed between him and Jeffrey, and I honestly didn't believe he'd come.

As I counted off the days, my feeling of skepticism mounted steadily. It was just at the end of the sixth, as I was preparing to leave my office and go home to a peaceful family-dinner, that the voice of my office-boy over the desk phone announced that Lieutenant Richards had come and wished to see me.

I told him to send him in, with a recurrence of the feeling I had often experienced before, that there was something uncanny about Jeffrey. You could talk all you liked about lucky guesses and the balance of probability, without wholly shaking off a feeling of almost superstitious dread, when his prophecies came true like that.

Perhaps this one hadn't come true, though. Perhaps Richards had come to gloat over us. Why had he come here, though, I wondered? Why didn't he go to Jeffrey himself?

One look at his face, however, disposed of that alternative before the big policeman had fairly shut the door behind him.

"Isn't he here yet?" he asked.

"Do you mean Jeffrey? Why should he be here?"

"I've been trying to get hold of him for two days," said Richards. "This noon I got word by telephone—an out-of-town call—saying that he'd meet me here at five o'clock."

"For two days!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know he had left town."

Richards nodded sourly.

"How about it?" I asked. "Does Jeffrey win his bet again? Is it for help on the Fournier case that you want to see him?"

"This thing's past a joke," said Richards as he noted the smile with which I asked the question. "It's all very well to keep things to yourself and let other people go chasing wild-

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geese, but when it's an important murder, that sort of Smart Aleck business is dangerous."

I didn't point out to Richards that he had deliberately refused Jeffrey's help six days ago, because I knew he remembered it as well as I did. Besides, I was intensely curious, and I wanted him in a good humor. So I placated him as well as I could with kind words and a good cigar, and his complaints subsided into a mere occasional rumbling of protest that Jeffrey was keeping him waiting.

"It isn't quite five o'clock yet," I said. But just as I spoke there came a single tap on the bell in the self-winding clock that sets itself every hour, and Jeffrey walked in.

He nodded at me and grinned at the lieutenant.

"Well," he asked cheerfully, "how goes it ?"

"Damn bad," said Richards, "and you know it."

His grievance was wide-awake again in a minute. "It seems to me," he went on, "it's a pretty dangerous business letting the police go off hunting a mare's nest and leaving the real murderer that much better chance to escape, when you knew all the while the woman had an alibi."

"Had she an alibi ?" said Jeffrey. "That's lucky."

"Do you mean to say you didn't know it ? And what do you mean by saying it's lucky ?"

"I do mean that I didn't know it," said Jeffrey. "And it's obviously lucky, for nothing else would have convinced you that you were on the wrong tack. Was it a good alibi ?"

"Copper-riveted," said Richards. "The woman never left town at all—the Barton woman. Irene Fournier went away and Barton went away, but Mrs. Barton never left her house all the while."

"Making it highly improbable," commented Jeffrey, "that she shot a lady who was fifty miles away at the time."

"She had the lady's revolver, though," said Richards—"the gun she shot her husband with a week ago."

"A week ago to-morrow," Jeffrey reminded him.

But Richards ignored the thrust. "Well, that was Irene Fournier's revolver."

"By the way," said Jeffrey, "what is the calibre of that weapon ?"

"It's a 22," replied Richards. "Why ?"

"I don't know. Curiosity."

To be continued.

He—Do you think actresses should marry ? She—Why, yes. How else could they get a divorce.

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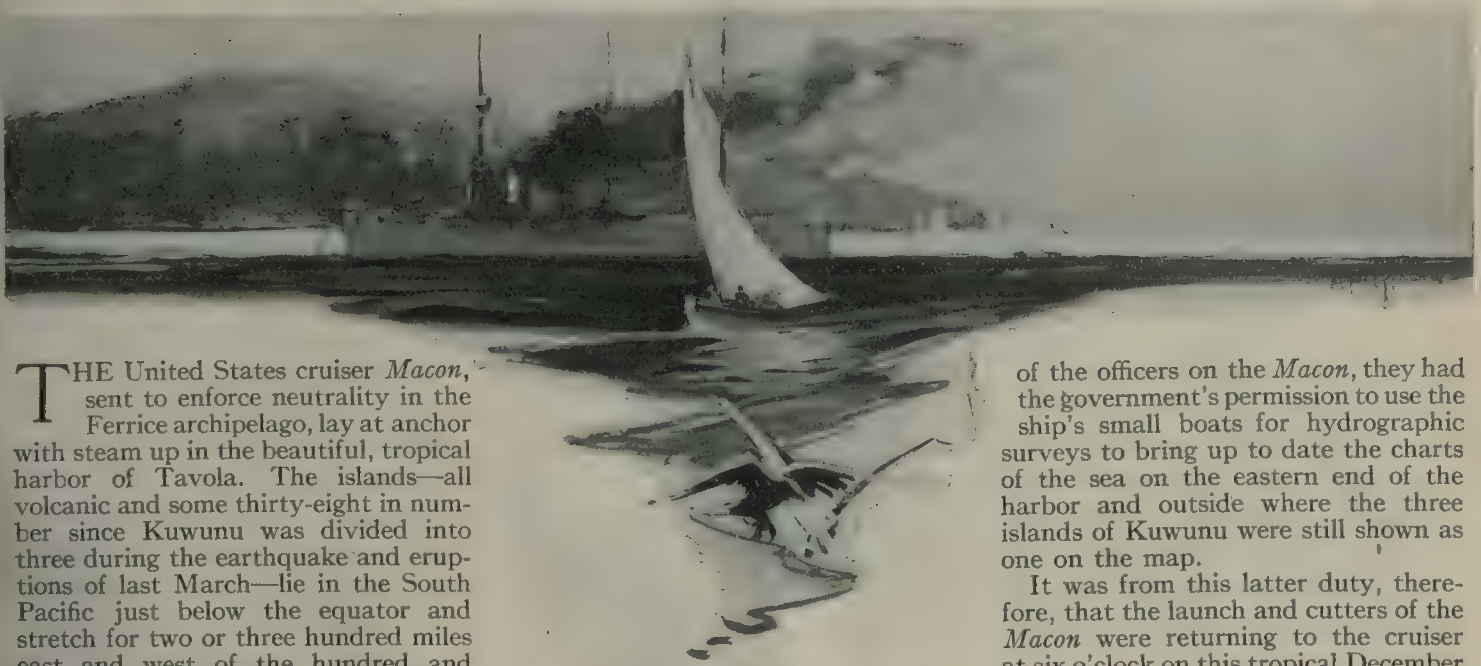
Neutrality



By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless," "Wild Goose Chase," etc.

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE United States cruiser *Macon*, sent to enforce neutrality in the Ferrice archipelago, lay at anchor with steam up in the beautiful, tropical harbor of Tavola. The islands—all volcanic and some thirty-eight in number since Kuwunu was divided into three during the earthquake and eruptions of last March—lie in the South Pacific just below the equator and stretch for two or three hundred miles east and west of the hundred and eightieth parallel. As the original thirty-six all belonged to Spain before '98, they are all American territory now; so Barrows, the commander of the *Macon*, was theoretically responsible for neutrality throughout the group.

Practically, however, he concerned himself chiefly with Tavola. That fair, green island with high, palm grown craters, possessed not only the largest settlement but the sole safe harbor; there was the coaling station, the cable relay on the line to San Francisco, and the great radio installation which could talk direct to the American naval wireless stations both at Guam and Honolulu. Tavola was the point of complaint entered by the English government in the early weeks of the war; it was at Tavola, according to the claim, that the German commerce destroyer *Dnesau* twice put in and twice received coal to bunker capacity against the laws of neutrality; also it was from Tavola, if the British information was correct, that the *Dnesau* was kept informed by wireless of the whereabouts of British ships. So to Tavola the *Macon* was sent to see that thereafter when any war vessel of a belligerent power put into the harbor either it left in twenty-four hours or disarmed and remained until the end of the war, and that, under no circumstances, should unauthorized aid or information be given. And if these duties did not occupy the entire time of the officers on the *Macon*, they had the government's permission to use the ship's small boats for hydrographic surveys to bring up to date the charts of the sea on the eastern end of the harbor and outside where the three islands of Kuwunu were still shown as one on the map.

It was from this latter duty, therefore, that the launch and cutters of the *Macon* were returning to the cruiser at six o'clock on this tropical December evening. As the small boats came close, the men at the oars engaged in impromptu races to the side of the ship; and this evening, boat number 4 again won, as was most fitting. For that was young Lieutenant Sheridan's boat; he had been married just before the war had sent the *Macon* away from the States; and now his young bride had followed him to Tavola; he had a cottage for her on the edge of the beach and he could go ashore to her when his day's work was done.

He sprang cheerfully up to the deck as his boat touched the cruiser's side.

" 'Lo, Tommy!" his friend Danbridge, who had been officer of the deck, hailed as he came off watch. "Heard it?"

"What?"

"*Argyle's* sighted somewhere beyond Ferona; putting in here."

Sheridan nodded. "All right. You got anything else; go on."

"The *Sharnheim* didn't go away; she's been lying all day on the other side of Kuwunu."

"What?" Sheridan started.

"That's it."

"You know it?"

"Brent saw her there." Brent was the officer whose work that day had taken him furthest down the deserted shores of Kuwunu.

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"There's no way for the *Argyle* to know?"

"How?" Danbridge demanded, "if we don't tip it to them, and how can we?"

Sheridan flushed and swore, "But damn it, that won't be a fight, the *Argyle* against the *Sharnheim*. Hell, Dan, if they were Malay pirates on the *Argyle*, we shouldn't be made to let them walk into that."

"Of course they can give up when they see the *Sharnheim*."

"Talk sense," Sheridan retorted sharply.

"Well, suppose we might tip it to the *Argyle*, how are we going to do it?" Danbridge returned. "Radio is the only way to reach them. The *Sharnheim* would get that too. We can't do anything."

"Then what'd you tell me about it for?" Sheridan jerked away. He filed his surveys and records for the day. He found the commander and confirmed his leave to go ashore that evening, but was told to be alert for a signal of recall. He went over the side and, with his men wondering at his sudden glumness, he was rowed to the shore.

Two graceful, girlish figures stood in front of a little, white coral rock cottage on the edge of the green above the sand; one was his wife, Helen, the other was her sister, Eileen Alden, who had made the long voyage to Tavola to be with Helen when the *Macon* must be away. That was the given reason; but the news that the English cruiser, *Argyle*, was detailed for duty in that particular part of the Pacific, certainly had not acted as a deterrent. For young Heath Gordon was sublieutenant on that vessel; and as Sheridan thought of him now and as he saw Eileen laughing as she raced Helen to the beach, he winced.

He leaped upon his tiny pier and the boatswain, touching his cap, turned the boat to the ship. Sheridan seized the hand of his wife and one of Eileen's as the girls came up bright-eyed and breathless. He was young and his bride was younger and her sister was a girl barely twenty, and all of them exultant with the goodness of life and love. The moment was one of perfect peace, quiet and content; the sun was ruddy and low, and beyond the coral quays which formed the harbor, the surf rushed in blood-red as it caught the rays. Sheridan stared out to sea, speechless for a moment as he clasped his wife's hand and her sister's; then he led them up to the house where Eileen left him and Helen alone while she went to see that Kanava, their native man, brought the supper table outside this evening and spread it under the palms. If Tavola was uncertain or capricious from year to year as to coast line and to channel depths, at least it boasted no mosquitoes.

"What's the matter, dearest?" Helen demanded with lover's anxiety, as in their room, Tom picked her up and kissed her.

"Sorry; it's nothing, sweet; beastly hot to-day."

But at the table under the palms, he was forced to give more explanation.

"Giddings got on my nerves again to-day."

"How, dear?" Giddings was the young ensign working on the coast survey in the boat beyond Sheridan's. He was the dunce among the commissioned men.

"How? What do you s'pose I found that idiot doing to-day? And he's been doing it all week too; I just discovered it to-day."

"What, dear?"

"You know how you work hydro survey, Eileen? You spot a fixed point—or usually a couple of 'em—on the shore; a bit of prominent rock, a scar in the soil or, if you can't get anything else, a tree'll do. Fixed points, you understand, from which to relate soundings, distances and everything else. Giddings and I have been working along the north shore between here and Kuwunu, where the volcano apparently did its best last March. You know the channel in the south outside the harbor was worked up a long time ago; the surveys on it are published, but we're just beginning to find out what the bottom is on the north. Well, to-day my work ran to Giddings' and we couldn't match up and why do you suppose? One of his fixed points on the shore from which he's been surveying, was a cow; seriously, girls, a nice, white cow, wandering about the green hillside. Of course, Giddings didn't know it was a cow and he didn't pick it out when it was moving. He chose it from three or four miles off and thought it was a rock; probably she was lying still then and the mere matter of her wandering a few hundred yards now and then afterwards, didn't disturb him at all. You can figure the marvelous accuracy of his work, though."

FROM THE MOMENT SHE LEFT THE BAG NEAR THE CLOAK-ROOM DOOR, SHE LIVED ONLY FOR ELEVEN-THIRTY

Eileen was looking out to sea. "What ship is that coming in?"

A dark, grey silhouette—two bare masts, two funnels, a gun positioned on the deck forward, another gun with shielf on the lower deck aft—shot into sight. Sheridan looked at it and shifted his eyes toward the rugged, desolate edge of Kuwunu; but nothing emerged from behind the black rocks. He parted his lips, shut them again and then said quietly:

"That's the *Argyle*, Eileen."

"The *Argyle*?" The younger girl jumped up and stood beside the table, crumpling her napkin; she colored crimson as her sister spoke to her, quietly, teasingly, of Heath Gordon. Eileen turned to meet a comment from her brother-in-law; but Sheridan was silent as he watched the English ship steering into the harbor. Soon Eileen sat down and, in her own excitement, noticed nothing strange in her brother-in-law's manner; his wife did, but understood that he wished not to be questioned. When the native servant brought the coffee in little cups, the English ship was dropping her anchor and a boat was leaving her side. Sheridan looked again and again toward Kuwunu but nothing appeared. The boat from the *Argyle* touched the landing and three officers sprang upon the pier; two went away together toward the tiny town; the third turned to the house with the supper table under the trees.

Eileen leaped up and started toward the young officer; he snatched off his cap and came bareheaded and almost running. He was a fine-looking boy with light hair, good, direct eyes and lips that smiled easily.

"Eileen, you did come! Helen, how jolly you're here," he cried. "I say, Tommy, old fellow!"

Tommy tardily arose and extended his hand. "How are you, Heath?" he said a little hollowly. Gordon gazed at him with surprise.

"Tom," his wife reproached, "What's the matter with you? Why, we were just talking about Heath. What's happened? We think it's awfully lucky you happened in now, Heath."

"Yes," said Eileen. "I hope you haven't had supper, if you can have it here with us. Anyway, you'll have coffee, won't you?"

Gordon hesitated. "Of course I'm glad to see him," Tom replied to his wife. "Of course you'll have supper with us, Heath." And he looked again in the direction of Kuwunu and his breath drew in audibly. Eileen and Gordon followed his look. The last light of day lay on the sea and showed a great war vessel sending up streamers of smoke rushing out from behind Kuwunu.

"What ship is that?" Heath demanded of Tom. "You were looking for that? Is that one of your vessels?"

Sheridan shook his head.

"No?" Heath asked.

"No."

The Englishman stared again at the ship, "Then, what is it?"

"What? It's the *Sharnheim*, Heath."

"The *Sharnheim*!"

"Yes."

Heath stared at his host, "But Tommy, you were looking for it. You knew it was there."

"Yes; I knew it was there. It's been behind Kuwunu all day."

"Ah! Waiting for us?"

"Apparently," Sheridan muttered.

"What are you two talking about?" Eileen challenged with sudden terror. She had caught the tone of the question and answer but realized little. "What does the *Sharnheim* being out there now mean? Heath!" she caught his sleeve and demanded of him, "What will that do to you?"

"To me, Eileen?" He avoided answer.

"Tom, tell me."

"Why, it only means, dear," Helen replied when he could not, "that we can have Heath here at Tavola with us for a long time."

"How does it mean that?"

"The *Argyle* can't fight the *Sharnheim*. So you'll interne here and disarm and stay, won't you Heath?"

Young Gordon shifted his gaze to his vessel and saw that the officers on the bridge had sighted the German ship. He turned to the *Macon* and observed sailors bringing out bunting to the forward deck and others stringing rows of electric lights.

"What's going on aboard your ship, Tom, if I may ask it," Heath said.

"Getting ready for a dance. We were going to have Eileen and Helen and some of the port people and other ladies who are here."

AN HOUR LATER EILEEN WAS ROWED OUT TO THE MACON FOR THE DANCE—ROWED PAST THE SILENT MOTIONLESS FISHING VESSELS OF WHICH HEATH HAD SPOKEN

"I see," Heath nodded. He turned to Helen; he did not look at Eileen now at all. "I beg your pardon," he apologized. "You asked if we wouldn't disarm and interne rather than go out and fight the *Sharnheim*. Of course."

"You said that for me!" Eileen cried. Her sister put her hand over Eileen's, but the younger girl snatched hers away. "Don't, Helen. He knows he's not going to disarm. You know it; and I! He's going to fight. They're all going to fight! And you, Tom, you knew before the *Argyle* came in that the *Sharnheim* was hiding there; you knew it when you came ashore; that's what was the matter with you! And you let Heath come in and now you—and the rest of you," she motioned madly to the *Macon*, "are going to drive them out again to the *Sharnheim* to be killed!"

"Eileen!" Helen begged.

"I didn't know about the *Sharnheim* till too late to warn the *Argyle*—if I'd been allowed to do it," Sheridan defended. "The Germans did the decent thing; they let the *Argyle* in so we could disarm her and interne her."

"I see," Gordon acknowledged grimly. "Thanks awfully. Excuse me for a minute."

The two officers who had come ashore with Heath had returned to the pier where their boat waited. Gordon hurried down to them.

Eileen watched them for a moment and then faced her brother-in-law. "You've got to drive him out?"

"Before sunset, to-morrow—if they don't disarm."

"Disarm!" she mocked. Her eyes blazed with wild, unreasoning passion. "How I hate you! Tom, how I hate you!" She stared through the deepening twilight at the great German ship, swiftly steaming up before the harbor; its searchlights glared out in blinding paths of light thrown back and forth watching the way out from the neutral

Continued on page 113.

Seeing Ottawa and the Duke

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated by Vernon Howe Bailey

HIGH over the clutter of green-baize Ottawa desks, and the clamor of Ottawa graft-charges, and the titter of an irreverent press above the gallery clock, serenely removed from the ruck of mere lawmakers who represent the people, Canada has splashed in a broad gold frame, an inviolable office, the Governor-Generalship.

From time to time, the dim Majesty that rules across the vague Atlantic supplies a new face to fill the frame. Some of them fit. And some don't. Some lack the purple and fine linen ancestry to accord with six inches of solid gold border. And some, disliking the viceregal boundaries, have wished to descend and move about, frameless and untrammelled. It takes a big man to stay put.

But of all the Governor-Generals that have ever issued scarlet-clad from Rideau Hall, laid corner stones, unveiled monuments, led processions, made speeches and generally provided a cheer-leader with an opportunity to earn a livelihood, the Duke of Connaught has been the most satisfactory that the Dominion has ever owned. He is the King's uncle, and indeed he would have made a good king himself. And Canada would have been proud to form part of his domain.

In the midst of His Royal Highness's Parliament-opening days two years ago, a newspaper friend of mine followed him on one of his unheralded and unattended strolls, in the splendor of an Ottawa morning.

"Nobody paid any attention to him," said my friend. "Probably a good many recognized him. But they know he doesn't like fuss. He walked on, block after block, interested, alert, enjoying the winter sunshine just as I was doing.

"Suddenly a day laborer with a pick over his shoulder came down a side-street. He had a package under his arm. At the corner, he met the Duke, stopped him and seemed to be enquiring the way to a post office where he could dispose of his parcel. If his informant had been plain Mister Connaught from Calgary, he wouldn't have been half so courteous as he was. He directed the Italian, smiled at him, and touched his hat. Oh no, the fellow didn't know to whom he was talking. But the Duke did. He knew he was a duke, and he acted like one."

Which is merely saying in another way, that our Governor-General is big enough to fill the frame and big enough to stay inside the frame. He knows he isn't the machinery of government, although his touch sets it going. And it's this consciousness of his limitations as well as of his powers that makes him as gracious to the pickhandle artist as he is to the railroad president; as satisfactory to the democratic country as he is to the aristocratic capital.

And in these last months of strain, who can tell how much of the throbbing desire to aid the Mother Country in her

ALOOF, EXCLUSIVE, HUNDRED-THOUSAND OTTAWA, WHICH IS THE CONSECRATED SANCTUARY OF VICE-ROYALTY AND SOCIAL OBSERVANCE

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE GREAT HOTEL BRINGS OUT FORCIBLY THIS STRANGE BLEND OF TWO SUPPOSEDLY IRRECONCILABLE TEMPERAMENTS

life-and-death struggle has been the outgrowth of that better understanding of England, that kindlier sympathy with her traditions, that sounder respect for her reigning family, that has come with the coming of our royal Governor-General?

Long ago, when it came to choosing a capital for the Dominion born July 1st, 1867, by the uniting of four provinces, the lot didn't fall on Montreal because Toronto wouldn't like it; and it didn't fall on Toronto because Montreal wouldn't like it. Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and the rest of the western cities, which have been so busy in recent years explaining their metropolitan charms to a slightly interested world, weren't on the map. And if they had been, there was no road to them. It was decided that Ottawa, which at that time was about half way across the good Dominion, should be the capital.

To be sure, Canada has since let out tucks and tucks on its western border, so that Ottawa is crowding close to the right-hand margin of the map—comparatively speaking. But no one who has seen the city among its beautiful hills, the grey bulk of the Parliament Buildings with the sweep of Parliament Hill in front and the sweep of sky behind, no one who has seen Gallic Jean Baptiste and Saxon Dickie Whittington arm in arm on its streets in the fraternal pursuit of politics, can think for a moment that it has been any great mistake of judgment to select Ottawa as the town to own the Governor-General's doorbell.

Everything in Ottawa, from the Governor-General's speech to the "Keep Off the Grass" signs is said twice—once in sober Anglo-Saxon, and once in that magical sister language that Laval and Pere Marquette and Joliet have forever linked with the English of Canada. Subtly it changes the whole face of the city, the whole undercurrent of its commerce, does this Gallic leaven, with its notions of entertainment, learning, patriotism, religion. For in Ottawa, French isn't merely the unsloughed language of the immigrant. It's the hearthstone and headstone speech of thirty thousand Gauls, stirred like yeast into the sponge of the capital.

The gesticulating market is part of it, and the daring of the gowns in the hotels. The little Sister with her black robes and silver cross is part of it, too—a bit of the Middle Ages pattering by under the big Chaudiere Falls electric lights to catch a P. A. Y. E. car. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself is part of it, that picturesquely un-English figure, with his oratory, his courtesy, his diplomacy in victory, his shrug-shouldered Gallic philosophy in defeat. And this strange blend of two supposedly irreconcilable temperaments is Ottawa's own little piquancy, shared with no other capital on earth.

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Calgary and their like are the towns where the money is made, where a "bill" means a meat bill or a board bill, and a "card" is a post-card, plain. But Ottawa, lovely and aloof on its hill above the river—little, exclusive, hundred-thousand Ottawa—is the consecrated sanctuary of vice-royalty and social observance, the tiny perfect theatre where, if you like such things, you can look in and see the jewelled wheels of court go round. In Ottawa, a "bill" doesn't come through the mail, but before the House. A "card" isn't mailed by a stenographer. It's received by a footman.

Politically, the Governor-General is only a potential

ANY ONE WHO HAS SEEN THE CITY WILL UNDERSTAND WHY IT WAS SELECTED TO OWN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S DOORBELL energy. Socially, his force is kinetic in the extreme. The debutante who has not been "presented" is no debutante at all. And until the war cloud slid down over Ottawa, turning the scarlet dress uniforms into active-service khaki, the North American continent had never before seen anything to parallel the Ottawa drawing rooms of the present regime. Other Governor Generals have been earls, like Lord Grey; or regal-by-marriage, like the Marquis of Lorne; but the social arbiter of Canada to-day is one denominated in every royal proclamation as:

"Our Most Dear and Entirely Beloved Uncle and Most Faithful Councillor, Field Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, and of Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, Knight of Our Most Noble Order of the Thistle, Knight of Our Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, one of Our Most Honourable Privy Councillors, Great Master of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of Our Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Knight Commander of Our Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Knight Grand Cross of Our Royal Victorian Order, Our Personal Aide-de-Camp, Governor General and Commander in Chief of Our Dominion of Canada."

When the Governor-General is graciously about to allow the Canadian House of Commons to resume business, it doesn't much matter what the mere members do. Claribel Canadienne is a great deal more breathless about the function than Dick Canuck. Claribel takes the Parliamentary Guide in one hand and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod's invitation in the other, and she speculates on how much father would really allow her for her dressmaker's bill. There must be four evening gowns—one for the Opening of the House, which is a dress function, although held in the afternoon; one for the State Reception which follows it on the evening of the same day; one for the Drawing Room on the Saturday after; and one for the State Ball. There must be furs—and a sleigh—

AIRILY FRENCH, THE CHATEAU LAURIER TOWERS ABOVE THE PICTURESQUE LOCKS OF THE RIDEAU CANAL

There is no sky in Ottawa in winter—just a crystal-clear, snow-cold, electrically-pulsing ether that begins at your overshoed feet and sweeps your eyes up to blinding, sun-filled infinities. The looming azure of the south takes your soul slowly. The sky-spaces of the north jerk the heart of you through your lips with the sheer splendor of their aliveness. The air quivers. The frost particles dance. You stand in the heart of a diamond.

If you were old, diseased, unfit, the morning would put its finger on the weak spot, clear to the bone. But since you have red blood in your veins and big hopes in your heart, the sting of the sky is perpetual wonderment, perpetual delight, perpetual challenge. The face of the day is like that of a fencing antagonist. *En garde* ! it says to you in swift French—but behind it is no less the stern weight of the Saxon, the characteristic combination of Ottawa. Curiously enough, you meet that same combination in the architecture. Airily French, the Chateau Laurier towers above the picturesque locks of the Rideau Canal; sternly Gothic the pinnacles of the Parliament Buildings pierce the sky. It is Miltonic, as grim, as finely and puritanically chiselled. It sheers up into the sky like the battlements of the hill; it drops away like the rocks. There is nothing laughing about it. It means war or worship, or a strange, true-northern blend of both.

And that is why, perhaps, it doesn't do for Claribel to drive to the Opening of Parliament or the Governor-General's Drawing Room in a motor. It isn't artistically *de rigueur* to sweep up to the *porte cochere* of a Gothic castle with skid chains on your wheels, and an ear-jabbing horn as an announcer. Motor horns are useful articles, no doubt, but like the skyscraper, the elevator and rubbers in wet weather, they don't exist for aesthetic reasons.

But sleigh-bells !

Where's the horse under Ursa Major that doesn't step out the smarter and arch his neck more proudly for one big jingler under his chin, or three on his back, or a row of them along the shafts? And where is the poinsettia-cheeked maiden who doesn't love a low-bodied, red-runnered chariot of ceremony with a three-inch-deep rug up the back, another over her satin knees, and a coachman beskinned like the great-grandfather of all the bears, sitting up in front?

Besides, Claribel has a touch of Gallic audacity. When her eyes laugh at you over the soft black fox furs, and sparkle the allure that used to bring the imported British-red uniforms out to the sleigh in the snow, they wouldn't be half so charming if the scarlet cross of the Union Jack were the only flag that Canada has ever known. Claribel is no suffragette. Father is perfectly welcome to poll the vote, provided his youngest daughter is commissioned to spend the note and cross the moat and wear her Poiret evening coat. The House of Commons may deliberate as it pleases, the western newspapers may pay very little attention, with a great deal of elaborateness, to the Governor-General's doings—but Claribel is monarchical, etiquetteful and gloriously happy, and the Parliamentary Guide lies on her dainty desk along with her prayer-book and her dressmaker's bills.

We're not going to talk of war-time, service-khaki parliaments. Claribel is satisfied this year with grey knitting and a made-over gown, because she knows that when the Kaiser's nine-day-wonder Krupp campaign has passed into history to be studied in parallel columns with Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, she will still be attending joyous Openings.

The Senate Chamber has the solemnity of a stained-glass-windowed, time-hallowed church. The Gothic arches with their dim frescoes and pierced rose-openings lead the eye up to the heavy beamed ceiling where the checker-board glass lets law-making light in on the senators in lieu of the sacerdotal gloom the architecture suggests. The carpet is crimson, and at the far end of the room, crimson-canopied, surmounted by the Canadian arms in heavy gold, there is the little, unassuming royal chair.

One by one the pointed trains of the ladies go flashing across the red floor to find the seats bearing their names. The second and third lines where the unmarried daughters sit is a dresden-ribbon blend of soft color, with here and there the softly vivid kiss of carnation or the gypsy sauciness of shamrock green. One by one, too, a little less flashingly, the flaring uniforms of the men stray in. There is the Hon. Sir Robert Borden, handsome enough to rule any land; Sir Wilfrid with his distinctive white hair and polished manner; there are the Lieutenant-Governors; there is the Hon. Clifford Sifton, a blaze of Windsor gold; and the Black Rod himself, all velvet and ruffles, with colonial shoe-buckles and a wicked little sword.

Up in the galleries, Section A fills with the evening-dressed, commenting multitude, and then the doors are opened and the general public (still by invitation) enter bargain-counterishly and stand in long-suffering lines, whispering about the Alta-Sasks who spent $9,000 on gowns at Connolly-Playter's after they arrived from the west yesterday, and casting amused glances at Mrs. Clymber-Upleigh who has worn her evening cloak right into the Senate Chamber, because it's Callot Soeurs.

Then there is a sudden hush, as the mace is brought in. The speaker of the Senate in gown, white gloves and three-cornered hat, appears sombrely, like an ink-blot on a gorgeous palette.

"There is a Senator without waiting to be introduced," he announces.

"Go and bring him in."

He enters, between two other Senators, and is duly sworn, after which the Senate Chamber chatters in gay soprano, until—

"There he is—hush!—stand——"

An erect scarlet figure, blazing with medals, a plumed black velvet hat in his hand—aren't you glad he looks so like a king? this white-haired man who walks so quietly to the royal chair?

Then comes the Princess Patricia, loveliest of ladies. She bows to her father—to the king whom he represents to her as to all of us, and passes to her place.

"Be seated."

No matter how democratic you may be, you stand automatically when the Duke of Connaught enters. The judges of the supreme court, clad in scarlet and ermine, a wedge of legal glory, are not so compelling. It isn't the aide de camps with clicking swords, it isn't the beautiful Princess, it isn't even the stanch old man himself—it's history, two thousand banked years of it.

The summoning of the Commons comes next, when the Gentleman Usher takes his Rod of office and raps three times at the green doors. At the summons, the Commoners rise, follow the Black Rod who bows them in, and listen respectfully to the Duke as he reads his Speech from the Throne, wherein he forecasts legislation in the vaguely oracular manner of Spiro prophesying about 1916. At its conclusion the manuscript is exchanged for another one, equally red-sealed. At least, you think it's another one. In reality it is merely an example of the line-upon-line method, the second line being French. Then Parliament is declared open.

. . . .

The next is a blank day on Claribel's calendar, but on the day following she has an early supper, since she will dine in state at the Chateau Laurier at midnight, after the Drawing Room.

At seven-thirty the sleighs and taxis begin to swing in through the gate in front of the Parliament Buildings. There has been a three-quarter column announcement in the press, so that each class knows its own door—"Cabinet ministers and those gentlemen having the Private Entree, with their wives, unmarried daughters and unmarried sisters, at the Speaker's entrance to the Senate," and so on,

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ON THE SWEEP OF PARLIAMENT HILL IS THE GREY BULK OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS WHERE THE JEWELLED WHEELS OF STATE GO ROUND

"YOU CAN'T CLIMB TOWERS ALL THE TIME," REMSEN SAID GLOOMILY. "ANYWAY I'D RATHER IT WAS MOUNTAINS"

When in Rome Do As The Romans

WHEREIN A KID BROTHER'S LOVE FOR RUINS AND HIS ANTIPATHY TO "DAGOES" KILLED THE SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS OF HIS SISTERS

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Author of "The Breaking in of A Yachtman's Wife," etc.

Illustrated by Jay Hambridge

I SAW them first in the Pitti Gallery in Florence, four of them there were, two girls and their mother, and a boy of about thirteen whom at first I did not place as a member of this party. My eye rested upon them with approval. They were my countrywomen, yes, but countrywomen such as one would like always to see, the kind that do you credit.

Their clothes were a shade smarter than would have been English girls' of the same class, but not smart enough to be ostentatious. They were totally lacking in the efficient swagger common to so many of our girls. One knew them to be young girls; one knew they could not possibly be anything else, and that, I believe, is the great reproach foreigners make, that our young matrons and girls look and dress exactly alike. These did not. These kept as close to their mother as any *jeunes filles*. They deferred to her prettily. The boy, scrupulously neat but indescribably hobbledehoy, surveyed the pictures with a gloomy and disapproving eye. As I say, I did not connect him with the trio upon whom my eye rested with so much approval.

The older lady was gowned very becomingly—the sort of thing that a woman of her weight and years rarely achieves outside the pages of a fashion book, where one may see pictures reading "simple traveling costume for middle-aged matron." She was dressed so that her years and her clothes were in absolute accord, and yet dressed lovingly so as to show off to the greatest advantage her soft, iron-gray hair, and her still pretty complexion. She looked like the sort of mother one reads about in books, and which in our chaotic country is so seldom seen. So when from the lips of this altogether satisfactory person came the words in a low but irrepressibly nasal voice, "He isn't my idea of the party at all!" surprise assailed me.

My faultless elderly woman was standing in front of a picture of St. John the Baptist, a little St. John with a crook in his hand and his flocks behind him. One of the daughters made a little fluttering movement of dissent, but penetratingly, irrepressibly, the voice went on:

"There's no use trying to shut me up now, Looey. I can't help having idears." She sounded a hard "r." "When I walk through a place like this when there's people about I choke back and choke back, but when I am out alone with you girls I am just going to say what I think. I never did picture St. John the Baptist like that."

Rebellion and humor danced in her pleasant blue eyes; she gave the delightful impression of an elderly and naughty child who has refused to say her lesson, and who has flung deportment out of the window.

"Oh, you needn't look 'round over your shoulder like that, Looey! There's nobody here who knows us. Your poor old mother can show herself just as ignorant as she wants to." This last quite without bitterness.

And here one of the girls fluted out softly:

"Oh, mother, do call me Louise!"

And the other:

"But, mother dear, you aren't ignorant."

To which the good lady replied:

"No, I don't s'pose I am a mite more ignorant than most of you when you really do get down to it; not so much, because I say what I think."

Then it was that the other member of the party joined them.

"What makes pictures so ugly?" was what he wanted to know. "Say, ma, what do you s'pose——"

Upon this the two young ladies groaned in chorus:

"Oh, Remsen, do say 'mother'!"

I went away reflecting on what I had seen. It was at once touching and absurd. The girls had it so very well, and mother and Remsen were still so far from licked into shape. Would they get away with it, I wondered; would mother ever be the credit to them in speech that she was in clothes; would they succeed in ironing out her charming little foibles and her homely little methods of speech; would she have to give up "Looey" just as Remsen would have to give up "ma?" So I reflected during the half hour that they flitted now and again before my eyes, and then I forgot all about them until I saw them again in the pension where I was staying in Rome.

I was sitting directly opposite them at the long table at luncheon, and I heard the good lady say plaintively:

"Oh, my feet hurt me so, girls! If you would let me stay at home sometimes! Not that I wouldn't be glad to see a princess," she added with that naive joy in titles which only a truly democratic person can feel. To which Looey said very gently and in her sweet, effaced, girlish way, more in the tone of one who agrees instead of one who is instructing a parent:

"But, mother dear, nice girls never go out alone in Italy."

"You can go in a cab, can't you?" the elder lady took up plaintively. "And nothing can happen to you between the cab door and the palace. I want to get my shoes off my feet!"

"We won't go then," responded the

other girl, Georgiana I learned was her name, "if you are too tired."

Of course there was only one end to this drama—mother went. I saw them all get into the cab together.

After dinner, in the little garden, Mrs. Gifford and I made one another's acquaintance. She kept her feet well under the hem of her dress as we conversed staidly on Roman climate, the excellence of the pension, and similar topics. Suddenly I saw one foot, arrayed in a comfortable and wholly unpresentable slipper, protrude from beneath her dress. A brilliant gleam of mischief flashed to her eyes as she bent toward me and said in the tone of utmost friendliness:

"You never would guess what I've got on my feet! The girls would just about kill me! I slipped them on when they weren't looking."

For a fraction of a second she exposed her disorderly footgear beneath the hem of her skirt.

"I suffer agonies with my feet," she confided, "what with these stone pavements and walking so much and stone floors everywhere. Of course it's very nice and all, being here, but little did I think how much work 'When in Rome do as the Romans do' means to a mother. Do you know, the girls can't go a single place alone? They can't speak to a young man unless I am there." She gave out this piece of information as one who doesn't expect to be believed. "No, not *speak* to them even, without me! Times have changed more'n you would believe since you and me were young. I was always real careful about the girls, who they went with and all. Then they went two years to a school. Well, people have grown awful pernickity since we were young, that's all I can say; I've hardly had a minute's rest since they came back. Life's got awful complicated when you've got to be with your girls every single second and don't have a minute to yourself."

"They seem like sweet, dear girls," said I.

"Oh, yes" she replied, in a lackluster way, "they're sweet and dear, but they don't hardly seem like natural girls to me—so quiet! When girls act so refined, as they do, all the time, it always seems to me as though they can't be quite well." She sighed. "I shall be glad when I am home again."

"So'll I," came a gloomy voice.

I looked up and Remsen stood before us.

"That's another thing. He don't seem to be getting out of it what I thought he would," his mother mourned.

"There ain't nothin' for a feller to do," Remsen supplemented. I can't pretend to convey the tone in which he said this. It was flat and unemotional enough, but long, hopeless vistas of nothingness were expressed in it. You understood it. Literally, there was nothing for a fellow to do.

"I hate pictures," he volunteered. "I thought I'd like roons but I don't; you have to keep off 'em."

"You like climbing towers, Remsen," his mother suggested.

"You can't climb towers all the time," responded Remsen gloomily. "Anyway, I'd rather it was mountains," he continued. "In Switzerland there's lots of 'em."

"But you can't do it in winter, you know, Remsen," his mother objected, and then she turned to me. "You have to go abroad to realize how active a growing boy is," she mourned. "At home he's always active, and it seems natural, but here the boys don't seem to crave exercise like our boys do. And when I think I took him out of school to bring him here—he was a year ahead, pretty near two in mathematics—he takes after his pa—and he was growing so fast that I thought it wouldn't do no harm if he *did* miss a year. Dr. Jordan, that's our minister, he encouraged me; he said for those who could afford it, when I talked it over with him, it was their duty to give their growing youth the larger horizon that comes from foreign travel, and he said that the things you saw when young impress themselves upon you."

"They do," growled Remsen. "I've had it impressed good and plenty that America's good enough for me."

"And so," his mother went on, "I wish to goodness I had left him behind with his Aunt Nettie, pursuing his studies."

"Gee, I wish you had," were the words that came from Remsen's heart. "And I wish you had kep' the girls home, too." He coughed with embarrassment and finally choked out the rest—the thing that had been evidently weighing heavy on his spirit. "The girls," he said, "are off their nuts about dago men. Next you know, ma, we'll have a dago in the family."

"Why, Remsen," his mother expostulated, shocked to the depths of her. "Why, Remsen, how you talk!"

"You wait," said Remsen darkly, "and you'll see if I'm talking!"

I have often noticed in my way through life that men are quicker to grasp at matters of sentiment than women. In those families where family feeling is strong, a curious inverted jealousy seems to give a second sight to brothers and fathers when mothers and sisters are still blind. And to her son's "You just wait!" Mrs. Gifford only gasped:

"Oh, Remsen, how can you! Your sisters are very interested in the social life here, of course, but as for taking those young Italians seriously——"

"JOKE NOTHIN'!" SNORTED REMSEN, "THAT'S HIS WAY OF GETTIN' ROUND IT. IF IT'S A JOKE, WHY DON'T HE ASK ME TO GO TOO?"

"You wait," her son reiterated.

"Well," his mother gasped, as her son strolled away, "men are queer even when they are only boys! Why, there isn't one of those young Italians, nice as their manners are, but what makes me think of organ grinders like I've seen at home, or a peanut-stand man, and to have the girls—my girls, who've had a pa like their pa, not to speak of uncles and cousins—" Indignation choked her. "Whatever's got into that boy I don't know," she finished hopelessly. "With their posturing, affected ways," she took up again, "and pleased with themselves so that you long to shake 'em; acting like op'ra singers—op'ra singers," she fumed, "ev'ry one of 'em."

'But," I objected, "the young men whom your daughters know, Mrs. Gifford, are neither organ grinders nor peanut venders not yet opera singers; they are young men of very good families, so far as I can judge."

But there was no answering chord in Mrs. Gifford for young Italians of very good family. She had a very good answer to any objection I could make. It was:

"They're all Italians, aren't they?" and the inflection of her voice showed how inferior a foreigner, good family or not, seemed to an Anglo-Saxon.

As Mrs. Gifford went around more and more and as the girls received more and more attention, when her afternoons were filled up with invitations to tea to one smart place and the other, the poison that Remsen had dropped into his mother's spirit began to work. Her real anxiety pierced through our most ordinary conversations, and at last emerged from troubled hints to the concrete.

"I've heard a lot," said she, "about international marriages, but I thought that was something that affected merely the four hundred—for Vanderbilts and people like that. I knew, of course, before we left home that Italians are fortune hunters"—she spoke as though there were no exceptions in the whole of Italy. "Let them hunt, thought I, for we've got none. I never had wanted to be rich, nor had Mr. Gifford, and over and above my life insurance and the taxes and running expenses, seven thousand five hundred dollars a year is every cent we've got in the world. That's just comfort, it isn't a fortune; and when you think what expense Remsen's going to be in a little while—why, it's nothing when it's divided among us, and I'm mighty glad it's not, now!

"You must think I'm awful suspicious of my two girls," she went on, "to think of their ever having such thoughts cross their heads."

"Young girls are young girls," I comforted her.

"That's just it; when I look back now on some of the beaus I had before ever I met Mr. Gifford, I shiver—why, there are times when I look at my girlhood just as a set of narrow escapes. If there was only some nice American around now, for a contrast, but look what we've got here! Nothing you would call by the name of 'man'! Old maids in pants and young maids in pants is about all America is able to muster here, so far as I can see. You can't wonder, though; Rome's no place for a live American man to live in, however instructing it may be."

The girls, I could see in the meantime, were supremely happy. They went out a great deal, not in the exclusive Roman circles but in that nondescript ground which readily opens its doors to unvouched-for Americans. They went to one or two really good places and probably, first and last, saw more of the strata of Italian society than they might have had they known more. They were girls, too, really nice, with too much of their mother in them to have anything of clamor about them, but they lacked the snobbishness which would have given them an intuitive knowledge of social values; all they asked was that people should be refined.

"WHAT AILS YOU, KID?" THE VOICE WENT ON. "DON'T YOU KNOW ANY BETTER'N THAT?"

The crown of refinement fell upon the brow of Juliano Leopardi. I grew to know him well; he and his married sister, one of the Contessas Accioldi—there were seven of these contessas spread between Rome and Naples—were always coming after the girls, and, of course, Mrs. Gifford. A very attractive youth I must say he was, for personally I like the Italian boys with their brilliant, flashing smiles and their childlike gaiety; and besides that, they have charming manners and do not show the contempt that youth naturally feels for age.

He was one of those young fellows belonging to what one might term the middle-class aristocracy, and a small fortune from such a pretty, presentable girl as Louise Gifford would have suited his family, which was not great enough to have aspired to anything like a millionaire's daughter, except by some lucky freak, which, the Italians know so well, is becoming less and less common every year. Americans have become so uncomfortably wise about the exact significance of certain titles and the meanings of various Italian names.

This young man was obviously fond of Louise—obviously, and yet not obviously; the thing was so neatly adjusted that no one could say that he had committed himself or that a shadow of embarrassment rested on the girl should his suit have been transferred to the other sister.

Exquisitely as it was done, however, Louise understood. A faint flush as of dawn would flood her face when he came in—a very gentle flush which covered her face with a fine tone of shell pink. She had a quick, shy way of lifting her eyes toward him when he spoke and then, instead of letting him nearer after her quick glance, she would hide, as it were, behind some one else, making talk with the nearest, so that Juliano must work to approach her. All this piqued and charmed him. No doubt he thought it flirtation; I knew it to be real.

Maidenly—that was what Louise was; both of them, for that matter; and it gave me a queer little shiver to know what was in store for Louise

Continued on page 117.

A France that is Older Than Paris

OF ALL THE CITIES ON THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA, QUEBEC IS THE QUAINTEST

HOW PARIS AND QUEBEC ARE ALIKE AND UNLIKE—WHILE PARIS UNFROCKED THE PRIEST, EXPATRIATED THE NUN AND INVENTED RACE SUICIDE, QUEBEC IS FULL OF CROSSES AND TALL ALTAR CANDLES AND IS THE HOME OF FOURTEEN IN THE FAMILY

By Zenas E. Black

Illustrated from Photographs

THE only people in the world who stand a ghost of a show to profit by the merry red performance now running wide open from Paris to Petrograd, are our American cousins, and even they will have to pay more or less to Mars, the gatekeeper, for their unasked-for seat at the spectacle.

Uncle Sam has always walked by his lone since the day of his Boston tea party. He is quite sure that his lands are wide enough, his pocketbook is fat enough and his folk sturdy enough to live on, even if the earth opened and swallowed all Europe in one blazing mouthful. But at the same time, he has needed the neighborliness of his British relatives, and he'd be powerful lonely, would this same gentleman, with no place to which to export his wheat and his meat and his can't-be-beat, tourists who carry their souls in their feet.

If the Englishman says, as reported, "It's a fine day; let's kill something," then our American cousin and said cousin's wife and daughters undoubtedly remark, "We've a fine pile; let's see something." And for unexplorable reasons that "something" has always necessitated a briny prelude.

Now however, with Europe ablaze, Africa asmoulder and Asia tinder ready for the match, Sam will have to devise ports o' call that lie inside the high board fence that bounds North America. And by cutting out his foreign travel account, he'll have in the neighborhood of a billion dollars to do it with. As long ago as 1907, an authority calculated that Canada and the United States pay out annually for the soul-manicure demanded by the culture seekers from this side of the Atlantic, as follows:

To France	$ 500,000,000
To Italy	100,000,000
To England	25,000,000
To Switzerland	150,000,000
	$ 775,000,000

We can't duplicate Italy at home. The banana man, the peanut peddler and Tony, the tracklayer, form the bulk of our Italian immigration and they have not been in our midst long enough to build Bella Napoli in an American setting. But when it comes to France, the nation that gets most of the travelers' money, all that the pleasure seeking tourist has to do, is a straight little crowfly, to the East, or North by East, or North as the case may be, to find in quaint, steep-built, bird-poised Quebec, a France that is older than Paris. Paris is cosmopolitan, twentieth century—twenty-first, if you will. Paris reveres nothing but riches, believes nothing but scandal talks nothing but clothes. Paris inherits from the Revolution; Quebec from the monarchy. Paris unfrocked the priest, expatriated the nun, invented race suicide; Quebec has died for her faith and would die again. Quebec is full of crosses and tall altar candles; Quebec is the home of the fourteen-in-family and more to follow. Paris polishes her antiquities for trade purposes; Quebec wears the kirtle and makes the Holy Sign because her

IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO HAVE THIS BIT OF QUAINTNESS EVER HARASSED WITH NEW FANGLED NOTIONS

mother told her to and she knows no other law.

If there hadn't been any Quebec to fight over, the United States might never have existed as such. If Wolfe and Montcalm hadn't struggled on the dim Plains of Abraham a century and a half ago, and if the British lion hadn't crushed the political fleur-de-lis in America, that he now fights to defend in Europe, the thirteen little colonies afraid of France would probably have remained cubs instead of sprouting wings as eagles.

But perhaps you don't know these great aristocratic names—Cartier and Champlain, LaSalle and Joliet, Marquette and Frontenac. Perhaps they are just geography to you, just present-day places, not yesterday's people. The tourist in Europe gulps guide book history, stone-cold, and Oliver-Twists for more. Why doesn't he go up to old Quebec and find history warm on the hearth of to-day?

When Jacques Cartier's pilot glimpsed Cape Diamond, he exclaimed in Norman French, "Quebec!"—(What a peak!). Every modern traveler uses a similar expression when he sees the Gibraltar of Canada for the first time. Cartier wintered in 1535-6 near the little Indian village of Stadacona, built on the spot where Quebec now stands, thus antedating the founding of Jamestown and of St. Augustine by more than fifty years. The French explorer set up the standard of the Cross on the left bank of the St. Charles River to show future adventurers that France had taken possession of this country. In 1541 he returned with some immigrants he had taken from the prisons of France. As might be expected, the settlement was short-lived. Anyway, Jacques was a sailor and a wanderer and therefore no fit hook on which to hang the destiny of a nation. For a half-century thereafter, France attempted no colonization.

Champlain first cast anchor at the foot of Cape Diamond in 1603; Champlain the courtier, the visionary, Champlain with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other, Champlain of the long head and the lace ruffles. Five years later he returned and founded the city of Quebec. The first settlers were Nicholas Pivert, Abraham Martin, Pieree Desportes, Louis Hebert and their families. Encouraged by Champlain, they set about with zeal to establish homes. Their children intermarried and the numerous offspring became proverbial. Doubtless Fate so ordered it, since New France could not afford the race suicide that has become so popular in Old France. A wooden fort was built near the site of the church of Notre Dame.

Champlain showed that he was a regular pioneer for he began to experiment with wheat and other cereals that have since become Canada's leading crops. He also planted the first vegetable and flower garden in all that country, a dim little spark transplanted from the blaze of Versailles. For the courtier-trowelman expected his wife, and though her stay was but a few years, she taught the Indian women and children many things about the beauty of this world and the glory of the next and the wonder of a woman who can love. It is said that the Indians liked to look in the tiny mirror she wore suspended from her belt. They would go away and say that she surely cared for them because she carried their picture. Fur trading and trapping, fishing, agriculture and preaching to the Indians were the leading industries and the little band of colonists was greatly augmented by settlers arriving from Perche and Normandy who understood farming.

Christmas Day, 1635, was a sad day for New France for it was then that Champlain died. If he had done one thing or two, he might have lived to see his great-grand-children, but his soul was omnivorous of achievement.

By 1663, New France had become a Province, with Quebec—a town of twenty houses—its chief city. In 1665, the mother country began to take an interest in the colony and the population doubled within the year. Among other improvements for Quebec may be noted the establishment of a brewery. Later on, this was purchased and converted into a palace for the use of the Council. And to-day—two hundred and fifty years since it was a palace—the tourist will find the same building on the shores of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence, again a brewery!

Frontenac while at the head of affairs did not wholly succeed in taming the Indians. In 1712, a subscription was raised to surround Quebec with a wall, somewhat along the lines of the kind then popular in Europe, portions of which crumbling fortification are pointed out to the visitor to-day.

The tentacles of England began to reach into New France. Montcalm was sent over to take charge of the French troops. That he was not passionately fond of the Indians may be inferred from a letter to his mother; "One needs the patience of an angel to get on with them. Ever since I have been here I have had nothing but visits and harangues and deputations of this gentry. The Iroquois ladies, who always take part in their government, came also and did me the honor to bring me belts of wampum which will oblige me to go to their villages and sing the war song. They make war with astounding cruelty, sparing neither men, women nor children, and take off your scalp very neatly—an operation which generally kills you."

However, Montcalm was an able officer and the British soon saw that if they were going to place their flag where the fleur-de-lis then waved over Canada, they must send an able general. Wolfe was the answer, and all the world knows how he came to the door of Quebec on that June day in 1759. Everyone remembers how, after weeks of waiting, he saw through his glass a path up the great perpendicular bank of rock of which one of his men had told him. It had been made by a streamlet, now dry, and was called the Anse de Foulon. Ever since the capture of Quebec it has been called Wolfe's Cove. Then you recall how, on the night of the attack, he made Gray's Elegy more famous by reciting it while waiting in one of the boats on the river for the signal to start. After he had finished the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," he paused and placed literature far above militarism with the remark: "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

After Wolfe had led his men up the ravine they were stationed on the Plains of Abraham, so called because Abraham Martin,previously mentioned, had owned land there. We hear the din of the battle and catch the heroic flare of it across the years. The little armies, close locked on the height did not know as we know that they fought to decide directly the fortunes of some nine million Canadians, and that indirectly the fate of a hundred millions to the south hung upon their swords. At the exhaustion point of battle, the British cheer was raised.

Wolfe, who had been thrice wounded heard someone say, "They run; see, they run !"

"Who run ?" he asked.

"The enemy, sir," replied the officer who was supporting him.

His last words are as familiar to us as a copybook quotation—"Now, God be praised: I die in peace."

The spot where Wolfe fell is marked by a column on which is inscribed, "Here Wolfe died victorious, September 13, 1759." You will see in Quebec a monument to the honor of the two generals who fought, the one for the rose and the other for the fleur-de-lis. They now stand together under the maple leaf even as the sons of England and of France are united in the Canada of to-day. When the Dominion's first contingent sailed from Valcartier, near Quebec—named in honor of Jacques Cartier—many men of French descent were among the troops. They were going to battle for England, side by side with France, against a common foe. Thus Time upsets the old order.

Francis Parkman sadly reviews the glory that was French in his "Pioneers of France in the New World": "The French dominion is a memory of the past and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness and ocean mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nature, heirs to the polish of far-reaching ancestry, with their dauntless hardihood put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

WHEN IT COMES TO FRANCE, ONE HAS ONLY TO DO A STRAIGHT LITTLE CROWFLY TO QUEBEC TO FIND HIMSELF IN A FRANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

In Acadia, (now Nova Scotia) made famous by Longfellow's Evangeline, in Montreal and in many other Canadian points are traces of the Old France, but it is Quebec that possesses the most interest for the well-informed tourist. After one has wondered at the citadel and forts of Cape Diamond, the Martello towers with their subterranean communications with the citadel, inspected the house of Montcalm and a thousand other relics of the past, he may walk but a few paces and find himself in the European Middle Ages, posterns and gates, crank steps leading to gabled houses with sharp French roofs of tin like those of Liege; processions of the Host; altars decorated with flowers; statues of the Virgin; and the narrow streets and markets graced with many a Cotentin lace cap—all the above within forty miles, remember, of the Yankee state of Maine. There has been no dying out of the French-Canadian race. They number twenty times the hundred thousand of a century ago. There has been no change in religion, language, laws or physical type. As Sir Charles Dilke said: "They herd together in rambling streets, dance to the fiddle after Mass on Sundays as gaily as once did their Norman sires, and keep up the memory of Montcalm and the Fleur-de-lis. More French than France are the lower Canadian habitants."

Religion was the ruling passion in New France. Quebec has a number of old parish churches, but first in antiquity and rank is the cathedral, which traces back to Champlain who erected on its site the church of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance in 1633. This was burnt, but was rebuilt in 1645. In 1647 the foundation stone was laid here for a more imposing building called Notre Dame de la Paix, probably perpetuating the memory of the peace alliance with the Iroquois that had

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The Way of a Man

"MEN MAY LOOK DIFFERENT, MAY DRESS DIFFERENT, MAY TALK A DIFFERENT LANGUAGE, AND BY THE INEXPERIENCED MAY BE GIVEN CREDIT FOR HAVING INDIVIDUALITY—BUT THEY ARE ALL THE SAME UNDERNEATH," SAYS MISS WISE-BIT-OF-FEMININITY

By Dorothy Canfield

Illustrated by J. McCarthy

ELIZABETH laughed at her uncle's reiterated cautions and directions—Elizabeth always saw the funny side of things—but there was an undernote of real irritation in her voice as she answered, following him out upon the platform, "Good gracious, Uncle Henry, anybody'd think I'd never taken a railway trip alone before. I hope I've got sense enough to travel forty miles without getting lost!"

"But you change cars at Hoosac Junction!" he called anxiously from the station platform as her train began to move. It was the seventh time he had told her that. "Well, what if I *do*!" she shouted with some heat. As she turned back she thought resentfully, "As if I were a child or a half-witted——"

Before she could finish the exclamation it had summoned suddenly to her mind the recollection of that last extraordinary talk with her sister. She hurried to her seat and as the train rattled and jolted its way out of the yards she composed herself to think things over.

It was literally the first quiet moment she had had to recall that talk, as unexpected and extraordinary on her part as on Dolly's. How *could* she have brought herself to speak so openly of what she had only allowed herself to half guess as the cause of her uneasy discontent of the last year! She still heard, as though it were something wholly dissociated from her, her own voice saying, "For mercy's sake, Dolly, don't torment me, as everybody else in the family does, trying to persuade me I ought to marry. I'm single, not in the least because I object to matrimony, but simply because nobody—*nobody*, do you hear!—has ever proposed to me!"

She had begun the sentence with her usual laughing briskness, and it was with amazed shame that she heard a quaver in her voice at the end and felt the tears stinging her eyelids. It had been a relief to say it out, but she had never been so grateful to Dolly's matter-of-fact coolness as when that young matron had answered calmly: "I thought so all the time. It comes of your having had no mother to tell you things. The rest of the family think you must have had a dozen offers from some of the men who spend so much time calling on you and taking you out, but any woman with an eye in her head could see that not one of them was in love with you. Now you listen to me and learn something!"

In the swaying train Elizabeth sat suddenly upright, as startled now as she had been at the time by the revelation of cynical philosophy underlying the smiling serenity of their rosy little Dolly. She exclaimed to herself again as she had to her mentor: "But that's all out of fashion nowadays. Men don't *like* clinging, helpless women any more. Why, *everybody* says so!"

She saw again Dolly's knowing little smile as she pooh-poohed this naïveté. "Don't you believe a word of it! It's like a change of fashion in hats! Men may *look* different, but they're just the same underneath. They can't abide a capable woman. She makes them seem less superior. Why, I thought every woman knew that!"

"But that's despicable, if it's true of them!" Elizabeth had cried hotly. "You can't believe such a low-down thing of Horace, when he's so devoted!"

Horace's wife laid down her embroidery and laughed outright. "Are you really twenty-five, or are you seventeen? Why do you suppose Horace *is* so devoted to me? Simply because he thinks I'm a pretty little silly who couldn't draw the breath of life if he didn't show me how. As for its being despicable, what's the use of calling names? You've got to take things as they are, and if you want to like men, don't expect too much of them."

She embroidered for a moment in silence, and then neatly and unemotionally summed up her doctrine: "When men take for granted women are idiots and don't know enough to come in when it rains, don't resent it. Learn to like it!"

At this point one of the babies had cried, and Dolly's words of wisdom had stopped. But they had gone on resounding portentously in her sister's ears. Even now the rumbling of the train made an accompaniment to the refrain, "Don't resent it—learn to like it!" and Elizabeth reviewed her life under the new light of this aphorism. It certainly explained a great number of things she had not understood before. One incident after another came to her as illustrating the truth of what she had denied so hotly to Dolly. She thought of the women her Platonic men friends (she had never known any other variety) had married, and of their attitude toward their husbands; she thought of girls who had been debutantes when she was and who were still spinsters, and recognized in them the same qualities of competent, businesslike capacity to take care of themselves and run their own lives of which she was so proud in herself; and finally she thought of the very last incident that had happened. How exasperating she had found Uncle Henry's belittling care of her, and yet how hurt he had looked when she resented it! She supposed Dolly would have looked pathetically anxious, would have hung on his words, made him repeat his directions, and sent him away full of happy importance; and then would promptly have forgotten all about him, and asked the trainman if she had needed any information.

Her smile of scorn at this picture of what she termed uncompromisingly "cheap hypocrisy" was checked by the sobering reflection that Dolly had everything in the world a woman could possibly want, while she—had the consciousness of her independence and nothing more; nothing more even to look forward to. She felt the approach of one of those moods of restless depression which had made her so miserable of late, and tried to divert herself by watching her fellow-passengers.

A rustic bride and groom occupied the seat in front of her, but she had hardly taken in the significance of their self-conscious laughter and whispered remarks before the train began to slow jerkily down. The man asked the conductor if they were approaching Hoosac Junction and if they needed to change cars there. Upon receiving the answer, he turned to his wife and said, quite as if she were deaf and had not heard a remark addressed to them both: "We're almost at Hoosac Junction, and we have to change cars there, so get on your wraps." In spite of her depression, Elizabeth smiled at the importance of his manner. She noticed that he guided his bride down the aisle as though she were blind, cautioning her volubly against obstacles that she could not but see as well as he. As he ran down the steps ahead of her, he stumbled and fell headlong, his cheap coat splitting up the back and showing a bright pink shirt. Without noticing this he scrambled to his feet and called, "*Don't* try to come down till I'm there to help you, dearie !"

At this Elizabeth laughed aloud. "The eternal masculine !" she said to herself. "He made such a good job of getting down himself he's sure he can help somebody else." Through her laughter, however, she noticed with what an instinctive art the raw country girl adapted herself to the man's point of view, allowed her vigorous young body to be guided cautiously down the steps and up on the station platform as though she were an infirm old woman, and how she smiled gratefully at the man who had piloted her so safely through this dangerous expedition.

Elizabeth labeled the man's answering adoring gaze "offensively patronizing," but there was something else in it which had never been in any gaze directed on her, and her smile died away. It occurred to her uncomfortably that she might really know less about the problems of life than she had supposed. She had a new and melancholy conception of the problems as being those of mean and petty artifices, and of life itself as an ignoble affair; and reflected with some bitterness that undoubtedly Dolly would call that "looking at things as they really were."

Afterwards in meditating on the matter she concluded that this was the turning point; that, overcome as by a last straw by the unspeakable dreariness of Hoosac Junction, she then and there came to her momentous decision, but at the time she was aware only of a general sinking of the heart and a forlorn desolation. She wished heartily that her visit in the mountains were over and she were on her way back to Montreal. When the train appeared she climbed wearily in, dropped into the first seat, and took a perverse pleasure in not looking out at the mountains as they began to shoulder themselves up above the horizon. Dolly had once said to her that for sudden pitch-black fits of melancholy nobody could equal a person like Elizabeth who laughed a great deal.

The moody traveler ignored the people in the car as she ignored the lovely summer landscape, so that she was quite surprised that evening when her neighbor at dinner began the conversation by saying: "You may think I'm a stranger to you, but I'm not. I sat across the aisle from you and stared at you all the way from Hoosac Junction up here." He spoke with a gay effrontery which carried no offense, and waited for her answer to strike the keynote of their acquaintance.

"I'm afraid I wasn't a cheerful object for contemplation," began Elizabeth with her pleasant impersonal laugh. "I was feeling horribly blue and depressed, and wondering if—" She was again startled to hear a quaver in her voice, and stopped, flushing at the idea of telling a stranger what had been depressing her on that journey.

MORTIMER'S LITTLE EGOTISTICAL STORIES OF HIS OWN GREATNESS WERE PROOF THAT SHE WAS NOT A "GOOD FELLOW" TO HIM, BUT A WOMAN—MAYBE *the* WOMAN

The young man evidently considered that the keynote of sentimentality had been struck and joined the harmony at once by leaning toward her impulsively and saying in a low intimate tone: "I *saw* you looked unhappy and frightened. It made me want to take care of you."

These last words resounded loudly in Elizabeth's ears. Perhaps Dolly was right. She glanced up and down the table. Nobody knew her except her hostess, who was desperately preoccupied with the cares of a large house party. Her visit opened before her like a clean white sheet on which she could write herself down as any character she chose without fear of detection. She looked again at her companion, who, preserving the most discreet of expectant silences, persuaded her dumbly to confidence with softly inviting dark eyes.

She drew a long breath and made the plunge.

As she brushed her hair before her mirror that night she laughed inextinguishably at the recollection of the rest of the evening, but she was half frightened, nevertheless, at the ease with which the plunge once taken, she had sailed away upon unknown and, to her, wholly uncharted seas. She tried to imagine Uncle Henry's face if he had heard her dilating upon the terrors of a solitary journey, and ending with a pathetic: "I know it's foolish to be so sensitive, but I can't help it. I'm *so* dependent upon others' care!"

The impetus of her start had carried them both along to an intimate discussion of the real nature of women, in which Elizabeth, summoning Dolly's mocking spirit to her aid, had proclaimed the sex as universally a clinging vine, and herself the frailest of its tendrils. She woke up in the night, and even while she shivered nervously at the thought of where she might end if she continued the joke, she laughed aloud at the vision of herself masquerading in that guise. She put her fear resolutely out of her mind. The irresponsibility of transient relationships both dazzled and reassured her. She would never meet any of these people again, she told herself, and never in the world would she have such an opportunity to see if Dolly was right.

Morning light brought no reaction from her resolution, and after breakfast she sat in the library, with Paul Mortimer, her last night's dinner partner, leaning over her shoulder, instructing her how to use a check book. (She had brought a new one downstairs for the purpose.)

"Do I sign here?" she asked, "or is it the date that goes on that line? I *never* can remember!" Here she sighed prettily over the complications of business life, and: "Oh, my goodness! Do I have to do it all over again on the 'stub,' as you call it? What a *funny* name! And now, which do I get the money from, the check or the stub?"

At the end of this extraordinary speech she joined Mortimer's pitying laugh at her impracticality with a wild whoop of merriment, whose almost hysterical genuineness she feared would betray her. She, who had run her widowed father's household ever since she was a little girl, to be asking where to sign a check!

After this important business transaction was completed, Mortimer proposed showing her around the golf course. As long as she lives Elizabeth will never forget that morning of instruction in the art of golf. Burying deep in oblivion the three silver cups she had won, she gave herself wholly over to Dolly's inspiration, and under the joyous sun of July "she played the fool," as she told herself complacently, "like a born clown." She exclaimed over the cunning little holes in the putting greens; she invariably tried to drive off with her putting iron, alleging that all those sticks looked alike to her; she forgot all about the game at a crucial moment in her delight over some ducklings paddling in a pond; and she ended her performance by picking up the ball and throwing it with a charming petulance and a highly inaccurate aim in the general direction of the clubhouse, observing with a laugh that she had enough for the morning and that that was a much more sensible way to get the ball over the ground than to poke at it with sticks!

They raced each other home, and arrived flushed and laughing. "I haven't had such a jolly time in years!" Mortimer told her at luncheon

"Nor I," she assured him. "I didn't know golf could *be* so much fun. It is all because you're so patient with stupid me!"

"It's all because you're so sunny and inspiriting. It's a revelation of temperament," he answered with an accent which was new in Elizabeth's experience of masculine conversation.

After luncheon their hostess sent them to drive to the next village on an errand, and here Elizabeth's courage failed a little. She had enjoyed the morning as she would have enjoyed a rattling farce at a theatre, but she had no such passion for golf as for horses, and, besides, Mortimer played excellent golf and he did not drive well. He said frankly that he didn't know much about it, but he undertook with ready confidence to teach her—her! Elizabeth Fortescue, the only one in the family who could subdue Black Lightning when he grew fractious. Mortimer showed her how to hold the reins, and showed her wrong. He handled the big high-stepping bay in just the worst way to get speed out of him, and he all but took a piece out of the hub as they turned up the driveway on their way home.

At dinner Elizabeth was tired out with repression, and inclined to throw up her whole campaign, but the irresistibly comic delights of being instructed an entire evening in the very elementary elements of bridge and the fact that a good looking man had not only singled her out, but had devoted the entire evening to telling her how great he was, sent her to bed flushed with inward laughter and vaguely soothed by an emotion she did not recognize. She wondered if her hostess had noticed with disapproval that she had spent the entire day with the same man.

The next morning that care-worn lady relieved the girl's mind on the subject. "I am so glad you are taking care of Paul Mortimer so beautifully for me," she said gratefully; "he's so difficult as a rule—doesn't like most girls, you know. And yet such a splendid catch! But he is so hard to entertain, and it's *such* a comfort to have him off my mind." And with these words she dismissed not only Mortimer but Elizabeth from the number of her responsibilities. The two were left to a tête-à-tête almost as uninterrupted as if they had been on shipboard.

Elizabeth's self-possession and clear purpose lasted about five days, and then she was obliged to admit that she had lost her head completely. She did not know what she was doing or what was happening to her, except that her brain whirled when she tried to think, and that all she could see in her few moments of solitude was Paul Mortimer's ardent face turned toward her. She sometimes looked at herself in the mirror with a startled excitement as though she expected to face an entire stranger, so impossible were her doings of each day; but at other times the role she was playing seemed almost her own character, so hypnotically reflexive an influence had Mortimer's conception of her.

He took for granted so unquestionably that she was incapable of conducting the smallest operation in life that she found herself hesitating in genuine doubt before processes that were as familiar to her as eating her dinner. She stepped back and watched him tear down a rail fence for her to pass, with as complete a momentary unconsciousness of her capacity to swing herself lightly over it as though her former self were that of a previous existence. She accepted without even repressed resentment his anxious comfortings during a thunderstorm, she listened docilely to a, b, c, explanations of political matters, she let herself be helped over tiny brooks, calmly she heard him explain quite incorrectly the workings of their host's automobile, she drank in elementary lectures on history; all with an ease which made her say to herself vaguely: "If he *should*—if I *did*—why, perhaps I *might* be able to keep it up the way Dolly does."

In general, however, she was incapable of making even so rudimentary a reflection on her situation. She had told herself at first, that just for once she would let herself go; and now she realized with a startled quickening of her blood that she had gone far beyond her own control. She still laughed a great deal, but it was generally an excited, unsteady mirth. Once in a while it seemed to her that Mortimer's answering laugh had something of the same agitation in it, and as the time for his departure drew near, she grew more and more sure of it. It comforted her own scared confusion to know that he was perturbed, and on his last afternoon, as they were driving together, it steadied her nerves to feel his so electrically throbbing.

She filled in the long silences by saying to herself, "It's coming—it's coming"; and when Paul began to speak, she knew by the sound of his voice before she understood a word, that it had come. He said, halting and hesitating, "I can't think of anything else but that I'm going away to-morrow. I don't know when I'll ever see you again, if I don't say now—" and then with a rush, "Oh, Betty, do I need to say it—don't you *know* without my—" His voice failed him, and there was another silence.

Elizabeth looked down, watching the road stream past under the rapid wheels. Deep somewhere in her body a little pulse began to tick as if presaging a faster beating of her heart at his next words. She glanced up quickly, struck by his silence, and was moved to pity by the acutely miserable look on his face. She wished she could reassure him, let him know that he need not fear a repulse; perhaps she should answer now and not wait for——

The big bay snorted and shied at a piece of paper in the road. Before Paul could shift the reins for a closer hold a gust of wind flapped the paper across the horse's knees and he reared suddenly with a wild snort of terror. The checkline broke, snapped forward, and struck him a sharp blow across the nose. Elizabeth had just time to grasp one side of the dogcart as the frightened animal came down from his

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Philosophy at the Front

By John Arbuthnotte

Illustrated from Photographs

ONE outstanding fact of high significance in the future of the world has been developed by the war. Germany never refers to Great Britain, the British Empire, or the United Kingdom, but always to "England." Standing aside for a moment and remembering conditions of only one year ago it is evident that German hate has carried forward unchanged the notion that all our appanages were parochial, and in great or less degree parochially concerned, indifferent to imperial affairs, and inclined to treat the Mother country upon terms differing but slightly from those governing our relations with other countries.

This really was the frame of mind throughout the Empire—the outcome owing to a calm world and a long peace. Imperial growth had been too rapid for a really imperial consolidation, circling the globe. The war changed all that in a day. The Mother country had no need to utter a single call for help. Upon the first flash of news that war had been declared the over-seas dominions drew to the colors with an alert rapidity that might almost have been said to put the home shires to shame. The particularly unlimited resources of Canada and Australia in men and money were laid immediately at the command of the Imperial government.

The scenes of the first few weeks are vivid still in the minds of our people here in Canada. From the present cities of the old Dominion to the hamlets of both coasts, feeling was profoundly stirred, and action followed feeling. We of Canada, untouched by the routine of long established custom and insular complacence of the people at home out-rushed them in alacrity. Those who have visited England, even in the early months of the present year will tell you that aside from the appearance of men in khaki in the streets of the cities, life appears to move about as it had been moving since Victoria ascended the throne. Great Britain is slow to anger and slower to act. So long as the soil of the Islands is free of invaders' feet it is difficult for their comfortable citizenry to realize war at all. Great Britain has a way of finding herself involved in wars for which she is unprepared. But she is not in a way of losing wars. She wakes slowly, but when she is fully roused to action she goes through, leaving the cost to be counted later on. This time her sons across the water, and especially those in Canada were at her elbow almost before her sons at home began to gather.

MERELY A MATTER OF "THE DAY'S WORK" WHETHER IT'S TAKING A TRENCH OR BEING SENTRY

We have furnished the Mother country an army of quality and spirit, and from the moment of their entry in the fight our men have drawn the attention of all Europe not only for a cool and steady courage but for a dash and valor more brilliant than the same traits in their brothers of France. Letters to the people at home, some of them written in the most matter-of-

THE ENFORCED INACTIVITY OF DAYLIGHT IN THE TRENCHES IS SOMETIMES HARDER ON THE SOLDIER'S NERVE THAN HAVING TO FACE A REGIMENT OF RIFLEMEN

fact way, unconsciously display these things. Here is a passage from a letter written to his mother by Private Philip Samson of No. 2 Company in the Montreal Royal Rifles:

"We have just come out of the trenches," he says, "for a little rest. I cannot express myself in regard to the coolness of the men under fire, for nothing can equal the courage of our boys. With shot and shell flying about their heads they smoke, read, write, cook and shave, the same as if they were at home. I have had several close calls, but a miss is as good as a mile. I had to go back from the firing line about a mile with two of my mates for water, the other night. We succeeded in getting the water and were returning when a machine gun broke loose on us. Of course, we dropped at once, lay still for a while, got up, ran about fifty yards before we were forced to drop again. They fired on us four times before we got back, but no one was hurt. When I went to give out the bottles to the fellows I found two of them had been hit and a piece of my gun had been shot away. That was my first. The second came as I was shaving. They had shelled our trenches pretty hard during the last two days. One of the shells broke overhead, and part of it smashed down at my foot."

He says the officers are doing all they can for the comfort of the men, but that the commissary is awfully shy on the cigarette supply.

It is all in the day's work. Here is a young fellow taking his shrapnel while he shaves, just after a German machine gun had ripped two water bottles from his shoulders and knocked the butt off his rifle, complaining that he is not getting cigarettes enough. And remember that this letter (and some of the others that I shall quote) was written only a few weeks after the Canadians arrived in France.

"When a soldier gets a little bored over the enforced inactivity of daylight in the trenches" wrote Private Combe, of B company 8th Battalion, Winnipeg 90th Rifles, late in March, "he walks up to his officer and requests permission to go sniping for an hour or two and unless for a good reason permission is generally granted. Psychologists at home may be disposed to view with alarm the problem of the moral affect of sniping on the sniper. They may cogitate upon the possibility of callosity over bloodshed becoming a habit and of complications resulting when the regiments return to their avocations of peace. I have talked with snipers, both professional and volunteer, and find that to a man they are impelled to their work by two considerations—a lofty sense of duty and the desire to escape the monotony of trench life. Very few go at it 'for the sport of the thing' and in disregard for the sanctity of human life."

Private Combe philosophizes between shots. Now read what he says about the psychology of action:

"I wondered, as I sat under shrapnel fire for the first time, to my shame, if I were alone in my great fear or if others felt the same way. I looked out of our dug-out and saw a platoon sergeant, not a veteran, passing—his face was blanched and his lips trembled but he was very much at his post nevertheless. Soon a major happened by. He, too, was pale and set of face. I felt my pulse and found it beating about 90 per! I felt that of a non-commissioned officer beside me. His was at 88! Another man in with us had a pulse of 96! So I gradually took heart and spread the story of my 'funk' and recovery therefrom so that any possible 'weaker brethren' might realize and so gain courage, that such fear was the usual first experience of poor devils of humans, helpless under the lash of impending death. I don't like shrapnel fire and I don't think I ever shall—indeed I would rather face a brigade of riflemen (and I think I speak the experience of most soldiers)—but I can now face it calmly, realizing that though life is sweet, there is considerable bitter-sweet also and that, barring the bereavement for my lovers at home, I can face death almost with resignation. Is this bravery, cowardice commercialism or merely a wonderful and universal human power of adaptation to environment? If only a fellow could die with a rifle barking from his shoulder or with his bayonet drenched in blood it would be different, but this soul-paralzying inactivity and hiding from death by shrapnel is what tests a man's nerve."

Constable Alexander Bain formerly a member of the Ottawa police force tells chief Ross of a little incident that cost him ten days out of his life as an incident of service. "We had orders to charge the German trenches," says Constable Bain, "with the bayonet.

Well, it was not a success. In my company only forty-three returned out of a hundred and eighty odd. Only two of my section along with another corporal were left. When we were returning the corporal was wounded. After taking the two men back I returned to assist the corporal. I got him on my shoulder all right but I got tangled in the barb wire which the Germans had in front of their trenches. I struggled to get up, but the more I struggled the worse it got. The stretcher bearers brought both of us in Saturday morning. The corporal was dead, and I had lost my memory. I was delirious for ten days and don't remember anything until I found myself in the hospital."

Constable Bain is fairly representative. An excitable man would have written a more picturesque letter. The experience warranted some effort at "literature," but here instead is a thoroughly good specimen of Anglo-Saxon soldiership, the author confining himself strictly to essentials. He is now getting ready to go back to take up his work where he left off.

Lieutenant Nimmo Scott, of the 8th Battalion, 90th Winnipeg Rifles, takes things lightly enough: "Came out of the trenches late last night," he says, "after being in them for three days and nights. After a short rest we go back again—you see we have our regular front now alloted to us and alternate with the tenth battalion in manning it. It certainly is interesting and at times exciting, especially if you forget yourself for a minute and let your head show above the trench, when you are quickly reminded that a sniper is watching for you. It is interesting, too, when they begin shelling your trench with shrapnel. We put in an afternoon a few days ago that wasn't exactly comfortable, as their shells were bursting practically right on top of us.

"A large number of the beggars can speak English and are continually shouting across at us. The first night we were in the trenches I was surprised to hear them singing 'Yip-i-addy-i-ay' (you know what I mean if I haven't spelled it correctly.) The other night one of our men when it was pitch-dark fired five shots in rapid succession at a spot where he knew the German outpost men usually were. All the reply he got was a shout from the German trench, 'Shut up, you damn fool. You are keeping us all awake.'

"I was out in front of our trenches the other night examining our wire entanglements. It was very dark and there was hardly a shot being fired. I got fairly well in amongst the wire when they started some heavy rifle and machine gun fire on our immediate left; also they began shooting fire balls into the air. You ought to have seen me beat it; and then the mix-up that I got into with the barbed wire made me look like a kitten in a ball of yarn. However, I got out of the mess, and it certainly didn't take me long to get over the parapet of our trench. I really don't know where we are at the present moment, although I presume it is either Belgium or Northern France. Anyway the buildings around here have all been pretty badly smashed."

It is worth noting here that with the possible exception of Constable Bain, the authors of the letters which I have cited were until their enlistment young business men who had little inclination and less opportunity for philosophizing thought or speech. They offer a sharp contrast to letters written by French soldiers from the front, as shown in a recent issue of Colliers. War brings out pretty much all there is in any man. This war is going to be a stimulant of mind and character in the man who will survive it. It is erroneous to assume that the experience of military service in any way affects either the general humanity or the intrinsic character of any man. He returns to his home fiberised, in many ways a stronger soul. The excerpts show that process in the working.

It would be unfair to close this article without acknowledgment of the depths to which the war has stirred all English speaking peoples. The sentiment of the United States is well and truthfully presented by Professor Henry James, an American citizen whose reply to Preston Lockwood's attempt to make a joke about the war, is well worth quoting. He wrote: "Personally I feel so strongly on everything that the war has brought into question for the Anglo-Saxon peoples that humorous detachment or any other thinness or tepidity of mind on the subject affects me as vulgar impiety, not to say as rank blasphemy; our whole race-tension became for me a sublimely conscious thing from the moment Germany flung at us all her explanation of her pounce upon Belgium for massacre and ravage in the form of the most insolent 'Because I choose to, damn you all !' recorded in history."

TOMMY PREPARES LUNCHEON AS COOLY AS IF SUCH A THING AS SHRAPNEL DIDN'T EXIST, AND BEWAILS THE FACT THAT "THE COMMISSARY IS AWFULLY SHY ON THE CIGARETTE SUPPLY"

The Dead Failure

BEING THE STORY OF CORRA WITH THE UN-ANGLO-SAXON EYES, BOBBY THE FUNNY-COLUMN MAN, AND CAPABLE CLAIRE WHO NEVER REALLY SUCCEEDED UNTIL SHE FOUND SHE HAD FAILED

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by James Burnam

TO begin with, this story has been written over three times. You see, I want to be fair to everybody, even down to Corra, and I'm not sure that I know how. I don't want to blame Claire entirely. And I don't want to blame Bobby. Indeed I'm not quite sure that the first and main fault doesn't lie with Mr. Geraldson for allowing himself to be bossed. For in the beginning, Claire and Bobby were very, very much in love.

When Miss Givens got married, the world lost its Perfect Private Secretary, and, after the manner of the world which often makes mistakes in filing its folks, it hadn't gained a Perfect Wife, though Claire herself was of the opinion that it had.

The directory used to list her in the offices of McColl, Geraldson, Hickson and Burns, where there were five-figure lawyers enough under one roof to make a new Privy Council if the Germans decided to blow up the old one. If you wanted Geraldson, you met instead a slim, firm-chinned, grey-eyed young person in the whitest of white shirtwaists and the pleasantest, most Ladies'-Home-Journally-appropriate office-manner in all the city. If you had real sure-enough business with Geraldson, she bowed you in. If you hadn't, she bowed you out. In any case, she was the subject of the sentence. You fitted in wherever she predicated.

"Business training is such a help to a girl going in for married life," said the President of the Suffrage Society. "It gives her an understanding of how to manage a man."

And that third last word is perhaps the key to the whole trouble.

Geraldson had put up with the management and even rather enjoyed it at times, because Claire had a perfect memory, perfect tranquility and withal perfect finger nails.

But the unfortunate part of it was that when Claire took on a wedding ring, a six roomed flat, and Bobby Heath, who'd never been managed in all his twenty-nine joyously scribbling years, she simply transferred her headquarters from the Traders Bank Building, uptown. And she didn't change her methods one little bit.

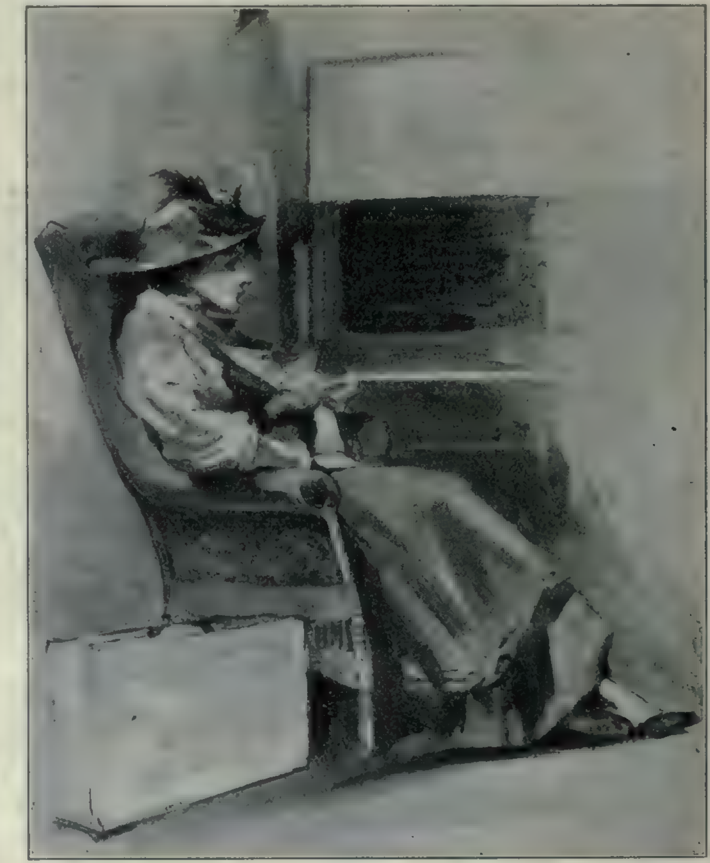
It really began with the daffodil livingroom, that rift in the Heath lute, whatever a lute is.

Claire had lived so long in hall bedrooms with red geraniums on the wall, or rather the morgue-colored, mummy-tinted memories of what used to be geraniums, that she wanted a room as pale and as positively un-useful as she could achieve. She herself looked well in yellow, with her mist-grey eyes and her black hair, so why wouldn't a daffodil room be just too perfectly charming as a background for her?

Bobby, three weeks married and very much in love, leaned against the wall with his hands in his pockets and demurred. Bobby was good at demurring, but a rank failure at straight-out contradiction, unless indeed he got mad.

"Couldn't you—er—wash it down to cream, or tone it back up to sort of golden brown or something?" he suggested. "I don't believe you'd like a lemonade room."

"Lemonade? Oh you horrid boy!" said Claire, affectionately. "Don't you go and parody my lovely daffodil room like you do everything else in your nasty column."



WHAT WAS HEARTACHE? WAS IT THIS RENDING, RACKING THING INSIDE OF HER, THIS SOUL-SICK-UNTO-DEATH-NESS THAT SEEMED TO RIP THROUGH HER BRAIN?

And that was all there was to it, except a batch of decorators, and a succeeding confection that looked like the inside peel of a squash. It wasn't a success. It was too raw in tone and Claire probably knew it, but it didn't occur to her to say so. If she had made a mistake in the filing, Mr. Geraldson was never interested to know why.

But neither Bobby nor Mrs. Bobby would ever be quite, quite at home in their living room.

Before Claire had owned a card with Mrs. on it, a "call" had meant a phone message you shoved through for the chief. Or, else it stood for what the chief handed you if the shoving wasn't good. For cardcase calls you have no time and less desire, when your day begins with sorting an irascible gentleman's 8.30 mail in a sky-high downtown office. Such visiting as you do is performed after hours in the boarding house, by scooting up the backstairs in your purple kimono and eating more chocolates than are good for you, curled up on the cosey corner of your friend the switchboard.

But when, that dim autumn day, the tall grey-eyed bride threw her crimson roses down the length of the hall in front of the vestry — hating to waste the roses—and there wasn't any more Miss Claire, but only a much better-dressed Mrs. Bobby, the social observances swam into ken, and the neophyte took to her cardcase like she did to her black velvet suit with the fitch collar.

And why shouldn't Bobby be led bear-dancing out to afternoon teas as well? Being on an evening paper, he could always pry loose in time to rustle the curate. and he was so big and dark and good-looking that everybody loved to have him. The fact that they weren't his sort, and that a teacup made him tongue tied, didn't deter his wife. He'd get used to it.

All this was bad enough. But it wasn't one-two-three to the place where she hurt him the worst and the most unintentionally.

THE CHATTER OF THE GIRL IN THE QUEER RED HAT FORMED A VAGUE SWIRLING BACKGROUND OF SOUND THROUGH WHICH THERE CAME TO HER THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH

Bobby wasn't the sort of man you look up in the phone book under the Smiths only to have Information tell you that they've had it taken out. Bobby was a sure-enough personage in the city of his choice and there were few lunch counters where he wasn't propped up in front of the sugar bowl and ha-ha-ed over.

But Claire, who was above all things ambitious, conventional-minded and serious, (as became an ex-private-secretary), was secretly ashamed of that column. It would be a dignified thing to be married to a lawyer like Geraldson Jr., or even to an Arthurstringeresque sort of person who wrote real poetry that you didn't know just when to blush over, but a funny column man—!

And what made his wife more impatient than anything else was that she knew, yes *knew*, he had brains enough to succeed at anything. And here he was writing jokes!

At first he used to talk about the Column—he always capitalized it in his own mind, as you capitalize such words as baby, home and job, when they're your own—but he soon dropped that. Personally, he sorta loved the stuff, silly though it was, he loved the letters too that folks all over the countryside used to send in, and he sure did love to see the way the six o'clock public ate up his straphangerful humor.

"It gets 'em! Gad, just don't it get 'em!" he'd chuckle, deep in the shy boy's soul of him as he saw the garlands of grin festooned around the car, "good little old Column! Say, I'm some benefactor, I am."

Then he'd come home to Claire in a taupe tailored housegown, and before he knew it, keyed to Column-pitch, he'd ask her jovially why she didn't dab on a red bow somewhere to liven it up.

You must't think that Claire was unfeeling. It was only that her type of feeling was the reservoir-on-the-hill sort, and his, big goodnatured blunderer that he was, was a dam with the bung out, or a thunder storm trying to get even with its arrears of raining. And Claire, being only a grey-eyed girl and not a woman, was unable to visualize the emotions of a type other than her own.

The result was that Bobby became perforce, that apologetic sort of person, the man who isn't admired at home. And, being above all things male, he was anxious for somebody to take his judgments and performances with wide-eyed juvenility of belief. Claire never did. She sorted, she weighed, she analyzed and then said serenely, as she used to say to Geraldson, "Oh no, Bobby. You're quite mistaken."

And so things drifted along for eighteen uneventful months. Claire ordered the meals. And Bobby ate them. And more and more each came to think apart even while they sat together.

And then—enter Corra.

She was a wispy little bit of a thing, like a drift of brown smoke. She had masses of tangled black hair that was never trim, yet never exactly untidy. And her brown eyes—un-Anglo-Saxon eyes with three volume novels in each of them—were elfishly too big for her little brown face.

Nobody knew much about her except that she had come to the dramatic editor offering to do him some special write-ups for the Sunday. He didn't want the stuff especially, but there was a hard luck story and a four year old kiddie to support—Mr. Corra having sought fresh fields and pastures less sophisticated—so he took her on. And because there was no room anywhere else, and doubtless also because the Heath menage had been put together under an unlucky star, the managing editor gave her an extra desk and a lame-duck typewriter in Bobby's cubby hole of an office.

We want to be fair to the Corras. This one had had a biography that wouldn't get by the censor perhaps, but she wasn't the sort who would have planned to hurt Bobby. The trouble was that she didn't plan not to. Which was what she should have done the minute the managing editor introduced them at the beginning of the winter.

By February Bobby was working at the office pretty nearly every night. By March he had cut out coming home to dinner. In April he told Claire one morning that he was going to Montreal in a day or two.

It was the following afternoon that suddenly out of a clear sky the girl who had always succeeded at everything, heard the truth.

She rode up to her doom in a grey-blue tailleur with an admiring elevatorful. There was something so absolutely, aloofly, daintily *satisfied* about Claire, that you couldn't help thinking she was somebody rather nice, just because she herself thought it so serenely. And then besides you know, she was pretty. And her suit was just a little better than Bobby could afford.

Strictly speaking, of course, Claire didn't belong to the Women's Press Club, since she did no writing except a signature of endorsation on the back of her husband's checks. But they were always glad to have her. Bobby was a Personage to them, even if he wasn't to his wife.

To-day there was the usual sprinkling of male humanity, or the semi-male sort who love tea and teacups and teaspoons and an atmosphere teetotally temperamental.

Serge Symonds wasn't a natural plate-passer. But he was young—oh very—and cynical—as least he hoped so—and he had a sneaking thought that the assistant society editor of the Tribune might look in on her way up town. She was eighteen and too fluffy to last long.

Meantime Serge drifted by natural instinct toward the prettiest girl then present, who chanced to be Claire Heath; and, because you don't have to be introduced at the Press Club, he dropped into confidences with his new grey-eyed divinity without the realization that she had a wedding ring under those immaculately white gloves.

By and by the conversation drifted skillfully, as all modern conversations do when there is a Serge Symonds at the wheel, in the direction of the he-and-she problem-belt.

"We've a funny case now down at the office," said the cynic, "I'm on the Times, you know. He's the dearest, most lovable chap in the world, just a perfect kid, for all he's over thirty. But he's the—oh, you know, the kind that wants some woman to hold hands with his soul all the time.

"Got married over a year ago. Say, he was the happiest fool you ever saw—*dippy* over her. She was some pippin too, they tell me, but one of these lady-o'-the-snows, you know, cold as Greenland in a freeze. Highbrow too. And he was just Plain Man."

Serge took a reef or two in his brows, cleared his throat oracularly, stuck his hands in his trousers' pockets:

"Well, believe me, that don't work. Can't have a one-sided game like that. Here's Bob, oozing admiration. Here's Mrs. Bob, takes it all, gives none in return. You know."

And then, while his listener froze into a grey-blue icicle of horror, Serge went on with his careless sketch, splashing in Corra, without undue emotion, as one of life's inevitablenesses, given an unappreciative wife.

"Fellows like Bobby shouldn't be locked up in the same ten by twelve room with man-eaters," he opined, shaking his wise twenty-four-year-old head. "If you've got to discuss your immortal soul with a woman, for heaven's sake do it out in the open. That's what I say. But it's no use. Every one of the fellows has tried to head it off. But those easy-going men have the very devil in them when they start to be obstinate. And then, what does our deus ex machina Managing Ed. go and do, but put Corra *and* Bobby on for that Montreal stunt next week! What do you know about that? Some of the fellows say she engineered the whole thing, but I don't believe it. It's Kismet, that's all, and if you ask me, it's just what's comin' to the Mrs. Bobbies. Only this one'll never know she's got it."

Claire heard him as one hears, in a dream, a whisper, half the earth away. The pleasant hum of general conversation, the tinkle of the teacups, the chatter of the girl in the queer red hat, formed a vague swirling background of sound, a phonograph record wrong-end-to through which there came to her the unbelievable truth.

Somehow or other she excused herself, walking down the four flghts from the clubroom rather than trust herself among an elevatorful of people.

At the street she paused, her brain the vortex of a whirlpool of crazed thought.

But automatically her self control asserted itself.

"This is Sheridan Street," she said slowly, "and I am Claire Heath. And I must walk, quietly, qui-et-ly, past this store. And past this one. And this one. Then I'll turn down on Bond Street, so."

It was a very white, still-faced girl who stepped out of the elevator and let herself into her own daffodil room. She had only one idea—to pack her suitcase as quickly as possible and go. The destination didn't matter. When a woman had been treated as she had been treated, that was the one and only possibility.

When Claire boarded the train, the observation carful was just about to yawn itself to the Pullman. The fat drummer in the end seat was accustomed to wake up every time the twelve-carred train jarred itself to a stand-still—and that was every ten minutes or so on this road—and the fairhaired bit of discontentedness across the aisle didn't expect to get a wink anyhow on account of Angel—pink and four—and the young man biting his finger nails hadn't given himself the chance to sleep for the last week. Anyhow, the whole crowd had read Life and the dailies, so, having got all the getting, why wait?

Claire's advent had disturbed nobody nor did their departure disturb her. All that they had seen was a tall slim girl in blue with a rather shabby suitcase. It hadn't struck them that there was any special story seething itself climaxward behind those still grey eyes. The fiercest brain-tornado in the world wouldn't stir the page of the flimsiest newspaper.

As the last straggler summoned his last bit of resoluteness and left the car, Claire turned a little in her chair so that it squarely faced the window and gave herself to the monotonous slide of the blurred landscape across the backgrounding screen of pale sky. There was a moon, and a star or two, low over the restless hills that fled off, west and west, into the night.

The train jarred along, as remorselessly as life itself, pounding out the minutes, whether the passengers woke or slept. But the clamor of it was of the calmness of moonlight compared to the hoarse chant that roared itself through Claire's soul—"I'm going away! I'm going away! I'm going away!"

A farmhouse flickered across the window pane, a tiny cuddling bit of homesomeness in the November dark. It had a light in it.

Years and years ago she had had a home. And Bobby.

Her thoughts flew back to the first time she had met him—brilliant, lovable, irresponsible boy that he was. How he had talked, and how she had admired the restless phrases that he tossed off so easily, and how she had told it all over to her friend the switchboard——

She remembered her wedding roses and how Switchie had caught them and was therefore due to be next married.

Married? God, were all marriages like this?

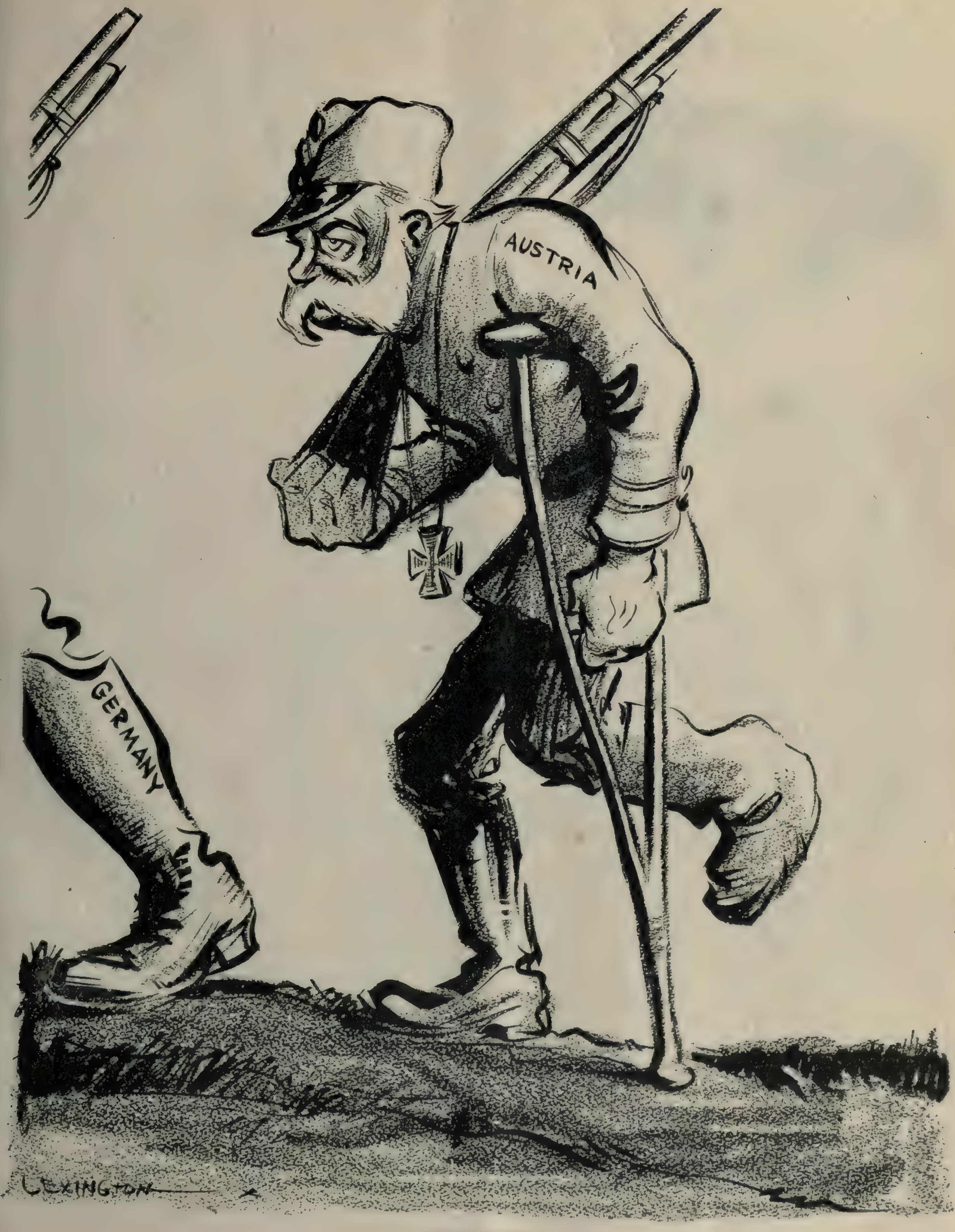
Why? Why?

That word somehow dropped into Claire's mind and linked up her mental machinery with a click. Since first she had heard the careless boy's more careless gossip, she had acted on impulse, blind and dumb. Her heart was anaesthetized and her brain was dead. Action had shortcircuited by way of instinct.

But now that a problem, an honest-to-God something to work on, was shot in at her, the old terribly capable Claire seized on it. Her mind would shake it to pieces as it had done so often with weak spots in Mr. Geraldson's office routine.

Why was it that Bobby, her boy, whose ring she wore—still wore—

Continued on page 106.



GOOSE STEPPING

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Now look here," said Richards. "I'll say anything you want me to say; admit anything you want me to admit; but I want you to stop this nonsense and tell me what you know about this murder."

"That's easy," said Jeffrey. "I don't know a blessed thing. I hope to, though, within a day or two."

"Try again," said Richards. "You can't get away with that. You just said you didn't know the Barton woman had an alibi. Well, then, how could you be so dead sure she hadn't murdered Irene Fournier, in the face of her own confession that she had, unless you knew the person who really had done it?"

"Why, I simply had a theory—". Jeffrey began.

"What I want is facts," interrupted Richards. "I've a theory of my own."

"What is it?" asked Jeffrey.

"I'm not going to tell it," said the lieutenant, "until you come across with some of the facts that I am sure must be in your possession."

"Oh, well," said Jeffrey, "then I'll tell *you* what your theory is. Irene still figures as the home-destroyer. She deliberately infatuated Barton and ran away with him. The two quarreled; Barton found out something about her past, perhaps grew jealous of some other lover, and killed her. Then he came home to his wife—confessed to her perhaps, or perhaps not. Anyhow, he painted out my portrait on the canvas Irene had 'borrowed.' Perhaps his wife guessed from that when the body was discovered."

"He did paint out the portrait all right; that's no theory," said Richards. "I know the shop where he got his paints and brushes."

"All right," said Jeffrey; "that strengthens the case. Well, it preyed on the Barton woman's mind until, when she saw Irene's face appear in the mirror, she blew up, made a scene, got her husband into really serious danger, and then made a confession to get him out of it. That's about the size of it, isn't it?"

"Well," said Richards, "have you got a better one?"

"I don't know that I have got a better one," said Jeffrey; "only that one doesn't seem to me quite conclusive."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, to begin with, there's Barton himself. Barton's distinctly middle-aged, he's getting a little fat, his hair's thin on the top—"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Richards.

"It isn't nonsense," said Jeffrey. "I don't quite see why Irene should be so anxious to run away with him."

"He's just the kind pretty young women run away with," said Richards.

"When they happen to be millionaires or something of that sort. But Barton—why, he's just his wife's understudy. I can't see why Irene should want him. And then, for the other half of the picture, look at Irene herself. Do you remember what Mrs. Barton said about her the first time she saw her?"

CHAPTER XII.

THROUGH THE GRILLE.

"A CONFESSION!" I cried. "Something to do with this murder? Where did you get it? Who did you get it from?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Jeffrey. "I'd like to see what you think. Because I never was more puzzled in my life."

He smoked half the cigarette before he said anything more. I sat still and waited. I knew what he had to tell me would be worth waiting for.

"But if you and Richards think," he began again, "that I've been lying on flowery beds of ease, spinning theories, you're very much mistaken. I've been doing the grimiest kind of detective work, including an attempted burglary. I've been scared, at a conservative estimate, out of three years' growth; I've followed false leads. Oh, Richards would sympathize with me if he knew the whole story."

"Why didn't you tell him?" I asked.

"I'm not ready yet," said Jeffrey. "You'll see plainly enough when I get through."

"You said you followed a false lead," said I. "Were you looking up the woman too—the Barton woman?"

"No," said Jeffrey; "I had to have some color of probability about what I was looking for. That Barton woman's confession wouldn't have deceived a child. No. I started in on the Jap."

"The man who played the organ at the séance?"

Jeffrey nodded. "It cost me four solid days," he said, "and got me nowhere. Oh, it was interesting enough in its self, and it did throw an interesting side-light or two on Irene Fournier's character but it doesn't unlock our mystery. That fellow's at the head of a regular secret service—a sort of blackmail syndicate. He's as much feared in certain quarters as any man in the city.

"I got a hint from Richards himself when I realized what an unhealthy lot Togo knew about my affairs. Everybody treats Japanese servants like that. We know so little about their concerns that it never occurs to us that they're taking an interest in ours. But the Japanese is a born spy. It's perhaps the most conspicuous talent he possesses.

"This fellow had genius enough to organize it. There are thousands of Japanese servants in this country, and apparently a good proportion of them report to this chap. The spiritualists, and divorce-while-you-wait lawyers would be nowhere without him. But he seems to have met his match in Irene.

"She used him to hook Miss Meredith and to get my portrait, and she must have had some hold on him or she wouldn't have dared play fast and loose with him the way she did. Evidently she gave him the slip completely. He stayed on with Mrs. Barton, apparently in the hope of picking up the trail there again.

"Even after he discovered that Irene was murdered he evidently hoped to pick up something big in a blackmailing way. I doubt if he thought Barton did it, or the game wouldn't have seemed worth the candle. But it is equally evident that he thought Barton knew some things that would interest him.

"There I am inclined to agree with him. We may run across him again, or we may not. My guess is that he pulled out of the affair altogether when he found us in it. He took up four perfectly good days of my time, anyway."

Jeffrey fell into another long, thoughtful silence, and finally I prompted him.

"Well," said I, "what did you do next?"

"The next thing I did," said Jeffrey, "was to get that frame back from the decorator who stole it and pay the poor devil a hundred dollars. Under the law I believe that's compounding a felony. But it's making a friend, anyway, and that's more important. I mounted the portrait in the frame, had it boxed up, wrote Crow a note telling him that I was sending it to Miss Meredith's town address, and that I would call the next day—that's yesterday.

"I said in the note that I was very anxious to see Miss Meredith, as I thought I had some things to tell her that would interest her. I told him I understood that he hadn't felt it wise heretofore that an interview should take place between Miss Meredith and myself, but that I thought there were important reasons why he should reverse his decision. I made it as clear as I knew how that I meant business."

"Just the thing, I should think, to put him on his guard," said I, "if he's got any subterranean reason for avoiding such an interview."

"Exactly," said Jeffrey, with a nod. "I meant to put him on his guard. I got a polite

THE NIGHT BOAT CUT OUT BOTH RAILWAY STATION AND HOTEL—TWO GOOD PLACES TO AVOID IF YOU'RE ALSO TRYING TO AVOID OBSERVATION note from him by a special messenger late that same afternoon, saying that Miss Meredith would be glad to see me. When I got that I put a suit of pyjamas in a bag and caught the night-boat up the river."

"You what!" I exclaimed.

"Of course," he said, "if I had really meant to see her, I shouldn't have written any note. I'd have taken the portrait in a taxi and gone to the house without any warning. I felt pretty sure that when he knew I was coming he'd send Miss Meredith out for a drive or convince her that she wasn't strong enough to leave her bed, receive me himself when I called, and entertain me with a polite excuse that I couldn't possibly quarrel with. By that means he'd get the portrait, which undoubtedly he wants, and at the same time deprive me of any excuse for repeating my visit."

"Then, you didn't want to see Miss Meredith?" said I.

"Why, yes. I've wanted to see her for some time. But there was something just then I wanted more. Drew, do you believe in the atmospheres that hang about places? I don't know that I believe in them myself, but I feel it. I wanted to see the country house where Miss Meredith lived—the place where I understand she stayed all last summer and late into the fall. Do you know where it is she lives?"

"I don't believe I do," said I.

Jeffrey looked at me fixedly. "She lives," he said, "at a place called Beech Hill. It's ten or twelve miles from Silver Springs—up the river from Silver Springs."

"There's something familiar about that name, but I don't place it."

"Silver Springs," he said, "is where that ice-cutter found the body of—well, we'll go on calling her Irene Fournier for a while yet, just to be on the safe side."

"Jeffrey," I gasped, "you don't mean that Irene Fournier is only another name for—"

"For Claire Meredith? No, I don't mean that yet. I mean exactly what I say. That, for the present, we'll go on calling her Irene Fournier."

"And Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country-place, is that—near the river?"

Jeffrey nodded. "About ten miles up, as I said."

The suggestion fairly made my head spin. I cast my mind back in an endeavor to fit the facts we had about her—about the mysterious vision Jeffrey had had in Paris, with this new theory of his. He saw what I was doing and interrupted me.

"Don't stop to think yet," he said, "Listen! That old house—Beech Hill—has been drawing me like a magnet. I didn't know exactly what I expected to find there, but I knew, as well as I know to-day, that if I could prowl around there by myself—if I could get into that old house on any pretext, or on no pretext at all, and see the background to the picture—that some of the things that must have happened in the foreground of it would begin to soak through. Richards would laugh at that, wouldn't he? But I tell you, Drew, it's gospel truth."

"But why in the world, if that was what you wanted, did you make the appointment with Miss Meredith?"

Jeffrey gave his head the little shake I was so familiar with.

"It does seem rather a fool thing to have done, because I suppose I might have anticipated exactly what happened. Of course, what I wanted is plain enough. I wanted to give Crow something to amuse himself with. I wanted to make sure that he'd be in town that day on the job. I had an idea that he'd been showing a certain amount of interest in my movements lately. I didn't want him opening the front door when I rang the bell at Beech Hill prepared to tell him that I was a house agent or something of that sort, and I thought my note the surest way of nailing him down in town."

"You don't mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that he outguessed you, figured out what you meant to do, and got to Beech Hill ahead of you?"

"No, he didn't do that He did a perfectly obvious thing—a thing so obvious that I never thought of it. But wait! Let me tell the story in order.

"My first plan was to take the evening train up to Oldborough, spend the night there, and drive out to Beech Hill in the morning. But, at the last minute, I changed my plan. I saw by the papers that they'd just started running the night-boats up there, and that offered several advantages. It cut out both the railway station and the hotel—two good places to avoid if you're also trying to avoid observation.

"And then the fog on the river these first mild days is good to look at. I generally sleep pretty well on anything that's moving, and so I counted as another advantage a good night's sleep."

He laughed ruefully.

"Didn't you get it?" I asked.

"I got," said he, "what I really think was the most horrible, abominable night I ever had in my life. I tried to go to bed early, to begin with, and that's always a mistake. Got into my bunk, turned out the light, and began waiting for sleep about two hours before its scheduled time to arrive.

"There couldn't have been many passengers, but, with the typical intelligence of his class, the purser put me in a stateroom next to one that was occupied. There was nothing but a thin wooden partition between, going up to within six inches of the ceiling, and that space was left open and grilled for purposes of ventilation. Though what is gained by ventilating one stateroom into another, I never could see. I noticed before I turned off my light, that one piece of the wire grille was broken and had been taken out. I had a notion to ask for another room, but I hate to act like a fidgety old woman when I travel, so I made the best of it and went to bed.

"The adjoining stateroom was dark at that time, the occupants, of it having evidently come aboard early and gone to bed. Because I heard a murmur of voices even then—two women's voices. Nothing they really said came through, for they'd evidently noticed my light and were talking low on purpose. But the inflections of one voice were somewhat commanding and the other a little bit servile. Some lady and her maid, or companion, I judged them to be.

"Well, the sound of their voices was rather soothing than otherwise, and the throb of the boat was rather pleasant. I got my muscles relaxed and my pillows comfortable, and was, I thought, on the point of slipping off to sleep, when I heard a thin little tittering laugh. It came from the next stateroom.

"Drew, there was something horrible about it. You may think that's imagination, or nerves—post-impressionism developed from something that happened afterward. But I tell you it wasn't. The sound of that laugh made my blood run cold. It wasn't loud nor prolonged—nothing like the bursts of maniacal laughter that Jane Eyre used to hear, but somehow, it didn't belong with those quiet, well-bred voices I heard. It was as disconnected as if it had been a phonograph record.

"I sat up in my bunk with the sweat standing out all over me. There was a rustle in the next room that sounded as if some one was getting out of the upper berth, and then the quiet voices went on again.

"Well, I lay down, swore at myself and told myself to go to sleep. But it wasn't two minutes before the laugh came again. It wasn't any louder this time, but it lasted longer, and the repetition didn't make it any the less horrible. I heard one of the voices afte that, but the other didn't speak—one of the two natural voices I mean Pretty soon, though, another voic spoke. The same voice that had laughed spoke through a horrible sor of giggle.

"What it said was: 'Dead! She dead!' And then it laughed again.

"The one natural voice that wa

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In the Forefront

GEORGE HAM, THE MAN WHO MAKES FOLKS FEEL GOOD; GEORGE LANGLEY, MINISTER OF MUNICIPALITIES FOR SASKATCHEWAN: JOSEPH F. SMITH, HEAD OF THE MORMON CHURCH

Genial George Ham

Of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who smiles with, at and for everybody.

By Betty D. Thornley

WHEN you meet a man whose friends never call him Mr. Jones or Jones M.P., but "J. J." or "Jonesy," you've met a man of consequence to the nicknamers. When the nicknamers extend over a county, a province, a country—when a whole nation tacitly agrees to drop the "mister"—what remains of the cognomen denotes a Personality. Admirable he may or may not be; likeable, slap-on-the-back-able he generally is; but not even his enemies will deny him the right to the left hand column on the front page.

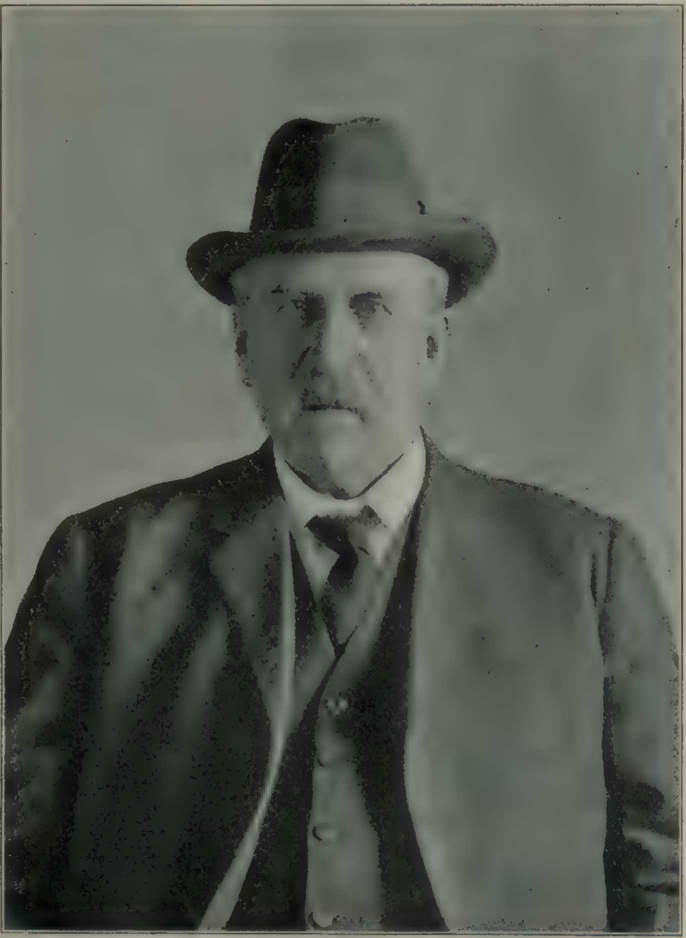
England has two Georges. One was born to it, so the case isn't apropos. The other — the little Welshman — fought his way upward pursued by snarls.

Canada, risking all on a single throw, has just one—George of the Hand Shake, Genial George of the Grin, George of the ten-thousand-mile twin-steel-strip carpet of homage spread from his office in the Windsor Station, Montreal, clear out to the Coast—George Ham, of the C. P. R.

For twenty-four years this lord of laughter has presided over the humanization of a corporation. Sometimes they've called him one thing and sometimes another—head of the editorial department, official host, minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Ottawa, assistant aide de camp to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. It's all one. He's Just George, Genial George. He smiles and gets 'em, whether the "them" indicated, turns out to be a delegation of over-their-specs editors, suspicious of colonials; continental, eastern or ultra-British nabobs dont-ye-know-ing it across the continent; or merely poor but honest newspapermen who have said things they hadn't oughter if they ever wish to receive any more transportation.

"Let George do it" is as good as done. And for a funny thing, the one done is perfectly tickled.

History assures us, having been longer on the job than the present writer, that "G. H." was born in Trenton, some sixty eight years ago. If there's anything in astrology, the Milky Way must have been one ripple of giggles on the auspicious night, and every meteor that tore earthward surely came winged with a chuckle. In any case, George grinned his way through as much school as he thought was good for him, smiled around Ontario for a while and finally blew out West in 1874, where Winnipeg was beginning to take herself seriously.



GEORGE H. HAM
Who lives to boost Canada

Strange to say, the 'Peggians didn't at first realize the splendor of the acquisition and George is said to have been "on the upper-upper of his uppers" until he drifted into typesetting and from there, up or down, according as your standpoint is poetic or utilitarian, he graduated into inkslinging.

You didn't sit in a swivel chair with your toes on a Persian rug in those days, even if you owned the paper. Neither did you flick open a pneumatic tube and let your copy soar to the empyrean and the lino operator. You sent "the" local man out after a yarn—if he wasn't busy busting a broncho on the plains or himself in a real estate office—and when the story arrived you ten-to-one set it yourself, laborious-and-cussingly, by hand. Our happy hero even went so far at one time as to raise the ads himself and distribute the papers in person to those who were sure-to-honest paid in advance.

All this was in the long ago before virtue was its own reward. George staid in Winnipeg for seventeen eventful years, during which the town let down her skirts tuck by tuck, put up her hair, and bloomed into belledom. And George bloomed with her, as managing editor of the *Times* and editor of the *Nor'wester*, as alderman, schooltrustee, and registrar.

During these years he also accumulated the largest and most variously assorted mob of friends ever seen in captivity. He was the original firstname man. You were Dan or Bill or Mary, whether you owned a road or operated at a washtub. And even betimes the roadowner and the tub operator might have been seen shaking hands under the magic beam of their mutual friend's approval!

Then it was that the telescopic eye of Sir William Van Horne lighted upon the man who made folks feel good, and, to the everlasting grief of Miss Winnipeg, carried him back east where they needed him more.

Since then he has led a rainbow-tinted, pullman-carred, toast-mastered existence as official host for the road, varied by office-days as official pacifier.

"When anybody loses anything, wants a pass, seeks information, has a grouch or simply doesn't know what he wants," says the *Journal of Commerce*, "he goes to George Ham and comes away smiling."

As an afterdinner speaker, George Ham has an international reputation. He has been called the "unprinted wit" of Canada. His stories are always good. His epigrams get the tickle spot. But that isn't the real reason why folks love to hear him. You can buy a copy of *Life* for ten cents no matter where you are. But there's only one George Ham smile, and you have to go where he is to get it. It tells you that George is all right, and you're all right, and so's the world. So—why worry? You feel your grouch slip off your shoulders and roll under the table, and a reflection of the original beam twists up the corners of your own mouth, lights twin-shines in your eyes, and slides a little trickle of content into the worried soul of you.

George Ham never laughs *at* anybody. He laughs *with* you. More still, he laughs *for* you. And then you laugh too.

If geniality is the first thing he stands for, generosity is certainly the second. Generosity to a fault. It's a good thing Sir Thomas owns the Road and not George or it would carry so many widow-and-orphan excursions that it would drop its dividends. Yet even some of the charity jaunts pay. Not only has the official host conducted free-trans. parties of English and American journalists all over the map and into the diner, but Canadian men and women of the copy block have been taken to the show spots. And never asked to write.

In the spring of 1913, Mr. Ham convoyed the Women's Press Club to the coast, four cars of them, with adjectives dripping out of every window. He bears the distinction of being the only man-member of the organization and the best loved one of either sex. His thoughtfulness extended to every last lone requirement; he carried suit cases, he hunted up copy, he even planned a birthday party with a rose bouquet, he provided introductions, he arranged for side trips and wrote extra-special passes until, if he'd been anybody else, his smile would have fallen off into the ink well. And

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He Put The "Go" In Government

From Cakeshop to Cabinet, via the Grain Growers' Association and the Saskatchewan Ballot Box, George Langley, the farmers' friend, has made good

By J. S. Woodward

IF that day ever dawn that the Great Refreshment Provider do desire to perpetuate, by means of the billboards of this fair Canada, the rise to power of the humble born, choosing his ensample from the inhabitants of the Dominion, let him pause awhile at the instance which is here offered for approval.

Taking everything by and large, it may fairly be added that unless the G. R. P. as aforesaid avails himself of the opportunity of thus emblazoning the features of our hero, it is to be doubted if any other business man, plutocrat, organization, or institution will do so. For as is Lloyd-George to the Duke, so is George Langley of Regina, to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Canadian Bankers' Association, the Canadian Shippers' Association, and every buyer, owner, speculator, mortgagee, and tax payer of the great, growing, and at this juncture about to be enormously wealthy province of Saskatchewan. And from these sources come the funds which erect the statues to the great and near great of a country.

It would be pleasant, did space permit, to trace in detail the rise to greatness of the subject of this sketch. Make no mistake about it, in the province to which he acts as Minister of Municipalities, the Hon. George Langley is considerable personality.

Not that 'twas ever thus; how could it be after the little tribute above? There is a story which is certainly "non e vere"—it is doubtful, in fact, if it be "ben trovato"—to the effect that the Hon. George was at one stage of his career a bus-driver in dear old London, and that he and no other is the hero of the celebrated "bus-driver" incident.

He himself says that he was a baker. One wonders if in his early days as he kneaded the dough (as a Minister of a prosperous province, he shouldn't need it, now) he ever pondered as to where the flour came from, his virile hands turned over. Do you suppose that he had ever a vision of himself swaying the emotions of the far off raiser of the grain? Do you think it occurred to him on the day that he paid less than usual for his flour, that some unfortunate toiler was to lose, in consequence, the rewards of the patient sweat of his furrowed brow Echoing having gone out of fashion there is no reply. And so the point o view may be dismissed as a prett fancy.

Western Canada's "Red Book" say as follows of the Minister of Municipalities of the province of Saskatchewan,

"Farmer. Born Saffren Walden Essex, England, Nov. 10, 1852. Cam to Canada 1893, etc., etc. Addres Maymont Sask., Liberal."

For quite a few years the Hon. Georg had hard sledding on his farm at Maymont. There was no Canadian Northern Railway in those days, there was n province of Saskatchewan, there wa no such thing as a real estate boom in consequence there was no Saskatoon But after ten years or so, some of th farmers of the province used to ge together in the winter months to tal of their woes, revile tariffs, bank governments, and generally enjo themselves, to the uttermost. In thes gatherings old man Langley, as he wa familiarly called used to show up pron inently. He had pronounced socia istic ideas, he used to give utteran to them in no uncertain voice; the fa that the Cockney accent was, and for that matter, unusually pronounce lent if anything enchantment to t scene. So gradually the delegate fro Maymont became a power in t G. G. A., as the Grain-growers Associ tion of Saskatchewan has now come be known. He was elected a direct and finally with Mr. Hopkins and M F. W. Green, of Moosejaw, formed o of a triumvirate in whose hands l the whole management of the increa ingly powerful organization. At t juncture those exceedingly ast politicians the Hons. Walter Scott a Jim Calder, grabbed the member Maymont as he later became a made him a cabinet minister.

There are not wanting those w say that by so doing they signed th own death warrant. Unquestiona the Hon. George as Minister of Mu cipalities is putting into practise th socialistic theories he advanced w such vigor at the grain-growers' gat ings ten years previously. He devised supertaxes, unearned in ment taxes, and tax enforcements the benefit of the actual farmer. To the everlasting distress of the mortgage company he has given municipalities power to levy taxes for killing weeds, gophers, potato bugs and mosquitoes, at least so the Tories will tell you. And they all go against the land and ahead of the first mortgage.

The theory of the Hon. George is not a bad one. There are some 100,000 votes in Saskatchewan and of these 75,000 are farmers. All you have to do is to soak the city dweller, the financial magnate, the speculator, and where possible the bank and the machinery company, and those 75,000 farmers will automatically mark their ballots for you.

It has worked out finely to date. But there are signs of a turning worm. The farmer, it is said, is finding out that the mortgage company won't lend money in a province where it can't get first security on the land. The richer farmer buys land to hold and doesn't like this supertax. Until the war broke out and forced city dwellers on the land the urban vote was getting nearly as big as the rural one. In fact it has been seriously stated that the Scott Government, which has to-day forty-seven seats out of fifty-three, might be near the end of its tether just through the machinations of the Hon. George. But no general election is in sight. The Government has been doing the right thing in the way of moratoria, and as Lloyd George is coming to appreciate the Duke, so the capitalist may earn to understand the milk in the Langley cocoanut. There will be a by-election ere these lines see print in a rural constituency adjoining the one for which Langley sits. The present member is one of he Tories in the House. If he people elect a Tory in pposition to the government it may well mean that is sun is slowly setting; nd that there are new raingrowing pharoahs arising who will not recognize he superior merits of a oseph a la Langley.

Whether he is getting in rong with the farmer or ot, no one could accuse our eorge of not being able read the handwriting on e wall as quickly as the ext man. At a meeting of e officials of the munici-

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Joseph Fielding Smith

The Great Head of the Mormon Church throughout the World

By W. McD. Tait

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH prophet, priest, seer and revelator of the Mormon church throughout the world, has made two visits to Canada. His most important call was for the dedication of ground for the great Mormon temple started at Cardston in Alberta. The building, which is well begun, will be the first on British soil. The occasion of the visit was marked by a civic reception in the town of Cardston, the entire countryside turning out to see the great Mormon leader. The Mormon people are making rapid gains in Canada. They are the pioneers of Southern Alberta, and own upwards of 200,000 acres of land in this country, 67,000 acres of which was bought eight years ago from the Cochrane Ranch Company and is being colonized mostly by Mormons from Utah.

Joseph Fielding Smith was born at Far West, Missouri, on November 13, 1838. He is the son of Hyrum Smith, brother of the original Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon church. His mother was of Scotch descent, and from her the boy Joseph received his early education, with the Bible as text book.

In 1846, at the time the Mormons were compelled to flee from Nauvoo, Illinois, young Smith was six years old, and his mother a widow. His father, Hyrum Smith, had been killed by a mob at Carthage, Illinois, two years before. In 1848, when the long trek was made to Utah, the boy Smith, then eight years of age, drove a team of oxen across the western plains. Arriving in the Salt Lake valley, Joseph was nine years old and became a herd boy of the Mormon cattle. It is his proud boast that he "never lost a hoof," that is, none of the cattle ever died while he was herd boy.

The young fellow always showed remarkable brilliancy. At fifteen years of age he left his home in Utah for a missionary tour of the Sandwich Islands. He crossed overland to San Francisco where he worked till he had money enough to pay his passage. In four months time he had mastered the language of the Sandwich Islands, and could speak it fluently. He was called home from this mission at the time of the trouble with Johnston's army in Salt Lake City, but returned again in 1864.

In the years intervening, Smith served on a mission to Great Britain. It is related of him that he drove a team of mules across the continent and sold them at the seacoast to pay his fare to England. At a later time in his mission work in Britain he was made president of all the European missions and travelled over the whole continent of Europe.

Returning to the Sandwich Islands, Joseph Smith claimed to have discovered the Spaulding document. This document is said by the opponents of Mormonism to be the one on which Mormonism is founded. They allege that one Spaulding, a clergyman, wrote a romance of a religious nature, and that his manuscript fell into the

Continued on page 112.

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH
Who handles $1.600.000 of Morman money annually

The Pedlar's Pack

Editor's Note.—The Pedlar lets down his Pack for the last time.

Not a week before the front page of the morning paper carried the news that "Kit" had left us, the manuscript came to hand—with its usual excuse for lateness—dear, laughing, wayward Irish Kit!

Did she know, do you think, she who could look so deeply and withal so kindly into the human soul—did she know that it was her last message?

The little poem reads that way, doesn't it? And the appeal for the War Babies.

For thirty years she had stood in the front rank of Canadian journalism. Indeed, there are those of us who think that she founded and maintained a school of her own. And that she left no successors. She covered the biggest and most coveted assignments, side by side with men. She wrote quick, nervous English—splendid tragic English—words with scalding tears in them, and the true Celtic look-beyond that laughed upward, even while it wept.

But that isn't the biggest, strangest thing. She had the love of every man, every woman with whom she had ever worked; and thousands who had never seen her, who didn't even know her real name, have written secret, sorrowful letters to her, and have found an understanding friend.

Kit hated a hypocrite, but she loved a saint, who, to her way of thinking, was generally an ex-sinner, Christomorphosed. St. John the Beloved had the goodness of the gentle, the untried. But St. Paul, St. Peter the wayward, St. Francis and St. Mary Magdalene had come up out of great tribulation. It was this understanding of the weakest as well as the finest in human nature that made Kit's pity a thing to wonder at, her sympathy a thing to prize, her respect a thing to work for.

If the sorrowful were her nearest, she had also a look and a laugh and a helping hand for the aspiring.

There was once a girl who had read "The Woman's Kingdom" when her skirts were so short and her feet were so quick that she couldn't get away from "the gang" who played cricket—and wanted her to play too—unless she ran all the way up to the attic and hid under the eaves with her Saturday "Mail". Oh, how she loved the kindly, cynical paragraphs that sparkled up at her from the page, week by week! And how she yearned to write to Kit. But alas, she had no tragedy, and what would she talk about!

Years passed, and the little cricket-girl went into journalism herself. She wrote her first big story—at least it was big to her. Next day's mail brought a letter addressed to the author of such-and-such a yarn (for it hadn't been signed), giving just the warm, brotherly, craftsmanlike appreciation that the writer's soul craved. It was signed "Kit." And to-day it forms one of the girl's treasures in a box in the same old attic where she read the "Kingdom".

One more reminiscence:—

A group of us were talking over the requirements for the successful newspaperwoman. Strange to say, Kit hadn't spoken, though she had known and lived more than the rest of us hyphened together.

At last she smiled at us.

"Yes, it's all very important—the keeping your health, the broadening your interests, the reading for style and for information and for human touch. But the biggest lesson of all is to learn to take your bumps. That's where so many women fail—women with talent to burn."

Then she wouldn't say any more. She had had too many bumps perhaps to want to talk about them.

The War had a tremendous effect on Kit's imagination. The cataclysmic character of it, the crash of civilizations, the fulfilling (as sh believed) of ancient prophecy—all this wa with her day and night, in her talk, her writing her dreams.

To-day, she knows. The eager, restles heart that said forever "Why?" now reads th answer. And, doubtless, is content.

Au revoir, Kit—great-hearted, quick-hande sad-smiling Kit!

The world is a poorer, greyer place for or girl who loved you.—B. D. T.

LIFE.

A LITTLE grief, a little mirth,
To sooth the stony paths of eart
A little May, a little June—
And lo! the clock is tolling noon.

A little doubt, a little hope,
To sweeten life and give it scope;
A little dark, a little light—
And lo! the clock's run down at nigh

GREAT DEEDS

THE world is thrilling as I write, wi the splendid episode of the Can dians at Langemarck. And every hea in Canada is overflowing with pri with sympathy for the bereft wives a mothers and sweethearts, and with j in the achievement of "Our Boys" God bless them!

Is it not extraordinary that the she ding of blood seems to be the necessa seal of sacrifice? This is by no mea the first time that Canadian blood been shed in the cause of Empire, never before has Canada had such opportunity to show of what kidney sons are built. As the New York put it, "the Lion's whelp" showed breed he came from a few weeks ago in Flanders.

Some there are who depreciate the gallant rush made by the Canadians; we have even heard the arm-chair critics call our boys "rash and undisciplined." All I can say is, thank God for such boys, for their magnificent bravery and dash, for their love for the Canada they so honoured in death, for their divine pluck and courage and loyalty to the Maple Leaf and the old Jack. Let us hope that never again will we hear a Canadian called "an American" in London; that never again will we hear about "those wild undisciplined Colonials"; never again will we be asked by mild boarding house "Missuses" if "the real Canadians aren't Red Indians"; that never again will we be bored to weariness by queries as to the bears that walk the Toronto streets, or the wolves that whine outside the doors of "your timber huts." We have put in resentful and strenuous days disputing such absurdities over there across the water. But for all time now, the whole wide world will know and remember that in an hour of peril it was Canada that saved the situation; it was Canadian blood that put fresh color into the old, old Flag; that our men died like heroes for Canada's honour and glory, and that every woman of us over here, native-born or not, who has lived for years in this bright, strong, hopeful country, adores Canada and though grieving, is proud and glad to know what Canada's sons have done.

It is difficult to write when emotion makes the pen tremble in your hand; when you have just laid down the paper with its pages of "Roll of Honour," and when your heart is very full indeed, yet (steady a moment, Pedlar!) through all the grief and sympathy, the big thrill of pride in Our Boys shakes the whole body. Well done, Canada!

THE HOLY WORD

PLUCK, they say, is the sacrosanct monosyllable. It is the most necessary of qualities, the big gun in the battle of life. Women need it even more than men for the commonplace routine that is often so pathetically heroic. Never did they need it as they do to-day when dire tragedy is added to the monotonous grind of daily life. The soldier in the trenches is, after all, living life at its fullest. He is for the moment the very heart of the world. Excitement, the lust of battle, the comradeship of his fellows, above all the doing things, big things, all help to keep him going.

Not his the suspense, the awful waiting, the maddening anxiety. That is for the woman at home. For her, too, the little daily tasks which sometimes make cowards of us all. Men and women who are timid in little things often show rare pluck in the big moments. The big moments are easier. The harness put on for occasion does not wear and gall and eat into the back as does that of every day life. I remember some moments—thrilling moments—when Death was grinning and holding out his bony hand towards me. One such moment was when an insane woman threatened me with a loaded revolver; another, when a train plunged to disaster; another when a leper touched me; and yet another in a hillside bush whence I saw shot men leap to death. But there is not one of these moments—saving perhaps that of the leprous touch—that I would not rather go through again than wash dishes three times a day. It takes no end of pluck to wash dishes. It is unseemly work and greasy. There is no glory or dash or adventure or danger in it.

Yet, alas! dishes must be washed!

MACHINERY OF WAR

AN AMERICAN officer once said to the Pedlar: "I don't think I ever saw anything human so wooden as the British soldier. He is a mere machine." I think I can see Thomas A. thrust his tongue in his cheek and screw his eyes up to laughing points at this highest of all praise in his wise estimation. A mere machine! What greater can be said of masses of men, horses and big guns which can be moved by the command of one man as chessman are moved upon the board? All the world is run by machinery. We sew, write, plant, reap and travel by it. We fight by it, and our "wooden" soldiers have conquered little worlds through it and will conquer again.

A BRITISH ATTRIBUTE

COOLNESS in danger has always been characteristic of the British, and there is a great deal of coolness mixed in with Canadian blood. Canadians also have initiative and originality, and no man can doubt their valour. Moreover our boys are not to be classed with the British Tommy A., who, though no end of a good fellow, is hardly to be rated with men who have given up good positions, both commercial and social, to join the colours. Highly educated Canadians have gone to the front as privates; well-to-do young men have thrown aside promising careers to go to the help of the world's greatest Empire. College men, professors, clergymen, doctors, have gone and are going—"Men of Harlech" all of them, filled with courage and daring and laughter and hope. The Red Badge of Courage shines among our Maple Leaves as amid the branches of the oaks of old England, as among the thistles, the leeks and the little shamrocks. Pluck—the sacred monosyllable—is the Keystone of the Arch of Empire, and Canada possesses it in no small measure.

THE AFTERMATH

"WHAT do you think will be the outcome of this war?" a reader asks the Pedlar. A tremendous question that, for a mere vendor of petty wares to attempt to answer. But going along the road, stopping to crack a jest with Tim at the cross roads, or wheedle the farmer's lass into buying a cherry-coloured ribbon to tie up her pretty hair, an old chap has time both to gossip and to think a bit: And here is the burden of his thoughts on war:—

That men will come out from the gory fields of battle the worse for the shocking experience; that if it does not teach us humility, we are lost. That, since it was the most learned people in Europe who brought about this horrible disaster, then civilization and education so-called, instead of improving, have set the world backward. After a hundred years of peace what do we see? A very madness of brutal fighting; an absolute forgetfulness of God and truth; a letting loose of primal savagery that proves how very thin is the veneer of civilization. The hundred years of peace represent money grabbing, the meanest sort of commercialism, divorce, luxury gone beyond decent bounds, appalling indifference to the poverty and misery of others, shocking religious indifference, lax morals, uncharity and abominable selfishness.

All this culminated in a war that has maddened the world. Christ is forgotten. We are no better than a pack of wolves long held in leash and loosed at last. And loosed in whose name? In the name of the great God in whom we must believe if we hope to lay claim to any reason at all. None but a fool, looking at the orderly sequence of the Universe, will deny God. The outcome of the war? Men unfit for other duties; men calloused and brutalized and numbed with horror. And to offset it—the mothering affection and care of woman; not in arrogant superiority, but in all-embracing, patient and divine love and sympathy and help.

THE CANADIAN WAR

MY Uncle Dudley has written a book on the Canadian War. It is the first of its kind, and a very good book. It is christened by Arthur Hawkes, who does not do it justice in his preface. But perhaps Arthur has reasons, like Birdie of the lean legs who was afraid to go over the stile first. Mr. Hawkes calls the book ("The Human Side" is the name of it) "an adumbration of a Point of View," which it undoubtedly is. It deals with various aspects of the great war as it affects Canada. We have chapters on the Recruit, the Belgian—a fine bit of writing that—Discipline, The War Party, and a Woman's Thoughts on Canada at war. The style reminds one of Robert Blatchford, the which U. N. C. Dudley may take as a compliment.

It is good journalism, vivid, bright, and inset with humor. We read it to the end and like Oliver Twist hungered for more. The price of it is fifty cents, and you can get it from the Canadian War Press (Toronto). "The Human Side" is fittingly illustrated by H. W. Cooper, and it is our opinion that my Uncle Dudley has done himself proud. There are touches of pathos—mere touches—in these sketches, and no end of human interest. Looking it over again we were impressed with the likeness of this Canadian journalism to Alex. Thompson (Dangle), Blatchford, and that little Socialist group of vivid writers who circle around the Clarion. Not that Uncle Dudley is a Socialist. He has too much humour for that. Indeed we rather suspect him of a leaning towards "Votes for Women."

You will like this little paper book.

WEDDING PRESENTS

IT IS not at all fashionable these days to give wedding presents. What a relief, my dear Madam! In piping times of peace it was all very well to give Angelina and Ernest their household furniture and all their silver plate, though it was a serious tax, too, if your circle of acquaintances was large. The war has stopped all that, which is one benefit that accrues from it. Only the other week a London military bride sent back all the bon-bon dishes and ormolu writing tables and cut glass pitchers which her dearest friends had accumulated and sent to her. She wrote the sweetest little notes saying how grateful she was, but at this dreadful time, etc., etc. Even marriage settlements are reduced. Everybody is feeling the pinch for money. In fact the only person whom the war does not in the least seem to upset is Susannah, the "maid of all work". She goes merrily on smashing the best china and singing loud hosannas over her dish washing, sure that on the correct day her correct cheque will find its way into her imitation crocodile purse. The "pinch" alas! is upstairs, and there will be neither the long-deferred new dining room rug nor living room curtains this year. Whatever happens Susannah must be protected.

THE WAR BABIES

A GRAND opportunity these little fatherless creatures will give woman to show her real worth in the world. Thousands of khaki babies will be launched on the world as the outcome of this giant war. It is merely hypocritical to prate of purity and morality in the laughing face of Nature, who takes care of every living race of human, animal, or plant-life. Many good but non-understanding women will hold up shocked hands and raise shocked voices at the depravity which has overtaken young women and girls. But that is not the way to face this sort of problem. We must solve it sanely and practically, not by stone throwing or averted glances. Uni-sexual segregations of either sex are bad and unhealthy. You cannot close up thousands of young men in camp without expecting more or less emotional rebellion. The uniform has its allure. The meanest sort of a man looks well and fit in khaki. The girls hear nothing but praise for the fine young heroes, and the F. Y. H.'s "wink the other eye". And old Dame Nature laughs.

The point is that the little children who come into the world branded as "War Babies" must not be branded as outcasts. And it is woman's great duty to see to this. The State should provide for them. Believe me, they will be wanted. Governments asked for the men and made the conditions. Let Governments take care of the offspring and bring them up in decency to efficient manhood and womanhood. Here is work for women greater than suffrage work. Let us insist that these young mothers have decent homes, that the children have their "place in the sun". Armies we must have, it seems. The country must be saved, even if morals go to the wall. But let us abandon the cruel and hypocritical attitude so long held by "purely respectable people," and go out and gather from the roads and laneways the little innocent creatures who are the cruel outcome of our nonsensical wars, our absurd and shocking "civilization," our conventional mock-modesty.

Waiting

THE hardest thing in the world to learn to do is to wait.

It takes courage to lead a charge, to rush into a burning building, or to be thrown to the lions with a tom-tom and torchlight procession accompaniment, but if you can be cast into the lower dungeon, fed on bread and water and memories of home for a week, and *then* come out and stand firm, you're a true-blue V. C. hero. It's the long pull and the dusty road, the waterless plain and the cloudless sky, that put the inquisition tortures on the soul.

I know a little woman who does her own work so that Bobby can go to Belgium with the overseas contingent and help bury "Kultur" deep under the ruins of Louvain.

The little woman is so crippled with rheumatism that she has to wash the clothes in a tub the size of a dish pan, and when she wants to put the things from one water into another, she tips them into the sink and lets them drain, in lieu of wringing them.

"When it comes to taking them out of the starch, I have to squeeze them," she says smiling, "but I think of Bobby's last letter and it doesn't hurt so much after all."

"And how do you sweep and make beds ?" we asked her.

"Oh, I manage along," she assured us with that brave little smile. "I think God will forgive me for having an untidy house sometimes, since I'm turning out Bobby to tidy up Europe."

And so she creeps through the heavy duties of her common day and waits for the glory that is to be revealed when her boy comes home.

"They also serve who only stand and wait." But it's a hard, hard service. Inactivity cramps the mind, chills the soul. Thought returns upon itself endlessly, until the outer world of storm and sun and shine and shadow grows unreal, and nothing matters but the unknown answer to the ceaseless question— "Is it yes, or is it no ? When will the word come ? *Will it come to day?*"

All waiting partakes of the same character.

. . . .

IT isn't easy to see the snow falling when you dream of spring. It isn't easy to watch the years passing when each pale sister shakes her head and says "Not yet." It isn't easy to smile at the greying hair and the saddening face that you see in the mirror.

Courage to dare comes in the first-year work of life's great school. Courage to wait is last of all, and few there be that pass the stern examination.

And if the longed-for never comes if Bobby dies, is maimed for life, o falls into the clutches of the heartles Hun ? If the mortgage never is lifted the patient never is cured, the littl home that you saved for is pulled dow brick by brick by the doctor's bill an the grocer's cart ?

Why, you have learned self-master in waiting, in humble, steady grindin work. The eyes your soul look through will be deep pools of peac whence souls of other wearied ones wi drink fresh hope.

. . . .

AND if the lone east flames at last— No one can feel the magic of t dawn who has not known the horror the night. No one can know the fu great sweep of joy who has not learn of peace by sorrow's vigil. No o can sense the deepest wonder of t full-throated spring, who has n watched the drifting snow, the dyi fire, and the lonely night.

No one can hear aright the thrilli reveille for the day that is to be, w has not listened, quietly and witho rebellion, to "Lights out." —B.D

A Waltham Watch is the perfect Graduation Gift

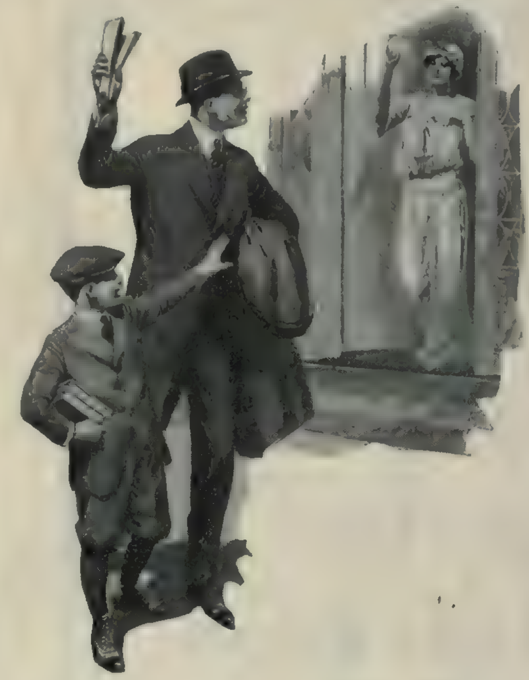
Now is the time to select a suitable watch for that son or daughter, brother or sister, as a graduation gift. A handsome watch expresses the sentiment of such an occasion, and a good one continues as a pleasant reminder for many years.

Waltham Watches are not only handsome to look at but also perform handsomely. They last for a generation and sometimes longer.

There are beautiful and convenient wrist watches for women, elegant slender watches for men, and good sturdy timepieces for everyone. At all leading jewelers.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal



Their Day Depends on the Breakfast

Remember that—you who decide the breakfast.

Those are human machines you are feeding. Their efficiency depends on the food.

There's an energy food, as you know, which is one of Nature's marvels. Its vim-producing power is proverbial. To-day, as for ages, the oat stands supreme as a source of vitality, as a food for growth. There's a thousand calories of energy in a fair-sized dish.

That's the matchless breakfast. No one ever outgrows the need for it, and nothing can take its place. Our plea is to make that dish inviting. Win folks to plentiful use of it. The way to do that is by serving Quaker Oats—and this is why:

Quaker Oats

The Energizing Dainty at Its Best

Two-thirds of the oats as they come to us are discarded in Quaker Oats. We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains.

The result is large and luscious flakes, delicious in taste and aroma.

Children and grown-ups delight in it. They never grow tired of it. They eat an abundance of it. That's the only way to fully realize what vitality lies in oats.

Quaker Oats is always of this super-quality. It has been so for 25 years. Lovers of oats from all the world over send here to get it on that account.

Yet it costs you no extra price. It is worth while saying "Quaker Oats" to get a food like this.

Large Package
30c
Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.
Regular Package
12c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Saskatoon, Sask.

The Dead Failure

Continued from page 94.

whose meals she ordered, whose very thoughts she had attempted to think for him, had turned from her to another woman—older, by all accounts—less to be desired—who had not been able to hold her own husband ?

The train roared over a bridge and on into bleak uneven country, marshy and blightbitten. Claire huddled close to the window, her eyes on the blurred outlines of her own problem, but it was difficult to turn that splendid brain-engine on to anything when the foolish woman heart under it persisted in aching so.

Come to think of it, had she ever had a heartache before ? A heart *ache* ! That's an easy word to read on a page—how often she'd seen it in a magazine yarn. But now with the rending, racking thing inside of her, this soul-sick-unto-death-ness that seemed to rip through her brain and squeeze the life-love out of her so that she cried for annihilation, how could she think ?

What made her heart ache so ? What had touched chaos loose in her universe ?

Bobby ? No. Her love for Bobby. And with a sudden mental clearness she realized that that love of hers had not died. She had no theatricality about her and not one thread of changeableness. Certain elements of her caring were submerged, terror-stricken and ashamed, but something else, some other kind of loving that had never been there before, now rose above all the rest, a still, white, wondercrag of strength, a hill of unalterability.

She drew back a little from the window till the light inside the car made a mirror of the glass, and then it was that she noticed her eyes, clouded with pain, set in a white face.

But it wasn't that that held her. It was something in their light, their expression.

"My boy, oh my boy, my boy !" she said softly. But she didn't know that the thing that had been born in her, out of great anguish as all births come, was motherlove, the highest and perhaps the only fully-understanding emotion that a woman can have for a man.

And out of that there grew a question that the Claire of yesterday, the successful Claire, could never have asked.

"Oh God, tell me, tell me, how did I fail him ?"

As she turned restlessly, her eye fell on a white something in the chair next to her, and half-consciously, she picked it up.

Out of the middle of the page there stared up at her the silly, slangy title of the stuff that thousands laughed their way through, clear down to the signature, "B. H."

Silly ? Slangy ? Yes, sillier and slangier and not nearly so good as it used to be a few months ago. But, as Claire read it, every little inky letter of it sprang up and cried, "Bobby !"

It *was* Bobby, that Column, the best and the worst of him, the laughter and the kindliness and the enthusiasm, but also the easilyledness, and the craving for sympathy, for admiration and applause.

The train was slowing into a city. Lights strung out across the sleeping suburbs.

Suddenly the girl with the paper stood up and caught at her suitcase. She almost ran through two cars till she found a conductor.

"If I got off here, how soon could I catch a train back ?" she asked.

"Not till three a. m., but it's a fast one," said the man in blue, wondering why his passenger should look so extraordinarily happy.

Late the next morning the elevator man took a lady up who'd never smelled printers' ink before, nor heard the throb of the presses.

"Fourth room to your left," he called after her, "he's sure to be in at this hour."

The door was shut and there was the scrape of a chair as she knocked.

"Come in," said a man.

Claire didn't even glance at the girl in the corner with her unAnglo-Saxon eyes bent on her typewriter. She viewed her as impersonally as the drunkard's wife thinks of the flask the whiskey comes in.

"Bobby," she said quietly, "I'm sorry. I've been a dead failure. But I'm going to begin over again. Will you take me out to lunch ?"

And Bobby, who like most men, couldn't ever really love any woman that he didn't respect, promptly forgot all about the girl in the corner. He just looked up at his wife, at the new soft mouth of her, and the kindly, understanding, good-comrade eyes that played no lure for the jungle beast in him.

"Gad, but you're pretty !" he said softly.

Genial Geo. Ham

Continued from page 100.

through it all, you'd have thought that "the girls" were paying the bills and planning the frills, and giving one G. H. the undeserved but most appreciated time of his life.

The spring of 1914 brought a most unexpected honor. Sam Hughes, charging round creating generals, colonels, etc., lit on George as a promising addition to his galaxy.

Deering New Ideal
The Binder for Your Fields

A **Deering** New Ideal binder will give you the best possible results at harvest time. However lodged or filled with green undergrowth your crops are, the **Deering** binder harvests all the grain.

The **Deering** binder elevator, open at the rear, delivers the grain properly to the binding attachment. Because the elevator projects ahead of the knife it delivers grain to the binder deck straight. A third discharge arm keeps the bound sheaves free from unbound grain.

The T-shaped cutter bar is almost level with the bottom of the platform and allows the machine to be tilted close to the ground to pick up down and tangled grain without pushing trash in front of the knife. Either smooth section or serrated knives can be used. The **Deering** knotter needs no recommendation.

The **Deering** local agent will show why **Deering** New Ideal binders and binder twine are always satisfactory. See the agent, or, write to the nearest branch house for a catalogue.

IHC MACHINES
Made in Canada

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.
BRANCH HOUSES
At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS OF THE WORLD
TRUTH

This country recognizes three grades of truth
—the truth
—the whole truth
—nothing but the truth.

"The Truth" by itself may be false because of what it leaves unsaid, or because while technically correct it is designed to mislead.

"The whole truth" may be ineffective because it leaves one asking—"Well, what are you going to do about it ?"

"Nothing but the truth" involves a grasp and expression of right fundamentals, rounded knowledge, fair play—an irresistible appeal.

In Chicago from June 20th to 24th there will be a convention of The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. The standard under which this convention assembles is

"Nothing but the Truth in Advertising"

This is not a sentimental standard. It is a commercial standard maintained by the contact of idealists, enthusiasts and hard heads.

It is the only standard under which the annual expenditure of $600,000,000 for advertising can be made to pay. It is the standard under which 2,000 people met last June in Toronto, and, before that, in Baltimore, Dallas, Boston.

It is the standard under which every reader of newspapers, magazines, outdoor signs, booklets, novelties—the printed or painted advertising message—has come to believe what he reads.

You Are Invited to Attend.

No adult in this country but uses or is affected by advertising. The convention in Chicago will give you ideas for application to your own business and your own life. You will come in contact with the discoverers and pioneers in the development of the economic force of advertising—a force which will grow with your support as you will grow by contact with it and its workers.

For special information address CONVENTION COMMITTEE, Advertising Association of Chicago, Advertising Building, 123 Madison Street, Chicago.

The Toronto Advertising Club will run a special train to Chicago, leaving Toronto on Saturday, June 19th. A special rate has been secured for the trip and all applications for space on the train and in the LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, where the Toronto Advertising Club will stay, should be made to MR. C. W. McDIARMID, of the Toronto Advertising Club, 104 Yonge Street, Toronto.

This is the Bath You've Wanted in Your Home.

Complete Shower for $15.00.

A Shower Bath equipment in the home is a source of pleasure, health, comfort and vigor to everyone and a tremendous improvement on a tub-bath.

NIAGARA SHOWER
MADE IN CANADA.

can be put up in your own bathroom in less than a half-hour without any help from anybody. Simply screw it to the wall and laugh at the plumber. Waterproof curtain protects walls and floor from any possibility of splash. Shower-head, pipe, clips, ring, handsomely nickel-plated, splash-curtain, rubber-tube, etc., complete for $15.00.

Delivered to any address in Canada.

Take a shower when you get up in the morning, and you're fresh and gingery all day. Take one when you come home from a hot day's work, and you won't know you're the same man.

And don't have to go to your club to do it—and don't be the only one in the family to enjoy the pleasure. Put a Niagara Portable Shower Bath in your own home where the whole household may use it at any hour of the day.

Write for descriptive booklet to Dept. C.

Kinzinger, Bruce & Co.,
Limited,
Niagara Falls - Ontario

And lo, Lieut. Col. Ham, (honorary), attached to the Intelligence Department! Having hobnobbed with princes, George was unabashed, and doubtless was of much assistance to the Major-General on the various troop-moving days that have since red-lettered that gentleman's calendar.

At present, the official booster is in San Francisco, telling the people that a short little canal may be one thing, but a big long road is certainly another. And when they're done perspiring over Panama, they might as well come up to Banff and cool off. We've a thing or two in the way of mountains that might interest them.

Incidentally of course, Col. Ham is commandeering new friends. Long, long ago the insiders hoisted the "S. R. O." sign, but the heart that makes the smile, is so big and so expandable, that there's always room for just one more.

Lucky dog!

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 98.

left began talking in a soothing sort of way; but the laughing voice went on, paying no more attention than—well, that's the only simile I can think of—a phonograph. It had something of that quality, too. That horrible, lifeless squeak!

"The light went up in the other stateroom then. Of course, it shone perfectly plainly through the open space at the top of the partition, and that relieved the situation a little. It seemed to make it possible for me to stay there. I confess I had been on the point of bolting when it was turned up.

"I heard the clink of a spoon against glass, too, and that suggestion that some one was getting a dose of medicine had a quieting effect on my nerves, too, although the medicine itself didn't affect the patient immediately. The phonograph voice went on for quite a little while, just saying over and over again—'Dead! She's dead!' and giggling.

"But presently its tone got more querulous. The giggle stopped. 'I guess I ought to know she's dead,' it said. 'I killed her myself—killed her with a pin.' Then it got a note of terror in it and made a dry, choking little cry. 'I killed her, I tell you. I! I! I!'

"It kept rising higher and higher, almost to a shriek, and then suddenly it stopped in a muffled gasp, as if the nurse—if the sane person present in there was a nurse—had clapped something over its mouth. Perhaps a pillow. I suppose the medicine took effect then, because that muffled gasp was the last sound I heard.

"But by that time I wanted some of the dope myself pretty badly. A maniac is not a pleasant person to encounter at the best; but somehow, not seeing anything, just hearing through that little wooden partition, made it all the worse.

"I was a fool not to get up and dress and go on deck. But I've got a spunky sort of streak in me that hates to admit that I'm beaten, and I made up my mind to put myself to sleep by main brute strength of will. I lay still and kept my eyes shut, and tried to keep my muscles relaxed.

"I suppose it was two hours before anything more happened, though it seemed six. The next thing that happened was this—"

Jeffrey got out of his chair and shook himself with a little laugh.

"Oh it would have been funny if my nerves weren't so near the breaking-point! I suppose it is funny still. But I was lying there perfectly still, hadn't heard a sound, and all at once something like a tiny hand—oh, smaller than a baby's, no bigger than a doll's, but very cautious and skilful—took hold of one of my eyelids and tried to lift it.

"I don't mind admitting I yelled. I was out of bed and had the light on in about the sixteenth of a second, and, of course, for five seconds after that I couldn't see anything because the light blinded me. Gradually I got my eyes in focus, and there, squatting on a corner of my bunk, right beside the pillow—oh, it was nothing horrible! It was a baby raccoon, brown and fluffy, with its long, pointed nose and its bright, shiny little eyes pointed straight at me.

"For a minute or two I couldn't get my bearings—couldn't understand how the thing could have got in. The grating over the window was intact. And then I thought of the broken grille opening into the next stateroom. I looked around and saw the light had gone up in that room, too. They had probably been aroused by my yell.

"Well, it would have aroused anything but the dead. I felt foolish, and that made me feel furious. I moved over toward the little beast somewhat too suddenly, and it scuttered away, jumped up on the wash-stand, and from there on top of the mirror and disappeared through the broken grille, all in about a second.

"I waited for a scream from there, because, of course, I couldn't be sure the little beast was at home there. But evidently it was, for they took his coming quietly enough.

"Well, I didn't turn out the light after that; but I got back into bed and pulled up all the blankets, because I was cold all through. I had never been so terrified in my life. The possibility of going to sleep after that never occurred to me. But presently the gray of the dawn began to come in, and that is the signal for insomniacs the world over. The first thing I knew, the steward was rapping on my door, telling me it was seven o'clock.

"When I got up and dressed, and before I left the boat, I took a look into the next stateroom, but it was perfectly empty; the bed all made as if no one had been in there for a week. I felt like the devil after the night I had had, and had half a mind to give up my trip and take the next train back.

"But I thought better of it, hired a team of horses and surrey, and drove out to Beech Hill.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEECH HILL.

"I SAW by my driver's look, when I told him where I wanted to go, that he knew about the place, and after I had sized him up with a little casual talk I blessed my stars that I had been able to get him. He was a simon-pure native of those parts, and what he didn't know about local gossip wouldn't be worth listening to.

"The Merediths must have furnished a good part of that gossip themselves, for certainly they had been a queer, eccentric family for several generations—a self-willed, imperious, high-tempered lot at the best, with a little streak of insanity, or near it, cropping up now and then that made the worst of them very bad indeed.

"It's good blood, though, as such things are reckoned in most countries. They have always bred to their class. But the only other member of the family in the direct line and in Miss Meredith's generation—a younger brother of hers—was an exception to the rule. It seems he was artistic in his tendencies and showed a good deal of talent as a painter in an amateurish sort of way, lived abroad a lot—mostly in France—and scandalized his family by marrying a Normandy peasant girl. That's the instinct of the overbred everywhere. Nature's way of reasserting herself.

"This woman—Claire's mother—must have been a perfectly glorious creature to look at. Certainly Claire came honestly by those great masses of pale gold hair that people went so mad about. I wish you could have heard my driver's attempt to describe her.

"Well, it seems Meredith brought his wife home, and the other members of the family were properly superior and indignant, especially his sister, and the poor young wife just withered up under it. Meredith himself doesn't appear to have been a very strong sort of character.

CLEANS
WITH DETERMINATION
SCOURS
WITH DISCRETION
POLISHES
WITH DESPATCH

GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

"Certainly his sister was the man of the family. She had all the business sense, and, as she shared equally with him in the family fortune to begin with, she actually managed, according to the driver's gossip, to get hold of the lion's share of it.

"Meredith was killed racing an ice-yacht on the river when Claire was six or seven, and his wife didn't survive him very long. So his sister came back to Beech Hill and took charge of the estate and of Claire. She must have brought the child up under an iron rule, and that sort of thing generally works badly in the end.

"Then, as Crow admitted to you, she terrorized the rest of the family—there are no end of rather distant cousins, you know, Crow himself being one of them—got fearfully bored with life, and at last closed up Beech Hill and her town house and went off to Europe.

"That, as I remember it, was when Claire was about fifteen. She never

"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car

Price $590

Your neighbor drives a Ford—why don't you? We are selling more Fords in Canada this year than ever before—because Canadians demand the best in motor car service at the lowest possible cost. The "Made in Canada" Ford is a necessity—not a luxury.

Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30,000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915.

Runabout $540; Town Car $840; F. O. B. Ford, Ontario, with all equipment, including electric headlights. Write Ford Factory, Ford, Ontario, for catalogue B-1.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

came back to this country, even for an occasional visit, until about three years ago. She came back alone, of course, and the story was that Claire had died of smallpox in Paris. Since she came back she has been dividing her time between her town house and Beech Hill, though she hasn't done it in the ordinary way.

"She spent a good many winter months up there all alone with Crow, for nobody has ever been invited to the place since she came back, and of course her odd way of living has set all the gossip afire again.

"I got all of that, practically all of it, out of the driver. As a matter of fact, I had to pump him about something to keep him from pumping me. The story I told him was that I had been told by the agent of the place that it was soon to be put up for sale, and I wanted to look at it. I told him that in order to find out if possible if there was any intention of selling it, and found out—what isn't at all surprising under the circumstances—that there was. At least he had driven one or two other prospective purchasers out there. So that made my plan rather easy.

"When we got to the boundaries of the estate I paid my fare and sent him back, telling him that I wanted to wander around outdoors a bit before I went to the house, and that I'd trust to luck for means of getting back. I wanted to make sure of seeing something, anyway. And, as it turned out, it was well I did.

"Before I had been wandering around the place for half an hour my desire to buy it was genuine, even if my intention wasn't. Drew, it's perfectly lovely—fields, lawns, woods, the lay of the land, the glimpse you get every now and then of the river and of the distant banks. It's hard to beat, I tell you.

"It was all so lovely in its first hint of spring-way. It almost made me forget the grim sort of errand I had come on. I skirted around through the woods, got myself mired and mold-stained to the knees, and finally started down toward the river-bank along a little path I found. The path was muddy and wet, for the snow couldn't have melted off earlier than the day before, yet I could see that it must be lovely a little later when the green things come out.

"But, Drew, I hadn't more than started down that path before I began thinking about the murder again, and I got a sort of hint of the reason when I saw where the path was taking me. It led down to a white-painted boat-house on the bank.

"The sight of that made the sensation come back twice as strong. If I was right in connecting Beech Hill with the tragedy, Irene Fournier had gone once by a different name altogether, and I had made the right guess as to what that name was, then the chances were that it was along this path that the body had been carried, and it was here at this little landing that it had been put into the river."

To be continued.

"Go" in Government

Continued from page 101.

palities of the province the other day the three rousingest cheers of the meeting of 1,000 strong or more, came to our hero, where he denounced a viper in the midst of his hearers in the shape of the LIQUOR Traffic. Said every Tory in the province the next day "Aha, there's that old idiot Langley making another break. Did not the booze interest put his government where it is? Now watch Scott and Calder kick him out for his damfoolishness." Did those astute political leaders apply the pedal extremity? Not on your tintype they did not. Two weeks later George's revered leader gets up at Oxbow and tells the whole sad story. All bars automatically go out of business in Saskatchewan on July 1st. The wholesale liquor business is to be in the hands of the Government. There is to be no compensation. And after the war, or not before December 1916 a referendum of the province is to be taken as to whether the lieges want any more booze ever. Well, you have the example of Russia, you have the dictum that you can't deprive the Englishmen of his beer (there are a lot of them in that province you know), and so it is a nice young thing in problems as to what effect this legislation will have. But whatever it is, any Tory will tell you that Langley forced the hands of Scott, Calder and Co. That had he not, after the manner of the eastern potentate with a name like a Galician fortress, seen things, and seeing them proceeded on the line of least resistence in their direction, the Premier would not have been compelled to enunciate his historic changes. In fairness to Premier Scott there is this to be said, that he stated that these changes were decided upon six months ago, and that George had every license to spill them, but when it comes to spilling our George is certainly there.

It's too bad that the facts of the case won't permit of styling this little sermon, "From Cab-driver to Cabinet". So at the risk of being a Class D. prophet it shall be blazoned over his features.

"HE IS PUTTING THE 'GO' IN GOVERNMENT."

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Summertime Suggestions

On the Use of Food Confections

When berries come, mix them with Puffed Wheat or Rice. Blend the fruit with these flaky morsels which taste like toasted nuts. Puffed Grains, you'll find, will add as much as do the cream and sugar.

For a dairy dish, at supper or bedtime, float these grains in milk. These are toasted whole-grain bubbles, crisp and airy, delightful to the taste. And nothing else made from Wheat or Rice has every food granule exploded. That means easy, complete digestion.

Garnish ice cream with these Puffed Grains. It is like adding nut meats to it. Use Puffed Rice in candy making. It tastes like nuts but is far more flaky. The candy crumbles easily.

Let boys at play carry a pocket of Puffed Grains. Salt them like peanuts or butter like popcorn. In Puffed Grains, every atom feeds. And they do not tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar reveal but one delight. Millions of pounds are being served at other times than breakfast.

Bear this in mind. The more you serve these grains in puffed form the better for all concerned. Professor Anderson's process best fits them for food. It makes confections of them. It does in a thorough way what cooking does in a half way. It breaks up the nutriment cells.

The handiest foods in your house this summer will be your Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
Peterborough, Ont. Saskatoon, Sask.

Joseph F. Smith

Continued from page 101.

hands of the original Smith, who, with the help of one Rigdon, adapted it to make the Book of Mormon, upon which Mormonism depends. The "saints" consider the whole story of the manuscript romance a scandalous fabrication, and to clinch the argument that it holds no place in the foundations of the Mormon faith. Joseph Fielding Smith is said to have discovered it on his third Sandwich mission. The document that Smith is alleged to have found has been published in book form.

The Mormon president has held and still holds many civic, political and religious positions in his native city, Salt Lake City, In 1865 he served as an alderman. In 1866 he was appointed an apostle by Brigham Young, and called as a special councilor. He acted in the capacity of councilor to three presidents—Taylor, Woodruff and Snow.

In 1901, he was chosen by the twelve apostles of the church to fill the highest office in their gift, that of president, priest, prophet, seer, and revelator, the office which he now so proudly holds.

It is said that President Smith handles $1,600,000 annually. The list of business enterprises of which he is president shows something of his executive ability and also the vast amount of money which must come to him from them. He is said to be President of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution;

President Smith it is said has five wives, some of them young and some old. In his address while here he advised young Mormon men to marry good Mormon wives, and told them by way of encouragement that he had tried several and found them to be ideal. It is said that the old president has nearly fifty children, more than a dozen of them having been born since the manifesto prohibiting plural marriage and co-habitation.

At a general Conference of the Young People's Mutual Improvement Associations, the head of the Mormon church is quoted as saying:

"There is no exaltation for any man without a woman, nor for any woman without a man. . . . alone is not in the image of God. There is no exaltation or eternal progression without a wife. We must live as God lives. Marriage is eternal. Neither man nor death can separate. The only thing that can separate is absolute apostasy from the Mormon church. Then his wife, 'or talent', as Jesus puts it, will be taken from him and given to one who has ten. This is the most vital principle of the gospel. It involves the well springs of life."

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Neutrality

Continued from page 75.

refuge. Under the lights, the heavy turret guns—Eileen knew—were being trained to riddle the *Argyle* when the Americans must drive it out to its destruction. The *Sharnheim* stayed outside the three-mile limit; but the lights of a launch leaped from its side and a small boat raced in.

The string of electric bulbs over the deck of the *Macon* now flared on; the position lights of a ship at anchor alone marked the English cruiser until, suddenly, a signal lantern at its stern, flashed out and began winking a message toward the beach. One of the officers with Gordon instantly stepped into the boat and started for the cruiser; the other hastened back toward the port; Heath returned to the three about the table.

"I haven't had supper. Did you ask me, Helen ?" he said.

Sheridan's wife struck the bell for the servant.

"What's up, Heath ?" Tom asked as they all sat down.

The young Englishman bent across the table. "Tom, after you leave the harbor, is there a way out to the north —between here and Kuwunu ? I mean, if we turn north after leaving the harbor instead of south, might we get past Kuwunu on this side ?" He motioned with his head to the passage where the *Macon's* boats had been sounding the changes worked by the volcano.

Sheridan gasped. "I get you," he replied tensely. "What do you need, Heath, twenty feet ?"

"Nineteen will do."

Sheridan seized the table. "Maybe you can get out that way, Heath."

"Maybe ? Don't you know ?"

"I'd know—we would be through to-day but for Giddings' cow."

"Giddings' cow ?"

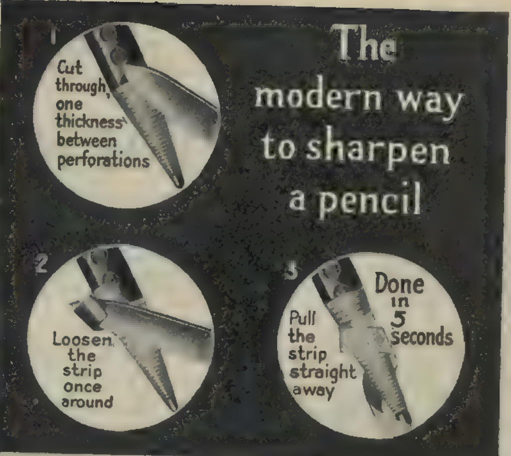
"But in spite of Giddings, if the cow was quiet yesterday and to-day, Giddings' channel meets up with mine there's a way out. But if she moved much the reef runs between the two."

"Giddings' cow !" Gordon exclaimed dazedly.

"I mean the mistake one of our men made. Never mind that now. I didn't think of that before, but if the mistake isn't too much, there's room for you, to run for it north from the harbor where they can't follow you except just one way. And if this is a channel, it's awfully crooked; you must have a start."

"When ?" said Heath. "When can you get that to me ?"

The boom of a gun startled the four about; it was fired from the *Macon* and to call attention to a signal which was flashing forward.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AGENCY DEPT., CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

"That's the recall—urgent." Tom arose.

A boat for him already was at the landing.

"The surveys are on board of course," he recollected himself. "Under our orders from Washington, we can give out no surveys till they're completed and published for general use.'

'You mean you can't get them for me without giving them to the Germans too?" Heath returned. "What good will that do us?"

A man was leaving a boat at the landing and advancing to the table.

"Sorry, Helen," Sheridan kissed his wife; he put out his hand to Eileen but she disregarded it. He started toward the boat and Heath accompanied him a few yards; then Gordon came back.

Helen again struck the bell on the table. "I wonder where Kanava is," she complained. "What in the world can he be doing?"

"The *Sharnheim's* launch is going to your ship, Eileen," Heath said.

"Don't call that my ship."

At last the native servant appeared and brought sandwiches and coffee for Gordon. As the man moved about, the English officer watched him closely.

"What do you have to pay such a fellow down here?" he asked when the man was gone.

"Why, six dollars," said Helen.

"A week or a month?"

'Why, a month."

"Fine," Heath commented. "Fine, Helen. Eileen, hush, dear. No questions! Quiet; he's coming back."

The launch from the *Sharnheim* was at the *Macon's* side and Lieutenant von Goltz, whom Sheridan had met when the German ship was in the harbor before, was with Commander Barrows when Sheridan entered the cabin. Von Goltz was a good-looking, cleareyed young man about Sheridan's age; they clasped hands and both sat down. They spoke in English.

"Captain Hemmil of the *Sharnheim*," said Barrows to Sheridan, "sent us a request by wireless to have ready to furnish him copies of all recent surveys about these islands. I replied to him that under our orders we could furnish no charts until completed. I informed him further in reply to this question that we had given no surveys to the *Argyle* and would furnish none. However, Lieutenant von Goltz had received information that you had conversed with one of the English officers this evening and he believes that you gave him information."

Sheridan started. "If Lieutenant von Goltz already knows that I have talked with an English officer, surely he need not inquire what I said."

"Mr. Sheridan," the commander

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rebuked. "Did you speak of the survey?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what manner?"

"I was asked if we had found a channel to the north. I said there probably was one—my precise expression was 'maybe'," Sheridan turned to von Goltz.

"Maybe?" the German repeated.

"I said I couldn't tell, because our surveys were not complete and joined up."

"I understood the work was to have been finished to-day," von Goltz returned. "Why was it not?"

"One of our parties made a mistake which threw out his work for several days," Barrows explained.

"A mistake," repeated von Goltz. "You must pardon me, but if I do not obtain from you the charts which I have reason to believe must be completed to-day, I am obliged to cable a full account of the reasons of your refusal this evening, to our ambassador at Washington. You say I cannot have the charts because one of your men made a mistake; what sort of a mistake could he make?"

Barrows was nettled. "We discovered one of our men had been working, from a moving object on shore, mistaking it for a fixed point."

"A moving object?" the German smiled incredulously, "A sheep or a cow, I suppose?"

"Exactly," Barrows jerked.

Von Goltz arose. "You wish me, sir, to state that as your reason for refusal to furnish us hydrographic information when I cable to our ambassador?"

"You can state whatever you wish," Barrows returned. He dismissed von Goltz curtly, and in a moment the German officer went down to the launch.

The American commander watched the boat hurry to the port and then he saw the windows of the cable station light. The last instructions from Washington in regard to neutrality had been most exasperatingly strict.

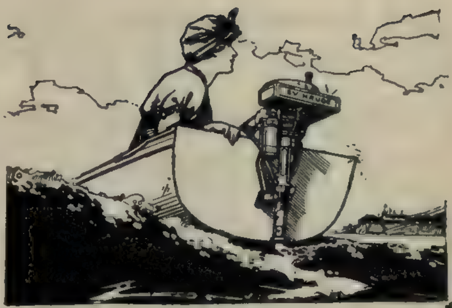
"I will not cancel the dance here to-night, Mr. Sheridan," said Barrows. "But until the *Argyle* leaves, or is definitely interned, no one may leave the ship except upon official business; no English or German officer shall be received here except officially." And he sent a seaman for all the survey records and locked them in his cabin.

The volunteer orchestra from the ship's crew filed out on deck; and the strains of "The Lonesome Pine" played in hesitation waltz time, drifted to the shore. Eileen was alone under the trees of the cottage; she heard the music and shuddered. After barely a moment with her, Heath Gordon had been called to the town; but now he was returning; she could see him in the moonlight far down the beach; he was alone and walking leisurely and he carried something which he swung at his side from a cord. As he approached, Eileen saw that the object was a bag of native manufacture, plaited of grass.

"Saw this as I came by one of those basket places just now, Eileen," he greeted her. "So, picked it up for you. It's the sort to carry your slippers to the dance, isn't it? Like it?"

"Do you think I'm going to the dance, Heath?"

"'Course; why not? Understand my invitation is withdrawn—or rather



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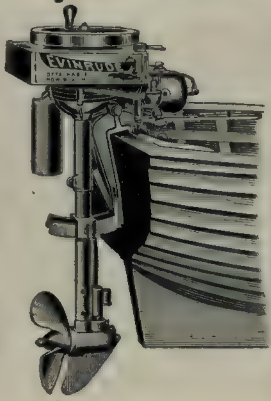

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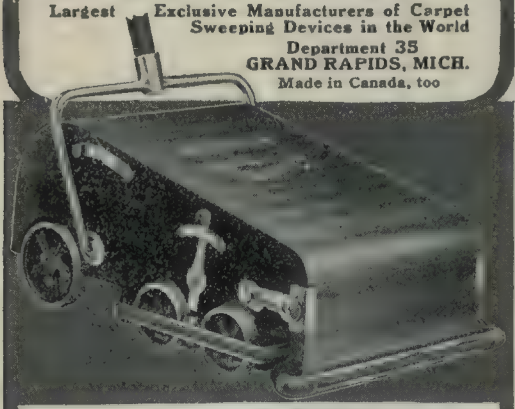

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won't be issued. If we went, of course the German Johnnys would go too; awkward. So quite right to expect neither of us. But that won't keep you, Eileen."

"Don't, please."

He moved to the table upon which fruit remained; his sandwiches had been left covered with a napkin. He tossed down the grass bag and struck the bell.

"Isn't your man still about?" he asked. "Can you bring back my coffee and may I finish my supper with you now?"

"Kanava, bring Mr. Gordon what he wants," Eileen directed as the native appeared; and when Heath dropped to his seat, she sat down on the other side of the table. She knew that he was trying to reassure her by acting without concern, but perhaps he overdid it. She waited until the native had gone, then she went across the table, and suddenly grasped Heath's hand.

"My dear, what were you doing at the port?"

"I, Eileen? Oh, I was just overlooking the enemy chaps a bit. They are trying to put us in bad with your people."

"How?"

"They got off no end of a cable to Washington; you see, this von Goltz chap is sure we've been given the new surveys and they've been refused them; breach of neutrality; unfriendly act and all that sort of rot."

"But you haven't got them?"

"Not we; not yet."

"Yet?"

"Oh, we're going to get them."

Eileen's grasp on his fingers tightened. "You are; how?"

"You're going to bring them to me."

"I! Heath, how?"

He nodded to the bag on the table beside him. "In that. You don't think I got that size just to carry your slippers, do you?"

"Oh, please don't tease me."

"I'm not, dear."

"Then tell me just what I m going to do."

"You're going to do nothing; just go to the dance."

"But you said—"

"I did. You're to go to the dance, taking that."

"Yes."

"When you're on board, leave it nearest the door in the cabin given over to the ladies."

"I see; then?"

"Forget all about it."

"Forget?"

"I mean, don't go near it. Don't worry about it or look for it or ask for it during the dance. Give anyone who wants it every chance to get it—and then bring it back."

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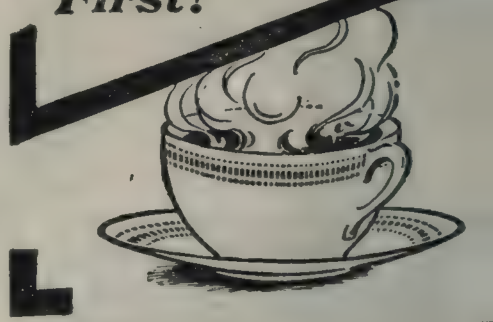

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"I see."

"When you're ready to go home—that would be about half past eleven. Can you remember ?"

"I understand; half past eleven."

"You'll find the bag where you left it; and you'd best not open it. In fact, I want you not to open it. You can come home in your dancing slippers, can't you ?"

"Of course."

"Then just take the bag as it is; half way in from the ship, when you pass by those native fishing boats out there, someone will hail. I'll hail; you'll know my voice ?"

"Heath !"

"Then pass me the bag as the boat goes by. Can you do it ?"

"Oh, Heath !" she cried again.

"Hush," he warned as he looked about. "Then you'll go to the dance?"

She bent quickly and her lips touched the back of his hand; he arose and caught her in his arms.

"That's all I need to do, surely ?" she pleaded. "You don't want me to say anything to anyone on board—to Tom or to anyone else to remind—"

"No; nothing, dear. Not a word on board to anyone. Be sure of that. What's arranged is understood; another word might spoil it. Then I can count on you ?"

"What did you tell your people ?"

"That I knew I could."

"Then pick me up just once again."

An hour later Eileen was rowed out to the Macon for the dance. As she passed the fishing vessels, of which Heath had spoken, she gazed at them closely. There was no sound or movement among them. She went on to the ship.

To Eileen, the dance on board the *Macon* was endless. From the moment that she left the grass bag near the door of the cabin where the women put their wraps, she lived only for half-past eleven when, with that in it which must save Heath, she could take the bag again.

To be continued

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When in Rome

Continued from page 82.

should she marry Leopardi. The amount of fair flowers of the spirit that this young Italian had it in his power to kill—because he wouldn't know their meaning; for him they would be wildlings and better out of the economy of his life.

But for the little blush I might have thought that she avoided him; I might have thought so anyway but for Remsen. He had seen through her intentions and had given it out thus crudely to his mother, who had wailed it to me:

"Leopardi's got Louise on the run," was his unshaded rendering of his sister's shy preference.

"Well," I suggested, "if you think that, why don't you leave Rome before it's too late, if you're against the matter ?"

Mrs. Gifford looked at me, shocked.

"Why, what excuse could I make to the girls ?" was what she gave me, and with those simple words she plumbed the inadequacy of our parental system. Good woman, she couldn't up and go like a European mother. Here she must stop and see this tragedy go on under her eyes.

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"Why don't you keep her from seeing anything of him.?" was what I suggested next, having in mind the unostentatious way in which an Italian mother could have shielded her girl—and Leopardi would have taken it, too for he was a decent chap. Besides, h would be sure of his ground, woul Leopardi, before he risked a refusal Ardent, I have no doubt he was—cautious, certainly. Marriage is serious event. If you are a young Italian, you must look your ground over thoroughly; you don't plunge in like man going for a swim—on an impulse

"Why don't I keep her from seeing him. How can I?" the poor lady wailed. "I do everything I can; I'm always there with the girls. They never stir a step without me. Oh, I'm so glad it's the custom! Even if can't do anything, I can at least see what's going on. Oh, little did I think when we began this that I should be glad of the time that I had to track around every minute!—We're doing the antiques of Rome with him," she mourned. "We've neglected seeing what we ought to and he's taking us—he and some of the other boys." For by this homely name did Mrs. Gifford refer to her daughter's admirers.

Shortly after this Remsen appeared at my room.

"Ma wants to speak to you," he grumbled. "Her feet are all swelled up, or she'd come herself."

I found my poor friend in great distress.

"I can't go with them this afternoon! I can't get a shoe on!" she complained. "Oh, do you suppose you could go out with them?"

But that afternoon it happened that I had an engagement I could not well break.

"Well, what are we going to do?" she asked.

"Send the dagoes off!" suggested Remsen.

Here Louise came into the room.

"It seems so awfully like saying that we don't trust 'em after all their kindness to us to send 'em off," Mrs. Gifford told her daughter. "But Mrs Goodwin can't go—If we had only had time to write a note, but I've been wearing my slippers all day and never knew it."

Then light dawned. "Why," asked Mrs. Gifford, "why can't you take Remsen? He's fourteen and awfully big for his age!"

"Oh, no you don't!" cried Remsen his face flushing. "Not on your tin type you don't!"

"Remsen," said Georgiana, "I'll give you a *lire* an hour!"

"Remsen," said his mother, "you've got to do it! Don't let me hear any more nonsense from you!"

Fate willed it that I was to see the

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Montreal, Que.

rest of the little comedy that afternoon and that my trail and theirs were destined to cross. First, as I was driving along with my old friend whom I was to take sight-seeing, I saw the little cavalcade walking past and heard a shrill whoop; it was Remsen hailing the "fellers." Yes, right under the noses of his sisters and in the presence of their polite escorts giving the shrill war whoop of the American boy!

Nothing must do my friend but that we should go to the Forum, and as we were strolling around, looking at the wreck of the things that had been and trying to get up appropriate emotions, I heard an expostulation in violent Italian. A guardian was dancing around one of the broken pillars and up its marred surface Remsen was swarming. His sisters and their escorts hurried to the spot, and at the sight of them Remsen made a flying leap and careered madly across the open space. Then some excavation beckoned him, and again an angry guardian was placated only by extensive tipping. As Remsen said, he "liked roo'ns—he liked to climb 'em." He had the pure joy in these forbidden things that in a normal atmosphere he would have had in stealing a watermelon. Boy—unrestrained American boy—came forth rioting in doing what it was told not to do.

I stood and chatted with the girls a moment while the men argued with the angry guardian.

"He's awful!" Louise wailed.

"We ought never to have brought him!" came from Georgiana. "We know how he acts with ruins!"

Then the devil which enters into small boys again occupied the body of Remsen Gifford and he commenced to scale the broken masonry of the lower end of the Forum. His sisters called to him and the young men applied themselves to the guardians; there was talk of fines and imprisonment and gesticulations were impressive. Remsen above, triumphantly mocked at them.

Then a voice, a good Western American voice, rang out clear above the little uproar:

"Kid," it said, "you come down out of there!" It proceeded from the throat of a straight young man; American was written all over him, uncompromising American. Man there spoke to man. Remsen, scouting authority, flaunting his sisters, flaunting young dago gentlemen who had never known what it was to be a kid or to run with the gang, descended when he heard that voice.

"What ails you, kid?" the voice went on. "Don't you know any better'n that? You'll get run in—that's what'll happen to you!" Then the young man turned: "Well! Well!!

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Well !!!" he cried. "Why, Looey and Georgie! Well, this is good luck!"

"Why, Ned!" chorused the two girls.

At this moment of stress the crust of culture broke; Georgiana and Louise were just "the girls" welcoming an old friend in a strange land. Introductions were exchanged. The gentleman addressed as Ned towered high above the spruce young Italians. If his bow had less finish than theirs, he still gave the effect of a large Newfoundland dog greeting dapper little black-and-tan terriers.

"Say, girls," he said—breezy was the word for him; he was a man who carried with him the effect of having always lived in the large open spaces of the world—"you had better turn the kid over to me——"

Here Remsen thumped out:

"I can't! I'm chaperonin' 'em!"

"You're *what?*" demanded the young American; the twinkle in his eye was better than loud laughter. He had all the superficial impassiveness of the Westerner.

"Chaperonin' 'em," repeated Remsen. "They can't go out alone 'thout me 'r ma!"

"I see," returned the American, the twinkle almost bursting into a chuckle. "Well, you're doing it fine, Remsen! You're a peach of a chaperone! . . . . How's your mother?" he went on turning to the girls. "I tell you, you two girls are the finest sight I've seen yet in Rome! Can I come home tonight?" And having noted the address, he walked away with the warning, "You keep on the job, kid!"

He left behind an embarrassed and crest-fallen party. I heard Leopardi suggest tea and the five walked off together, the Italians trying to veil their embarrassment by light chatter.

But I hadn't seen the last of them for the afternoon, for when we had done our duty by the Forum, we also fared forth for tea, and chance set us down at a table near our friends. Remsen, wholly subdued, sat in profound silence. Peace had been restored and the girls were chatting naturally with the men. I sat directly opposite Leopardi and soon I noticed that his eye traveled frequently toward Remsen. Remsen sat as I said, in silence, but he was not unoccupied. In the middle of the table, cut into small slices, one small slice a portion for each person, was a chocolate cake, but Remsen was eating chocolate cake as one eats it at home when made by mother. Unconscious of what he did, he shoveled down one piece after another until one quarter, one half of the cake was gone. The Italians exchanged glances; then it dawned upon Louise and Georgiana what their brother was doing. Absent-mindedly Remsen reached out for another slice—it may have been his eighth or ninth.

A lovely flush suffused the cheek of Louise. There was nothing they could do about it; they hadn't finished their tea yet, so they couldn't go, nor could they stop Remsen, who sat at the opposite side of the table. Enveloped in gloom, Remsen continued to assuage his melancholy by eating everything in sight—to eat in a manner unknown to abstemious Italy, to eat out of all proportion to any appetite possessed by frugal Italians, and to eat in actual *soldis* and *lires* an amount of cake that would have sufficed a full-grown Italian soiree. It was an impressive if indecent sight.

At last Georgiana choked down her hot tea and made a move for home, murmuring things concerning her mother's health. Even yet I tremble to think what that afternoon's outing must have cost those young Italians. It is difficult to make Americans understand the magnitude of Remsen's offense. Italy is a poor country and scions of the middle-class nobility are very apt to have little extra pocket money. Fancy starting out to blow a brat brother of your young lady to soda and to have him drink instead a magnum of champagne, and you will understand better.

Not that the girls could have realized this for a moment; they only knew that something uncomfortable had happened, that their brother had been an incomparable glutton in public, and as for the poor young Italians, Remsen's afternoon entertainment must have been to them a hideous exhibition of prehistoric manners.

Then occurred one of those things difficult to describe in words. Two human beings meet and presently they begin to emerge from that fog which we call the crowd; they come closer and closer together and then one or the other recedes like the receding tide. Leopardi was an honorable young man; I think there is no doubt that he had made up his mind that, were it possible, he would marry Louise—I think there is no doubt that she had touched his heart. I put that last because, in such an alliance in Italy, sentiment is perhaps of less importance than other factors. In the eyes of such men as Leopardi, marriage is an institution not for the mutual indulgence of sentiment, but, first of all, for the continuance of the family. Then how continue one's family, as the Leopardis' should be continued, with prehistoric relatives? Suppose their tendencies should crop out unexpectedly in the bride! I don't pretend to know what Leopardi's mental processes were; I only know that from that day there began a gradual withdrawal and one that was full of humiliation to Louise.

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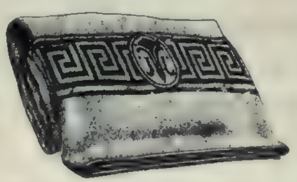

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We had little talks together where she tried to sound me. She, poor innocent, thought she might have been forward and that she should not have gone out with only the protection of Remsen. I don't know what she thought exactly; I could only guess from her shy generalizations that she had without doubt the haunting sense of having done something wrong; not for a moment did it occur to her that she might be blamed for the sins of her family.

Meantime, Mr. Blake was more and more in evidence.

"I thought," Mrs. Gifford told me, "that when Ned came my troubles would be over, but I have got to be around with them as much as ever. The girls say—and right, too—that if I don't chaperone them just as much, the Italians will think one of two things—that I don't trust their young men, or else that it will put Ned in a false position. They'll think," she blushed and hesitated, "that one of the girls is"—she hesitated again—"engaged to him, and oh, Mrs. Goodwin, if you knew how I hate motor cars!"

For it was by this method that Mr. Blake chose to amuse his American friends and to cheer up Louise, for Louise didn't look well. For some natures the unexplained is the hardest of anything to bear, and that was what Leopardi's attitude meant for Louise. To have bestowed one's little gifts of affection and romance undesired was to her an intolerable shame. She suffered under it as one of coarser fibre might at having shown her affection to a man who did not care for her.

It seemed a hard knot to cut, and yet the denouement was easy—American in its essence, in its simplicity and ingenuity. I was in the salon when Leopardi and his sister called to make some appointment with the girls, for Leopardi was retreating in good order—no pointed withdrawal, no hurting of feelings; he was fading away like the evening light.

Louise and Georgiana and Mrs. Gifford entered. Upon the faces of both girls sparkled an expression reminiscent of their mothers on the day when like a naughty child she poked her disreputable slipper from beneath the hem of her gown. Upon the third finger of Louise's left hand sparkled a ring as conspicuous as any search light. About the three was a little atmosphere of laughing and fluttering excitement.

No, the young ladies couldn't go; they had a previous engagement—they were going out in Mr. Blake's motor. Then after this gentleman had joined the party and a reasonable time had elapsed, Leopardi and his sister took their departure, followed immediately by the girls and Mr. Blake. Mrs Gifford joined me.

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She heaved a long sigh of satisfaction and leaned over toward me confidentially:

"Did you see that ring ?" she asked in a stage whisper. It was as easy to avoid seeing as a light brought into a dark room.

"Looey," she proceeded in the same tone, "is pretending to be engaged to Ned. I don't know how he talked her into it; I think she's doing it on account of me—he saw how scared I am of motors and he said they might make a joke of it and then the girls could go around with him like at home." She sighed from the bottom of a contented heart. "Now I can sit down and write my letters and get my mending done up, and rest my feet," said the good woman. "I can be just as contented as if it was really so——"

And here, from the other side of a large upholstered chair where he had been sitting unobserved, came the voice of Remsen:

"Really so !" snorted that astute youth. "You don't think Ned's ever goin' to let that ring come off—do you ?"

"Why, Remsen," reproved his mother, "why, Remsen, they're just making a joke of it. How you talk !"

"Joke nothin'!" persisted Remsen. "That's his way of gettin' 'round it. If it's a joke, why don't he ask me to go too ? Can't you see nothin', ma—Ned's sweet on Looey !"

Seeing Ottawa

Continued from page 79.

down past senators, judges, aide-de-camps, commons and provincial legislators, to the *hoi polloi*.

Though the Drawing Room is in one sense the most important social function of the year, anyone is privileged to attend. An evening gown, three feathers, a veil, and the courage of her convictions will carry Bertha from the Button Counter clear to the foot of the Throne, so close to Madeleine of the millions that she has to think tango with each foot to keep from encountering her predecessor's Paquin train. In practice, of course, the Berthas who attend are few in number, taxis and presentation bouquets and gowns and dinners afterward being as expensive in Ottawa as they are elsewhere.

The chairs have been removed from the floor of the Senate, glowing crimson from wall to wall, and down the centre extend two wonderful glittering files of uniforms, the Governor-General's Guards. Between these lines must walk each aspirant for the vice-regal nod who hasn't the private entree through the left-hand door, around which the aides stand picturesquely after His Royal Highness and the Princess have taken their places.

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Slowly the line moves, the line of lovely shoulders, bent befeathered heads, floating veils, delicious little trains, the line of scented, hot-house gorgeousness the florist has imported from as far away as Montreal.

Here's Claribel, a slim birch in her white gown, lifting startled eyes above her crimson roses. Before her, walks mother, purple-velvetly. Mother loves it, and is afraid of nothing. Behind comes dad in a uniform. Dad is an average man, and therefore doesn't say how he feels, for fear of excommunication. Claribel is afraid of tripping when she curtseys, she's afraid of dropping her roses, she's afraid of going out too quickly. But she's not afraid she doesn't look well. Even if there weren't the glass at the Chateau Laurier, there are Jack's eyes, half way up the line of Guards.

Blush roses and buttercups, blue iris and hyacinths and little shy pansies, the garden of femininity drifts by, spaced out with the negligible black of male humanity. Each is announced. The men bow. The women curtsey and depart, only to reappear in some other part of the house to watch the pageant. The benches behind the Guards fill up with color and a foam of feathers until the Senate looks like a wonderful piece of Oriental embroidery, with a scarlet line on either edge.

Do you wonder that Claribel, grey-knitting in hand, thus recalls the thrilled magnificence of her first presentation, two years ago? Do you wonder that the scenic gorgeousness of it somehow illuminates for her the theological prayer and the patriotic affirmation of that "God Save The King" which she has sung since she could think song at all? Do you wonder that the gallant figure of her sovereign's representative somehow makes her readier to open trench letters, and read casualty lists, and wait lonesomely for Jack, without crying?

Old France

Continued from page 85.

been recently signed. The church was not completed and opened until 1657. Since then it has been added to, altered and partly burnt. In the sanctuary of this cathedral lie the remains of nearly all the bishops of Quebec; of the cures and canons of the French regime; of the last two representatives of the Jesuits and Recollets and some seven hundred laymen and women of noble first families.

The gifted Henry Ward Beecher felt strongly the grip of the unique city: "Curious old Quebec!—of all the cities on the continent of America the quaintest. It is a populated cliff. Away we went, climbing the steep streets with little horses hardly bigger than flies with an aptitude for climbing perpendicular walls. It was strange to enter a walled city through low and gloomy gates on this continent of America. Here was a small bit of mediaeval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping in this northeast corner of America. We rode about as if we were in a picture-book turning over a new leaf at each street! . . . The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame that it should ever be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions. . . Our stay in Quebec was far too short, but it was long enough to make it certain that we shall come back again. A summer in Canada would form one of the most delightful holidays that we can imagine. We mean to prove our sincerity by our conduct, and then if it is not all that our imagination promises, we will write again and confess."

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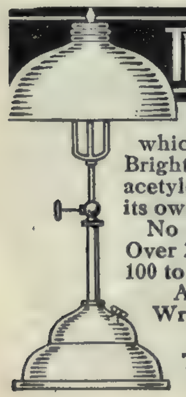
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The Way of a Man

Continued from page 89.

plunge and leaped forward in great bounds, which flung the cart furiously from side to side.

The shock drove everything out of her mind but her trained instinct for horsemanship, and as she looked quickly at her companion, it was with an impersonal resentment for incompetence that she saw in his face that he was not master of the situation. He was very pale, his jaw set determinedly, but it was evident that he felt how hopelessly ineffectual was his steady, unskillful pull on the reins. He was using only his brute strength against the horse, and the big animal had more brute strength than he.

A turn in the road was almost upon them, and as they reached it, Elizabeth felt something inside her give way with a snap. A dizzy frenzy whirled upon her, and when she realized again what she was doing, the reins were in her hands, she was using the quick side long jerks with which she had conquered Black Lightning so many times, and the big bay was under control. Even before she noted these material facts she was aware of a strange wave of emotion which surged up, hammering, into her brain. It was joy, clear, primitive, unregretting joy, to be herself again, to be using freely her own resourcefulness and strength. With every adroit swing she gave the horse's head, with every skillful turn to avoid an obstacle in their headlong career, she could have shouted in exultation.

"Give me those reins!"

She did not recognize the voice at all, so fiercely resentful was it, nor the angry eyes into which she looked. For an instant she had forgotten that she was not alone with the horse. The bay was still bounding and quivering, but unmistakably vanquished, and Elizabeth handed the reins over to Paul without a word.

Indeed she could not think of a word to say. If the affair had been complicated before, where were they *now*, she asked herself. Paul breathed heavily for a time, evidently not trusting himself to speak. Then he began severely: "If you—of course you don't realize what a very, very foolish thing that was to do, but if you knew a very little more about horses, you'd——"

Elizabeth fairly bounded in her seat! "If I knew a little more about horses! When I know a thousand times more than——"

A sudden realization that the incident meant more than a dispute over driving came upon her startlingly. It flashed through her mind that it meant everything—meant that she physically couldn't "keep it up"; and that vision almost drove out of her memory the affair of the runaway. All that she had been suppressing the last fortnight boiled over in incoherent words.

"Oh, I know it was awful manners, but I'm *not* sorry—I can't be! It has saved me—it has saved you! It has

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opened my eyes! *I can't keep it up*—nothing in the world is worth having to pretend all your life! I'm *not* helpless and dependent—I *hate* it! I'd rather do anything than pretend to be—even to please you. If you can't like me the way I am—if men are such——"

She was so excited that she did not know what she was saying. The man cut her short with, "In Heaven's name, what are you talking about?" The anger in his face was erased by a blankness that amounted to stupefaction. Before this entirely impersonal and stern visage Elizabeth was suddenly aware of the immense distance which separated them from the sentimental crisis of a few moments before. Her overstrained nerves gave way as never before in her life. She began to cry very violently, like a frightened child.

But even through her sobs she began bravely to explain. The big bay, tired and broken, had settled down to a sleepy walk before she had faltered through her miserable and endless story. She did not spare herself, she did not try to appeal to his pity, and she ended: "Oh, I've been horrible all through! I've deceived you with every word I've said till now. There isn't a thing I've pretended I couldn't do, and you've helped me with, that I can't do well—and like to, and *like* to!" Her last words were spoken defiantly, and she faced him with a flash of spirit in her unhappy eyes.

It was the first time she had looked at him since she began to talk, and her heart sank to see how white and severe he looked. "Good Heavens " he exclaimed as she paused, and after a moment, "Good *Heavens*!" It seemed to her that he was moved to an emotion she did not understand, as though her confession had had some singular effect on him quite different from what she imagined.

"Well, now, at least you know the worst of me!" she said desperately, to break the silence.

He roused himself from his stupor of amazement. "Yes, I know the worst of you," he said uncompromisingly; "but you don't begin to know the worst of me, nor what might have been the horrible worst of the whole thing. Lord Almighty!" he fell again into ejaculations, "Lord Almighty! What an escape we've had! It makes me sick to think of it! Look here—it's the last thing a man would usually tell a woman, and it's awfully discreditable to me—but you've been honest—we're striking bed rock—you ought to know. Just before the horse ran away—you remember, I had said——"

He hesitated, flushed and ashamed.

"Yes, I remember," the girl prompted him softly.

"Well, the only possible excuse I have is that I've been fighting with all my might to keep from falling in love with you—with the girl I thought you were." He drew a long breath and summoned all his resolution to go on. "Oh, you can't understand what a terror I've always had of losing my head over a brainless, pretty, childish, helpless girl, and having her hang like a millstone on me all my life. I've seen so much of that sort of inferno in the life of my friends. Well, I thought this time I had done it. I couldn't stop myself before I had said—*something*—but I—after I'd said that much, I felt it would mean life-long misery if I went on."

Elizabeth heard a loud roaring in her ears, and looked so blank that Paul hurried on to have the wretched thing over. "I was going to back out!" He brought it out finally with the honest bluntness of despair. "I was going to sneak out by the low, mean pretext that I hadn't really proposed. Can you ever respect a man who had meant to do such a thing?"

The girl spoke first. "You say you don't *like* that kind of a girl?"

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

> "The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

> "Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorous match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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Mothers

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"Good Lord, no! No sane man does. What under the sun is there to *like* about having to prevent a woman from making a fool of herself every time she tries to do any——"

She flared up at him in an unreasonable anger. "Then, *why* in Heaven's name did you pretend you did?"

He answered quite simply: "Why, because that was the kind of girl you seeemed to be!"

Elizabeth cried out upon him: "But I was only trying to please *you*!"

For a moment neither of them took in the extreme significance of these confessions. Then, "Oh, my dear," cried the man, "don't you see what has happened? It means we've fallen in love with each other as never two people before, that we care for each other as we really are, not as we've seemed."

"How do we *know* what we really are, if we've done nothing but lie to each other?" asked the girl with an impatient self-scorn.

"As if it made any difference what people *do*! It's what they are—underneath."

"But you haven't any idea what I am, underneath." She appealed desperately to be contradicted.

"*Haven't* I!" he reassured her tenderly; and then: "Well, I mean to find out! I'll telegraph the office that I'm not going back to-morrow. I'm going to start my vacation—and everything else—all over again at the very beginning."

Thiefproof Bulbs

THE thiefproof electric lamp-bulb is here, called into existence because of the growing habit of replacing dead bulbs with those unscrewed from sockets in a neighboring office or room. No locks are used, the principle simply being that once screwed in a socket they cannot be taken out without smashing them. Once a bulb burns out it may as well be smashed; so there is no loss by this method, but only the inconvenience occasionally that the owner is unable to put in temporary bulbs of higher candle power.

The thief is completely foiled. A ratchet arrangement permits the screwing of the bulb into the socket, but prevents it from being unscrewed so long as the bulb is sound. To remove the bulb, the globe is broken; and a catch is then accessible, by means of which the ratchet may be released.

The New Maid—In my last place I always took things fairly easy.

Cook—Well, it's different here. They keep everything locked up.

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NO. 3

CANADA
MONTHLY

LONDON
JULY

Uncle Sam's Billion Dollar Scandal

By Richard T. Griswold

Decorations by F. M. Grant

UNCLE SAM'S children are awakening to the fact that they have a billion dollar scandal in their governmental family.

Just a few hundreds of thousands or perhaps a million or so, and the scandal might have gone unnoticed to the end of time, but it seems the Kaiser's war has started a lot of people over in the States thinking about what the government is doing in national defenses. Some few of the wiser heads among Uncle Sam's children took it upon themselves to investigate what would be the true conditions if the Kaiser should take it into his mind to steam across the Atlantic and attempt to turn Manhattan island into a Belgian battlefield.

"How much has the United States been spending each year in its navy and war departments?" enquired one of these "wise-heads" at the office of the United States war department a short time ago.

"Considerably more than Germany."

"What's that?—More than Germany with her big standing army and modern equipment, new battleships, submarines, military schools and all—certainly there must be some mistake."

"No such luck. In one item alone the United States War Department paid out in 1914, $169,449,333, which made their military and naval disbursements on the government yearly balance sheet more than those of any European country. This item was paid in pensions to old soldiers."

"One hundred and sixty-nine and a half million dollars for pensions?"

"Yes and the prospects are this yearly total will be greatly increased."

The underlying principle of the pension system in the States is excellent. It aims to supply at least partial means of support for those injured in the service of their country or for those left dependent by soldiers and sailors who were killed in battle or from injuries received in conflict. No one could question the justice of such a governmental provision, no matter what its cost. It is the least the government of a great and wealthy nation could do as recompense to the deserving ones. The billion dollar scandal has nothing to do with the payment of pensions to this deserving class but with the political intrigue and graft that has made it possible for large numbers of persons to have their names attached to the United States pension rolls who have absolutely no claim upon the public's funds.

A few figures in review of the pension situation in the States will be of interest. Eleven years after the close of the civil war six per cent. of the survivors had applied for pensions. Three years after the close of the Spanish war, twenty per cent. of the enlistment had filed pension applications. Yet the records of the Spanish war show the United States fatalities were not large. Of the 250,000 enlisted, but 50,000 actually saw service. There were but 2,900 fatalities from gun wounds and diseases during the entire war with Spain.

Why all this difference between the Spanish war veterans and those of the civil war? The answer is found in a gradual development of a public state of mind that has come to look upon Uncle Sam's treasury box as a source for legitimate graft—out of which the person who could muster the largest array of congressional backing could secure the largest "divy."

The pension system in the States long since has degenerated into a huge vote-buying fund, distributed under the guise of charity from the treasury's strong box.

"We have a perfectly enormous civil war pension list which is of no credit to us," said Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury under President Taft. "It has lost its patriotic aspect and has become a political list."

"When Secretary MacVeagh spoke of the pension list as no longer a roll of honor, but a political list, he used language of moderation," wrote the late Charles Francis Adams, who himself served for four years in the civil war and rose to the rank of brigadier

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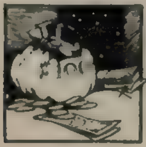
general. "He might truthfully have referred to it as an enormous instance of political jobbery, deeply affecting not only the treasury but the moral health and lasting well being of the whole body politic."



The importance of the "veteran" politically will be noted from the fact that there was an average of 2,500 old soldiers in each congressional district in the North at the time of the last federal census.

As is usually found in cases of legitimized public graft, both political parties have been equally guilty during the periods they have been in office. The Republican party must be charged with most of the inflated pension expenditures, but this apparently is because that party has been in office during all but two of the presidential terms since the civil war. When the Democratic congress went into office in 1911, the bill chosen for the place of honor was one to provide $1 per day "for every surviving soldier of the civil war."

The importance of the "veteran" from a political angle will be noted in the fact that there was an average of 2,500 old soldiers in each congressional district in the "North" at the time of the last federal census. The "pension belt" embracing Ohio, Illinois and Indiana shows a marked influence of the "pension divy." In Indiana, for instance, there are between 4,000 and 5,000 veteran votes in each congressional district. The records at Washington show that into each one of these mid-western congressional districts more than $500,000 in pensions is distributed each year. The vote of the pensioners as a rule is cast almost solidly for the man who has been most active in advancing pension legislation in congress. In the close districts the pension vote actually controls the election.

In speaking of the pension scandal in the States on the floor of the House of Representatives, Congressman Gallaway, of Texas, told this anecdote:

"This is what an old congressman said to one of the younger members when they were discussing a pending pension measure:

" 'You are going to vote for this bill, and so am I for the same reason. I cannot be elected without the soldier vote and I do not know how to get it without buying it and as I am a poor man and not able to buy it with my own money, I see here an opportunity to take the money out of the federal treasury and buy this vote. I am going to vote for this bill and so are you.' "

Occasionally there have been congressmen who have dared to oppose grafting from the national treasury in this manner even at the risk of losing their seat in congress. One of these was Congressman Hughes, of New Jersey. In speaking against the Sherwood bill which granted old age pensions to the survivors of the civil war, Congressman Hughes said:

"I want to say this here and now, though I realize the effect of my vote, that $50,000,000 is too high a price for the country to pay to bring me back to congress."

Hughes was not disappointed. The pension interests in his districts saw to it he did not receive any of the veteran vote or the vote of a host of relatives and friends of the veterans. Those who fathered the Sherwood bill, on the other hand, were backed up at the polls during the following election. One estimated he had received fully 10,000 extra votes because of his work for the pension bill.

The effects of this boosting process are shown clearly in the figures from the pension office at Washington. In 1909, 620,000 veterans were drawing pensions. In 1914 there were but 462,000 on the rolls. As the veterans grow older the rate of $35,000 yearly less on the pension lists will increase. One would think the pension rolls of the United States would work out to a nominal figure and eventually be erased. Had it not been for the Spanish war and the rush for the pension spoils immediately following, this might have been the case. There is little hope of it now.

The Spanish war veterans were placed on the pension rolls under decidedly advantageous conditions. They may be said to have started where the civil war veterans left off. When the first pension law was passed a veteran of the Union army who had lost an arm or a leg or had received a similar serious disabling injury was given $8 per month. The veteran of the Spanish war returning with similar injuries was placed upon the rolls at $45 per month. The latter was given the advantage of all of the "liberalizing" changes made in favor of the rapidly ageing civil war soldiers. For example in 1890 the pension department rolls carried close to 100,000 names of veterans who received less than $6 per month. In 1895 the pension law was amended so that the minimum pension was set at $6. In this fact is found the explanation of why the pension total has been increasing while the number of pensioners has decreased.

In 1910 about 920,000 pensioners received $160,000,000. Four years later with almost 150,000 names stricken from the pension lists more than $14,000,000 was added to the total of pensions paid by the government. It has been estimated that this "liberalizing" has taken more than a billion of dollars from the United States treasury during the past score of years.

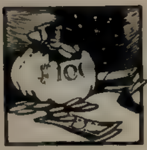
One of the principle causes of this great national scandal may be traced to a collection of lawyers who have made their living out of securing pensions for veterans. The general pension act provides the solicitor may receive a fee of $20 for each pension or enlargement. With the number of survivors of the civil war rapidly decreasing, these pension lawyers saw their business bound for the rocks within a few years. The Spanish war, however, gave them a new crop to work upon. It was not a full crop such as they had from the civil war but in a pinch the 50,000 men who saw actual service in the Phillipine and Cuban campaigns proved a saving straw to them.

These pension "experts" did not allow the ink to dry on the papers that brought an end to the Spanish war before they had their agents, cappers and solicitors out mingling with the soldiers, securing the names of those who actually were injured, and impressing upon the balance that Uncle Sam was ready to take care of them if they "could show cause."

The war department wisely had provided that every man submit to a physical examination before he was mustered out of service. This plan was originated to protect those worthy of pensions and as a bar to the imposter in the future. The order required the final health certificate must be signed by the soldier, his commanding officer and the surgeon of his battalion. A triple check of this sort, it was thought, would keep the records absolutely clean.

But nothing less than an iron cage apparently would have stopped most of the pension solicitors from scattering "poison" among the soldiers in regard to "pension possibilities." Soldiers coming from the mustering out stations where they had sworn to a perfect physical condition, were buttonholed by the cappers for pension attorneys, persuaded as to the "possibilities" and within a few hours had filed papers setting forth claim to enough diseases to stock a hospital. S. A. Cody, chief of the law division of the department of pensions, describes the conditions at San Francisco during the mustering out of the Phillipine army in the report of the department for 1902 (page 106) as follows:

"The distribution of circulars among the soldiers prior to their discharge, which is not prohibited, was soon found to be entirely inadequate to satisfy the ambitions of one class of attorneys who proceeded to hire men employed in various capacities at the Presidio to act as solicitors for them. Men and women were sent into the Presidio Hospital as visitors to the sick, under the guise of charity and various other pretexts, whose only purpose was to pour into the ears of such soldiers as they could, glowing accounts of the system of pensions provided by law, and the merits of some particular attorney who made a business of prosecuting claims.



Some of the people in the States have come to look upon transactions in connection with pensions as legitimate, when they would not for an instant tolerate such practices in private business dealings.

"Soldiers were procured to execute declarations for pensioning before their discharge, and such declarations were postdated and retained by the attorneys until after the muster-out, when they were forwarded to the Pension Bureau. It has been found necessary by the commandant and surgeon in command at the Presidio to take measures to prevent attorneys and those connected with them from entering the hospital and constantly to change the details of the ambulance men; by the authorities of San Francisco, to keep a patrol just outside the Presidio gates when occasion demands; by the railroad companies, to prohibit solicitors from importuning soldiers in depots and ferries and by this Bureau, to detail a special examiner to assist in every way possible in protecting the soldiers from the machinations of disreputable attorneys and their solicitors. Officers of the hospital have been approached even by saloon keepers in the interest of attorneys to secure information from the records.

"Soldiers and ex-soldiers having an acquaintance with men about to be discharged, or otherwise suited to the purpose of the attorneys, have been employed in large numbers to circulate among the men and advertise the qualifications and 'advantages' of different attorneys. These men seize upon their victims whenever and wherever found, and more recently, in view of certain steps taken by the Bureau to prevent the execution of papers by soldiers prior to their discharge, such soldiers have proceeded to fill out declarations for pensions and agreements about fees while still in the service, so that all that is necessary to be done after discharge is to sign and make oath to the papers.

"Some of the resident attorneys report that, in view of the methods employed by some of their competitors, they have come to the conclusion that very little business can be secured by reputable methods and so have retired from the contest."

That the majority of the "pension sharps" were not forced to retire from the business is made evident by the rapid jump in applications for pensions directly after the close of the Spanish war. The following notations taken from the records of the war department show the activities of the "experts."

"A soldier enrolled with the Phillipine forces filed a claim for a pension shortly after he was mustered out at San Francisco. Before being mustered out he signed a declaration of health on March 9, 1901, which reads as follows:

Q. Have you any reason to believe that at the present time you are suffering from the effects of any wound, injury, or disease, or that you have any disability or impairment of health, whether incurred in the military service or otherwise ?

A. No. . . I declare that the foregoing questions and my answers thereto have been read over to me, and that I fully understand the questions and that my replies to them are true in every respect and are correctly recorded.

The company's commander was examined and answered as follows:

Q. Do you know or do you have any reason to believe, aside from his own statement, that the person who made and signed the foregoing declaration is disabled or impaired in health at the present time by reason of any wound, injury, or disease, whether incurred in the military service of the United States or otherwise ?

A. No. I certify that the foregoing statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

The company's surgeon signed this declaration:

Q. Have you subjected the person named above to a thorough physical examination ?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you find that, at the present time, he has any disability, whether incurred in the military service or not ?

A. None. I certify that the foregoing statement is correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

On March 16, just seven days after, this veteran signed an application for a pension in which he made oath he was suffering from:

Disease of the stomach
Bowel troubles
Kidney and bladder troubles
Malarial poisoning and results
Lumbago
Pain in back
Irritable heart

Another application made after a similar "bill of health" had been signed brought to light some rather peculiar ailments. In addition to listing an injury to his right leg this soldier said he was suffering from "stomach and results, diseases of the teeth and malarial poisoning." The files at the war department and pension office are said to contain a large number of applications which contain such "questionable" features.

Henry M. Hyde gives the following example of how the United States treasury has been milked for a number of years:

"When Esther S. Damon died in

Continued on page 177.

Little Sir

HOW THE PLIGHT OF A TINY BIT OF FEMININITY APPEALED TO THE HONOR OF SEVEN YEARS OF STURDINESS—REACHED DOWN DEEP AND TOUCHED THE MINIATURE MAN OF HIM

By Victoria Munro

Illustrated by Helen Haselton

THERE, ON HER KNEES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GRASSY FLOOR WAS PATTY HOLDING THE CAMERA IN HER FEVERISH LITTLE HANDS

THERE were five boys in the Bradford household who were separated into pairs as sharply defined as five paper children cut whimsically from a fashion review.

There was an older and a younger team with John in the middle. He was the pivot about which all family disagreements turned and it was justly written that he should be hard-fisted, heavy-voiced and sturdy as a young oak on a sea-beaten coast whose small foot-hold of ground is constantly disputed.

It so happens in a large family that candidates for special privileges, parties, prizes and holidays must be treated in groups and John, called "Little Sir," simply would not "group."

The vacation question had just come up in the fall, agitated the household for a time and passed on. It had to do with the "grouping" of John; should he be sent with his big brothers to the boys' camp in Wisconsin or should he go to the seashore with his mother, the small team and black Susan. There was no question in John's mind,—he had dreamed of that wonderful boys' camp ever since Bud and Jerry—under compulsion—had "written home" their first choppy misspelled accounts of it.

But there were obstacles to be overcome. Although the prime object of the camp was to teach boys to swim nevertheless Mrs. Bradford had laid down the ultimatum that no boy of hers should go to camp until he had first learned to swim at home. Consequently the big team had been sent weekly to the gymnasium and taught to swim in a germless tank under a competent master. Their mother was fanatically interested in the water temperature and the germ precautions so that when the case was decided against John in the fall there could be no appeal in the spring.

John did not appear to be greatly disappointed but then he never talked much anyway—not even to Aunty Bun who was always anticipating his little troubles and hovering about conveniently in case he should ever take a notion to confide in her.

The subject died out and was forgotten until one cold morning in November when Aunty Bun strolled down the hill to the duck-pond in the woods, and saw old Bilkins, the gardener, sitting on the handles of his wheelbarrow, smoking and drowsing in the scant sunshine and looking very sheepish. The old pond, black and miry as usual, lay very quiet under its covering of dead leaves but the convoy of ducks was skimming along at an unusual rate f speed and looking very indignant. Right behind them she saw John's shining face, spattered with little round globules of mud and sheering the water with all his might to get to cover. Aunty Bun never said a word but as she turned quickly and walked back toward the house a bass chuckle rolled up from the pond. "It was only a frog," said Aunty Bun.

Nothing more was said about vacation plans till February when that peculiar new quality in the morning sunshine first proclaimed itself—warming the window-panes, describing sharp little patterns on the floor and touching up vague freckles on the boys' noses. John began to fill up once more with his ambition to go to camp. Aunty Bun, the mind-reader, went to him and offered to present his case to the family council. She felt herself a noble advocate as she described his persistent efforts to swim in the muddy pond, old Bilkins' interest in him and John's crowning success, but the wrath was gathering on all sides with every word; his mother was furious about the cold dirty water and his father because, "Bilkins the old fool couldn't swim a stroke to save his life and knew the pond was very deep in the middle." Aunty Bun had backed out of the council in partial disgrace herself, for unintentionally she had left the parents with the impression that she was another accomplice. The case, of course, was decided against John.

He took it stoically as usual. Disappointments only squared his jaw and toughened his fiber although his adorable baby nose remained as "pugged" and freckled as ever.

"Take your medicine graceful, old man," said Aunty Bun who had learned his language, although it nearly broke her tender heart to take this attitude with him.

He listened with upturned round face and great round eyes which, set just a trifle far apart, were capable of a tremendous saucer-eyed seriousness.

She wanted to laugh and cry at once as she looked down at him and her fingers tingled to snatch and hug and cuddle him in a perfect abandonment of hysterics. Aunty Bun was nearing a collapse for she had fought hard and lost, and she loved children more than anything else in the world and John more than all other children.

She swallowed hard and said, "Little Sir, you are to go with me and your two little girl cousins from New York to a big farm way off in the country. I believe you will like it too."

"Can I hunt eggs and slide down hay-ricks and feed pigs?"

"You just bet you can—and go fishing and make garden and drive horses and milk cows and—"

There was a soft rapping at the door followed by Susan's black smiling face in its frame of white ruching.

"Time to wash up for suppah, Little Sah," and she disappeared again like a living smile.

"Surely," thought Aunty Bun, "all things can grow brighter when I see so dark a thing beam like the sun itself."

The farmhouse was a large white rambling affair with green shutters. It was set far back from the road among apple trees through whose zigzag branches a well beaten dirt-path described its straight line to the front steps.

John and Aunty Bun arrived in an old stage-coach that labored slowly along the hot dusty road with some twenty passengers inside and a tower of household commodities on its upper deck. The stage coach idea had sounded romantic enough to them at first and now its destination looked even more so—a spired and shining little city, set in the very heart of the morning sun and far up that ribbon white of road at the top of the hill. But it was all a delusion and they were glad to stand by the roadside and watch the creaky old coach crawl up the hill behind its spent hacks, sagging ominously with its human freight and its tower of hotchpotch.

THE GIRLS TRAILED AFTER HIM AND HUNTED EGGS, DISCOVERED STOLEN NESTS AND SLID DOWN THE HAY-RICKS

The following morning the two little girls arrived with their father, via the old stage-coach. He turned the children over to Aunty Bun and went back by return stage.

Martha—called Patty—was seven years old and Mary four. John had had no experience with girls and he observed these little fairy creatures with covert astonishment. Patty, on the other hand, made her observations by direct attack.

She sailed up to him and putting her hands on both shoulders said,

"You're my cousin John, aren't you?"

John, very red, uttered a faint, "Sure, I s'pose so," and drew up very straight. Whereupon Patty, nothing daunted, stepped back a little and holding her skirt with exaggerated daintiness, dropped him a curtsey.

"I salute you, Mr. John," she said with mock solemnity.

"Mary," she ordered, "salute your cousin," and Mary did so with a real seriousness.

They all became great friends however in a short time, but Patty made all the overtures. She initiated John into the mysteries of dolls and demonstrated to him their endless care. They discovered a perfect bower formed by big trees overhead and lilac bushes underneath which they named "the dolls' house." Into this house Patty and Mary moved all the dolls every morning and took them out again at night.

John never played with the dolls but always showed a polite interest in their welfare. The truth is, he thought the little girl creatures playing with them were far more cunning than the dolls themselves.

Patty would order him to go and administer a dose of paregoric or take up a crying infant and hold it until she got the other ones out of the way. This he did like a very real, very obliging but very clumsy father.

The dolls, however, soon lost their importance in the farm-life scheme of existence, for by degrees John took the lead and investigated everything on the farm. The girls trailed after him and hunted eggs, discovered stolen nests slid down the hay-ricks and waded in the brook. Aunty Bun, to her astonishment, found that John had almost relieved her of her charges for he was not only a good playfellow, but also took upon himself a "little-fatherly" responsibility toward the children.

But an event happened which changed everything. The old coach set down another boarder at the farm-house,—a jolly, vivid type of man whose personality dominated the table and the evening gatherings. He was a dean in one of the large universities, bird-lover and nature student who spent every day in the woods and fields, botanizing and taking pictures with a very fine camera.

Every one at the farm called him the "bird man" and a close observer might have noticed at table a rapid rise in the bird interest market. Two enthusiastic young women who had previously disposed of their time by playing bridge on the lawn in exaggerated outing effects, now took diligently to early rambles, field glasses and bird-guides.

The fact is they all courted the bird man and each one secretly hoped to go with him on one of those mysterious field trips and maneuvered to that end. Even Patty, alive to her finger tips, was not long in catching the fever of general interest.

But Patty had a very real motive. She was nervous and precocious and just bristled all over with questions and curiosity. Moreover she possessed ten hot acquisitive little fingers that just itched to get hold of anything mysterious and pull it to pieces.

One day she had watched the bird man set up that wonderful camera of his on its tripod and take a picture of a cat-bird's nest and eggs and she had stood breathless at the click of the shutter and felt her fingers tingle to get at the insides of the thing and see what made it tick.

John was one who never courted the bird man's favor but sat every day directly opposite him at table, napkin in his neck, and ate his hearty dinner as round-eyed and solemn as an owl.

One day the bird man looked at him a long time with his quizical searching smile.

John has a good eye and he returned the look, gaze for gaze, munching steadily.

"John," said the bird man, "I want a scout to go with me to the woods, will you go ?"

John swallowed hard and said, "Sure."

"That's a bet," laughed the bird man.

He must have proved a good "scout" for the next morning at five o'clock he and the bird man sallied forth again, this time with their lunch and full impedimenta. If any of the newly created bird lovers had been up they might have seen Little Sir, with bulging chest, carrying the satchel that contained the precious camera plates.

At first the bird man took John only occasionally. After so many years of solitary wandering it took him some time to be sure he wanted even so trusty a scout as Little Sir to share his serious work. But John twined himself around his heart-strings in a thousand ways just as he had done with Aunty Bun until the time came when the bird man wanted him for his constant companion. The trips being strenuous however the bird man left him behind occasionally out of consideration for his seven years of growing manhood and very often too because of Patty's militant demands on his time.

Invaluable as a tree climber John also had a good eye and ear for the woods and delighted his companion by his ready ability to identify a distant meadow lark by its flat head, a Phoebe on a branch by its twitching tail or a chimney swift high in air by the incessant twinkling of its wings. He was always quiet and good natured, watched and listened and spoke a man's language.

John had a large curiosity as well as Patty about the camera, but he kept it carefully bottled up inside. The bird man now trusted him to carry it and one day he had him climb a high elm tree, pull the camera up by a string and take a picture of an oriole's nest—the mother bird palpitating near in open mouthed fright. But the bird man was very rigid in his rules about the camera and never permitted John to touch the plates inside.

The bird man had a visitor, an ornithologist of note who came to the farm and monopolized John's companion for two days. John of course could not go because they set out at dawn and never returned till after dusk. On the second day they heard the pumping noise of a bittern and followed it up, beating through thick reeds and sedges, often wading to their knees until at last they found it together with its nest and eggs. And then after a long silent wait in the marsh they got two pictures; one of the nest and eggs and one of the mother bird, her stem-like neck exactly parallel to the reeds about her, pointing skyward, her dainty head and bill mimicking the seed-heads of the adjacent reeds.

The bird man said the pictures were invaluable and worth many times the pains they took to get them.

That night he said to John, "Now for the meadow lark's nest in the morning, John. Are you sure you can find it again ?"

"Sure, I am. I dropped beans all the way back."

"Where did you get beans, Little Sir ?" the bird man's whole face twinkled with amused expectancy.

"They belong to my bean-shooter."

"But I thought you gave your bean-shooter to Patty."

"I did but girls don't have pockets."

"Oh, I see, so you carry the beans for her, eh ?"

"Sure and load the shooter too."

The bird man went to bed that night so tired and exhausted that he forgot to remove the precious plates from the camera. It was a thing unprecedented in his experience and on the following morning, feeling rather stiff he set out with John for the meadow lark's nest. He said they would leave the camera at home and just take it easy and stroll around a while and perhaps come back to lunch.

When they reached the vicinity of the nest the mother meadow lark was standing right out in the open twitching her tail with offense and announcing by her extreme palpitant alarm, the hatched reality of her young. They looked cautiously into the nest with its arched canopy overhead and arched floor beneath and saw five little heads, stretched and swaying back and forth, with mouths wide open, and exercising to the full the one instinct vouchsafed to their infancy.

The bird man's blood was up in a minute and he sent John spinning for the camera, but not until the boy was far away, did he remember about the plates. His first impulse was to start after him but, remembering John's integrity and his love of being trusted, he changed his mind and sat down on a log to wait and watch the meadow lark.

As John was racing up the hill to the house he met Patty and Mary coming with lunch baskets, dolls and many fixings.

Patty tried to stop him but he only slowed up a bit.

"We're going to have a picnic, John, and there's ginger-bread for you and some candy, too."

This didn't work a bit so she took another tack and stamped her foot.

"Aunty Bun said you must come, so there !"

"I can't, Patty, I—Oh !" with a start, "I promised the bird man—"

The rest was lost on the air as John flew like an arrow.

When he came back again with the camera and plates, Patty was in the dolls' house making petulant preparations for the party, clapping dolls into high-chairs and ordering Mary to tie their bibs on. The dolls had become so real to her that she actually proceeded to do for them when she was most vexed, and now, like a real mother, she bustled about her duties, scolding everyone in sight.

Continued on page 178.

Winning the D. C. M.

WHEREIN AN OFFICER IN AN ENGLISH HOSPITAL SWAPS TALES OF THE FRONT WITH A BRITISH LANCE CORPORAL AND A WINNIPEG PRIVATE, WHILE NURSE JOSEPHINE LOOKS ON SMILING AND THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY AIR GETS IN ITS WORK

By John Dare

Decorated by Harold Giles

Nobody understands Europe to-day who hasn't been in it. In England they're near enough to look over the crumbling edge into the seething heart of the crater of horror that has opened and swallowed civilization. Here in Canada we understand better day by day, as the Honor Roll grows blackly longer, and the mobilization camps are getting ready for the Fourth Contingent. But nobody really knows, except indeed those whose doorbells have shrilled out in the eerie night to preface the pounding messenger boy with the yellow envelope that says Bob fell at Langemarck.

Here is the diary of a Canadian in an English hospital, fresh from France. How did we get it? Was it a nurse, a comrade, a doctor who mailed it to us? We are not at liberty to say.

MODERN warfare is such an infernal business that any man who isn't killed ought to be cheerful. It all seems like a wild dream to me now, here in this still English place. When they let me sit up for the first time and I looked through the big window into the green of trees just leafing out, I couldn't believe that there ever had been any Neuve Chapelle. It was an Anthony Hope novel, with a little of the uncanny unreality, the horror-thrill of Dostoieffsky stirred into it.

Then I tried to lift my left arm. And I remembered. There is the oddest feeling that it *must* be there, despite everything.

You may imagine that we convalsecents do a good deal of yarning and comparing notes. Often we meet those who were invalided home from the same engagement as ourselves and by piecing our view-points together, we get some sort of understanding of the plan behind the vast whirl of forces in which we bore our little part—the crash of battalions that melted away, of guns that spoke and were silent, of brave men who led, and cheered, and fell.

Lance Corporal Ely of the First Connaught Rangers—next cot to me—has only one regret in life and that is that he left France before Neuve Chapelle and so never saw the Canadians in action. He was wounded in one of the numberless, nameless engagements that burst out, flare, and are stamped into the mud of history every day.

A fine big specimen of manhood he is, a bandsman as well as soldier, and it may be that he will never march to his own music again, for I saw the surgeon look a bit dubiously at his leg when he examined it this morning. Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I have seen that look before, and it usually meant that the poor chap wouldn't have so many boot lacings to tie of a morning. A crutch factory would be a paying proposition just now. I fancy a few will be needed in Germany as well.

Ely didn't tell this story all at once, for Nurse Josephine wouldn't permit him to talk for many minutes at a time, but I kept it all in my notebook, and here it is, just as I wrote it and as he told it:

"Early on Monday morning we had orders to charge a line of German trenches from which an annoying fire had been pouring since Saturday. For a wonder, they had quieted down and our observation men had reported that some were resting, but that many of them had retired by communication trenches to some other part of the field. We prepared for the charge, and then came orders to wait until dusk.

"Tiresome? Yes, a bit, but that is a soldier's work—to wait, to fight, to eat, to sleep, all at the word of command from somewhere back up the line.

"Well, the day wasn't so long after all, for it gets dark early in France in the month of March, that is, in the north around Lille, as you no doubt know.

"When the time came we charged right enough, and the fighting in the German trenches was desperate in the extreme, hand to hand it was, and a chap would get a bayonet thrust in the back, like as not, at the same instant he was bayoneting some German in front of him. I saw that happen myself. It's not unusual. The confusion was indescribable, and one had to look sharp to make sure he was not killing his own mate. Reinforcements kept coming in on both sides, and the slaughter was frightful.

"Grimes, one of the men in my detail, fought beside me for several hours, fought hard and bravely, although he was wounded several times. Finally, after we had been at it for a couple of hours, I heard a queer, unnatural sound right back of my shoulder, and turned to see what it could be. I saw the most horrible sight I have yet witnessed—Grimes had been shot in the face, his lower jaw was shot completely away, just hanging loosely by shreds, and the queer sounds I had heard came from his throat as he tried to tell me something, some message, I presume, for he fell dead the next instant. I've seen many bad sights, but somehow that sickened me of war and all its horrors. There is no glory in it for me any more.

"Shortly after Grimes dropped I was wounded myself, and fell near where he lay. I was quite conscious, but couldn't rise. It seemed to me that whole regiments stumbled over us. Many wounded and dead fell on us, but somehow I always managed to crawl out again.

"Once I thought it surely was all up with me when a big German fell across my leg. When I realized that it was my good leg, however, I pulled it clear, and just then I was astonished to hear cheering and cries of 'Hoch! Hoch!'

"I managed to shrink close up to the clay wall before they were upon me. Lights flashed in my face, but my eyes were closed and my head thrown back as though I were dead, and the Germans passed on. I was fortunate that they didn't bayonet me. Reckon they must have been too busy.

"After that I was dimly conscious of a struggle going on further along the trench. It must have been terrible, for it lasted hours. Finally I became unconscious from the loss of blood. I remember no more until the sun shining in my face awoke me.

"It was very cold. The weather had been clear for several days, so there was no ice or slush, but the mud was frozen hard, and owing to the passage of many feet it was beaten down level. The dead were all around me. I suddenly felt a keen longing for life—before this I hadn't thought of it at all. Then came the problem of getting out of that trench alive. It seemed quite impossible, weakened and crippled as I was.

"However, I just shut my teeth tight, and wriggled along somehow, sometimes over a dead body of a comrade, or of a German—it didn't matter much to me, for I was burning with a feverish desire to get back to my own trenches, and to see live men walking about. The hours spent in that charnel house were maddening.

"Once I heard footsteps approaching, and as I was crawling along very slowly, it was an easy matter to lie flat on my face. I didn't know whether it was a friend or foe, but as I lay there I thought of my chances. If it were a friend all would be well, if a foe—perhaps I would have to die of a bayonet thrust in the back. *In the back!* The thought of that so revolted me that I almost lost my only chance and just managed to overcome my intense desire to roll over and face whatever was coming to me.

"The footsteps paused beside me. I lay perfectly still, face down, breathing just as slightly as I could manage, just enough to keep from choking. I must have been pale enough, for one of the men remarked, 'Er ist tod.' The other landed me a kick in the side and grunted 'Schwein!' and spat fiercely on me, I think. But I was too far gone to care then. I'd like to get well and meet him again, though. Then they went on. I almost fainted from the kick, and lay there fighting for my very life.

"By and by I recovered sufficiently to crawl again and I made better progress than before. In my bewilderment, however, I got into a very narrow communicating trench, that couldn't have been much over eighteen inches wide, and there I stuck.

"I could go neither forward nor backward. It *was* a dilemma. By this time I was consumed with thirst. Nothing in this world did I want but a drink of water, and I wanted it damn bad.

"It must have been about two o'clock in the afternoon, when I thought I could distinguish English voices, and I began to shout, regardless of what Germans might be around. I don't know where I got the strength to shout with, but I kept on shouting as loudly as I could.

"'Can you hear me? I am Lance-Corporal J. Ely, of the Connaught Rangers. I am wounded in the German trench. I am dying for a drink. Can you hear me?'

"Over and over again I shouted this. It sounds funny to me now, but then it meant life itself.

"Finally I made out an answering cry. 'All right, mate. I'll get you out of that when it gets dusk, and I'll bring you a drink.'

"Talk about music! That voice was an angel symphony.

"I shouted back, 'Who are you?'

"'Private Mead, of the 4th Middlesex,' he replied.

"The firing in our immediate vicinity had practically ceased earlier in the day, so it was quite possible for the voices to be heard, for it was only a matter of eighty to a hundred yards from the English trenches to where I lay.

"At dusk he came with a rush, but he had a little trouble in locating me at first. When he found me wedged in the narrow trench he called for two men to help him lift me out. While waiting for them he jumped into the trench and gave me the long-coveted drink. How good it was!

"He lifted me to my feet, but I was so weak that I couldn't stand, and of course my bad leg refused to do its work, so I was a dead weight on him.

"'Cheer up, matey,' he said. 'We'll soon get you out of this. We've had a glorious fight—taken three hundred yards of trenches, and several hundred prisoners, besides killing and wounding over a thousand Germans. We lost a good many ourselves, though—nearly two hundred dead, and twice as many wounded. You're jolly lucky to get out alive, if you were in that big trench where your regiment first charged.'

"The men came then, and reached down and got a grip under my shoulders, while he boosted me up, and in a minute I was on top again. It did seem good to me.

"Then they picked me up—the three of them—with Mead at my feet, another at my middle, and a chap he callled Hawkins at my head, and they ran for home.

"It wasn't very comfortable, for sometimes I could feel the shattered pieces of bone grating and grinding into the flesh, but I hung on tight, and felt that soon all would be over, and we'd be safe in our own lines.

"It *was* over—too soon, for just as we were about ten yards from the trenches—ten yards, mind you, only thirty feet—the moon came out, and immediately the Germans fired at us a perfect storm of bullets. It was so sudden that my rescuers didn't have time to avail themselves of the usual expedient, that of falling flat immediately. Besides, they were seriously hampered by having me to carry, and I know their only thought was to get me in safely.

"The men stumbled on, but each step seemed to take an eternity, with the bullets whizzing all around us.

"Mead cried out, 'All right, old chap—don't worry—we're almost there—only a few steps more—cheer up—'

"Then I heard the curious 'Phlup'—the noise made by a bullet as it gets in its work, and both he and Hawkins fell dead, but the third man escaped.

"I lay on the ground beside those brave boys, but I would have given my life twice over if they could have been brought back again. I never was nearer crying since I grew up, just to think of the terrible sacrifice. It was mighty solemn.

"The moon went under a big cloud, and an officer dashed out from the trench and dragged me under cover. Then without waiting he rushed out again, and again, and brought in the two dead bodies.

"He was terribly excited, and he laid Mead's body beside me, then looking down at us, the two dead men and me, he said, 'There, I hope that you'll always remember that two good soldiers died in order to save your life,' and walked away.

"He needn't have said it, for I felt it deeply enough, God knows, and never shall I forget the brave, gallant boys who risked and lost their lives in order to save mine, a perfect stranger. Two for one! It doesn't seem fair, and I shall never cease to regret that I called for help. When I get out of this

I shall have to fight for three men instead of one. There's a big job ahead of me, I'm thinking. I have since heard that Mead was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. To my way of thinking, it should have been the Victoria Cross."

As for my own story, I'm writing it down too, for if the green English lawns and the pretty Canadian nurse get in any more of their calming work, it will lose its last outlines of reality and seem to be somebody else's yarn, with a vengeance. My battalion had been in their rest billets for some days when an army order came round saying that we were to attack the enemy's lines at dawn, and that a great effort was going to be made to break through which it was hoped would lead to decisive results.

We were moved down to a little village close to our front. Here we were placed in the trenches and were told that a division would attack Neuve Chapelle, and that our division was to co-operate and advance on Aubers as soon as Neuve Chapelle was captured. We were in our trenches at dawn, when suddenly, at 7 a.m., a most infernal din commenced—one such as I have never heard before and hope never to hear again.

More than 400 of our guns suddenly opened up without any preliminary notice in a most awful bombardment of Neuve Chapelle. There were all sorts of big guns, not to mention field guns and horse artillery—anything in fact that could be discharged.

You never saw such a sight; you never heard such a noise. I heard one of my men say 'Bill, this is the end of the world,' and I did not blame him for thinking so.

We could see in the distance great masses of flame, earth and brick, in great clouds of smoke, all ascending together as enormous shells screamed over our heads and burst among the German entrenchments and the houses of the village. At the end of a half hour's bombardment the fire ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Then we saw a division advancing towards Neuve Chapelle. There were rapid bursts of fire from machine guns and much indiscriminate rifle fire. A lot of our men fell, but in a short time the division disappeared amid the smoke and ruins of the village.

A little later we also got an order to move forward. It was a stirring moment. I don't know how we all really felt at heart, but we all pretended to enjoy it. The men are splendid. They will go anywhere, so long as they have an officer to lead them.

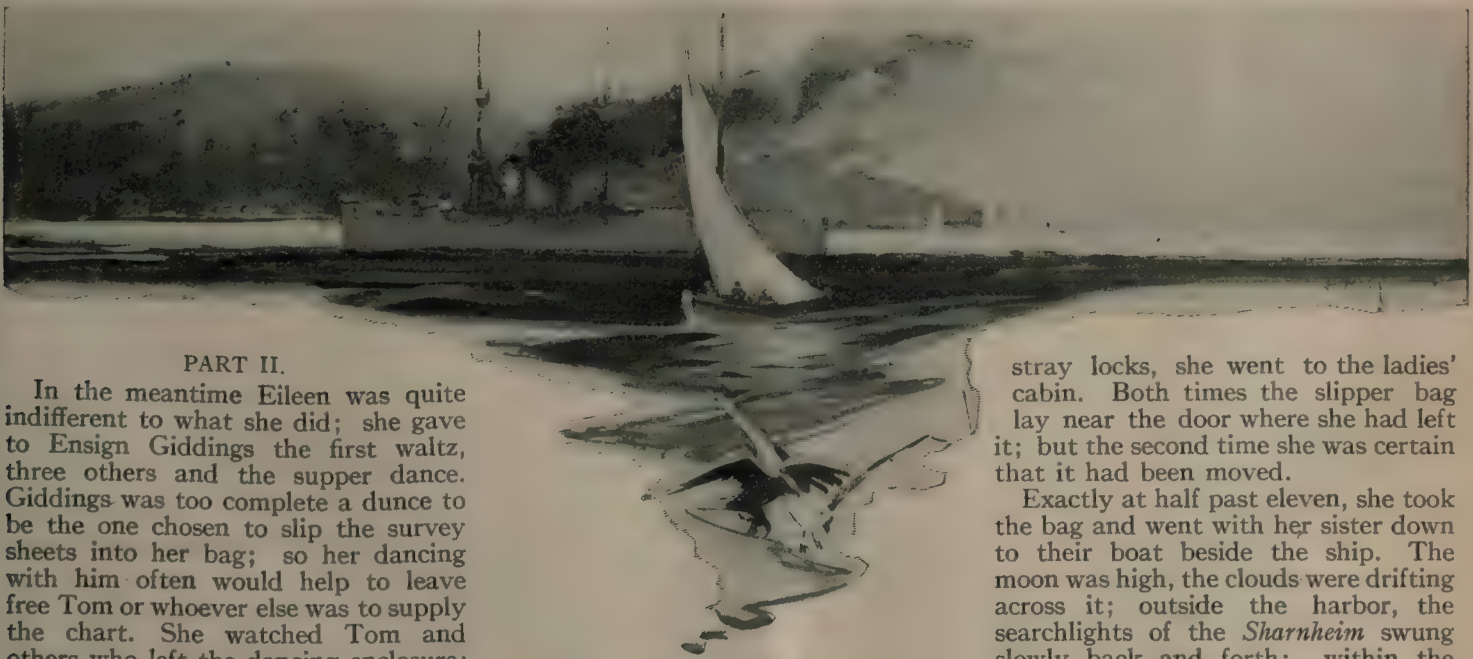
Well, we jumped out into the open. I had to get along as best I could as I was in charge of the machine guns. To me the air seemed alive with bullets and shells. There was a buzzing noise such as you hear in a tropical forest on a hot summer day. This fire was not directed particularly at us; we were simply catching what was aimed at those in front.

On we moved, until we came to an open stretch which was being swept by an infernal shell fire. We crossed this in rushes to gain the shelter of a few houses. We lost some 40 or 50 men.

There we remained for some little time, reforming the battalion and awaiting further orders. When these came we moved forward over rough open ground, coming upon lots of our poor fellows lying dead. They were from the other battalion, which had preceded us.

Continued on page 183.

Neutrality



By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless," "Wild Goose Chase," etc.

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

PART II.

In the meantime Eileen was quite indifferent to what she did; she gave to Ensign Giddings the first waltz, three others and the supper dance. Giddings was too complete a dunce to be the one chosen to slip the survey sheets into her bag; so her dancing with him often would help to leave free Tom or whoever else was to supply the chart. She watched Tom and others who left the dancing enclosure; when they returned, she looked to see if anyone would reassure her with a glance. Many men looked first to her when they appeared but no word or nod was offered.

She kept her pledge of silence; but twice on the excuse of rearranging stray locks, she went to the ladies' cabin. Both times the slipper bag lay near the door where she had left it; but the second time she was certain that it had been moved.

Exactly at half past eleven, she took the bag and went with her sister down to their boat beside the ship. The moon was high, the clouds were drifting across it; outside the harbor, the searchlights of the *Sharnheim* swung slowly back and forth; within the quays all was dark, blurred, indistinct; the native luggers were vague hulks as the rowboat neared them. A voice hailed from one and Eileen trembled as she heard it and directed her boat closer to the fishing craft. Heath's voice called again and his arm reached from the lugger's side. Eileen felt his fingers on her wrist as she stood and extended the grass bag to him; then his fingers passed over hers and he took the bag from her.

"Heath, you have it?"

"I have it; thanks; that's all." And the rowboat drifted past. The men pulled on the oars again and made for the shore; but as Eileen gazed back toward the native boats, she saw a sudden disturbance; she heard a thump, a muffled cry. There was battle between two of the boats! The moon came from behind a cloud and before it vanished again, it showed men springing up from the bottom of a fishing boat which had moved in beside Heath's; they were leaping aboard Heath's craft and with clubs and knives or with bare fists were overpowering Heath and his men.

"Quick!" Eileen cried to her crew. "Go back there, quick!" She jumped up and stood in the boat so that her sister pulled her down to save her from falling into the water as the men turned the boat. But before they were even headed back to the luggers, the men who had swarmed over Heath's boat were leaping back to their own; they had won what they wanted and as the last one jumped, a gasoline motor clattered and the boat which had attacked started away swiftly and steered straight out toward the mouth of the harbor.

"Heath!" Eileen cried as she came up to his boat, "Where are you? What was that? Are you hurt?"

"Von Goltz," Heath's voice replied weakly from the bottom of the boat. "He got it from me."

"You're hurt!"

"Von Goltz got it," Heath's voice moaned again. Then as Eileen tried to reach him, the voice of the English sailor replied, "He's not bad hurt, Miss, we'll take him back to the ship."

"I'm all right," Heath confirmed. "They'll take care of me, Eileen. You can't help me any more here."

His crew got the boat started and steered it across the harbor toward the *Argyle*. Eileen did not attempt to follow; it was true that she could not help Heath there. Only one thing could aid him; she ordered her boat back to the *Macon*.

The dance was over and the small craft which had brought the guests to the cruiser had taken them away again. The strings of lights above the decks were down and all the officers and men, except those on watch, had disappeared. Someone challenged the boat in a sharp voice; and when Eileen demanded in her own name and then in the name of her sister to go on board again, she was denied curtly. Tom was below; if there was an emergency, she might send him a message. Finally, as she would not go away, the officer of the deck sent for Tom and he went down the gangway to speak to them. But under those conditions, she could make him do nothing. So far from being able to supply her with another set of surveys to replace those which the Germans had captured, he had to deny knowledge of anything that had been done. The attempt was hopeless.

A wave came over the still water of the harbor and rocked the small boat; the *Argyle* was moving. The clouds closed dense again over the moon, so the English were attempting their escape through the old channel in the darkness. But as the *Argyle* came to the harbor mouth, the searchlights of the *Sharnheim* found it.

The men in Eileen's boat stopped rowing—they were half way in between the *Macon* and the shore—and stared after the English ship. They turned the boat a little so Eileen and her sister could see the *Argyle* easily from their seats. The English ship, increasing speed as it left the harbor, sheered sharply to the south and scurried close in by the shore hugging the protection of the three-mile strip of neutral waters; but the searchlights of the *Sharnheim* showed her in detail from stem to stern and the *Sharnheim* further out raced even with the *Argyle*. Then the German cruiser, not only larger but faster, forged easily ahead and shut off all hope of escape to the south. The *Argyle* suddenly swerved off; so swift with change of course that the searchlight beams missed the ship for a moment; and when they caught the English cruiser again, the *Argyle* was putting sharply about.

She was still inside the strip of neutral sea so the *Sharnheim* dared not fire. The *Argyle* swung completely about and as she raced directly back upon her course, the *Sharnheim* also put about and followed at full speed. As before, the English ship appeared only as lit by the searchlights of her enemy, and the position of the German cruiser was marked only by the base of the two great, glaring beams of light. As the *Argyle* came opposite the entrance of the harbor, the *Sharnheim* was quite up with its quarry and only a mile or so further out. But the *Argyle* did not give up and turn back into the harbor. If she had but desperate chance of escape then, she must have even less later when the dawn and the day came. She fled on to the north past the harbor into the stretch of sea between Tavola and Kuwunu where the old and charted channels had been filled by lava and new ones opened by the earthquake. And as the hunted ship ran toward the desperate chances of those channels, the *Sharnheim* again increased speed easily, confidently, and passed ahead of the *Argyle* and further out. The searchlights played back on the English ship and held her helpless to escape even if she ran through the reefs. Then, suddenly, without sound or warning as Eileen and her sister and the men in the boat gazed out breathless, the *Argyle* was gone from the beams of light. The great, glaring searchlights from the *Sharnheim* shot up into the air; all on the surface of the sea was blackness and the English ship disappeared into this and was gone.

Then, as the watchers in the small boat cried to each other for the cause, they saw that the shafts of light shooting up into the air from the *Sharnheim* had ceased to move at all; they no longer swept back and forth as hands directed them nor did they move forward steadily with the advance of the ship. For all movement of the *Sharnheim* was stopped instantaneously with the throwing of the beams of light away into the air; the German ship, as she raced confidently ahead into the waters between Tavola and Kuwunu, had run hard and fast on a reef and was stuck there. In a moment indeed, though it was plain that the *Sharnheim* did not move, men at the searchlights sent their rays over the water again for sight of the British ship. They swept for it first over the waters in shore and to the north of the harbor where the *Argyle* last had seemed to be trying to escape; but the lights found nothing there. Only when the searchlights swung to cover the old and known channels to the south of the harbor did they show the *Argyle* again; then the English ship was steaming swiftly and safely away from Tavola over the charted waters and out to sea.

Considering all that had happened during the night, the cable station transacted an insignificant business the next day. The Americans had nothing to report beyond the fact of the *Sharnheim's* running aground and the departure of the *Argyle*. The English ship in her run to the north of the harbor had merely reached the edge of uncharted waters and had made no manoeuvre which proved a knowledge of unpublished surveys.

The Germans chose to report little more. To be sure they possessed a perfectly new chart of all the waters between Tavola north to Kuwunu which they had captured from the English lieutenant Gordon. But their assault upon him in the harbor, if they admitted it, was a violation of neutral waters; further, if they claimed that the chart had been furnished to Gordon by American officers, the chart itself proved that the act could scarcely be construed as having furnished information to a belligerent. The general out-

"A BIT IMPRESSIONISTIC AS TO SOUNDINGS, BUT AN EARTHQUAKE OR TWO MIGHT CORRECT THAT"

lines of the coasts were correct; that was absolutely all.

"But considering that I had to make that bally map myself," said young Heath Gordon to Eileen two days later when the *Argyle* looked in again after the *Macon* had towed the *Sharnheim* off the rocks and the German ship, unable to leave either in twenty-four hours or twenty-four days, had been interned for the war, "and considering I had to do it all between supper with you and half-past eleven when I had to have it ready to stuff into that bag for Von Goltz to capture it from me, I don't think it was such a rotten chart. A bit impressionistic as to the soundings, of course; or futurist, I might say. Another earthquake or two with good volcanic accompaniment might easily make it correct, what? Of course the chief feature I had to have right was to show a generous lot of water out where the *Sharnheim* would like to run to head us off; that was all.

"And I say, Tom, if a neutral can take a household hint from a bellig, don't you fancy you'd better fire your native chap now? Hate to reflect on Helen's arrangements, but don't you believe she made a bit better bargain for service than she might if Von Goltz was not adding his marks to your shillings—I mean dollars? Awfully convenient Kanava was to me; in fact, quite essential. Don't know how I'd have got the chart to Von Goltz without him. But really, now, I'd be rid of him."

Heath and Eileen and Helen and Tom were together again before the little cottage on the beach.

"But Heath," Eileen lamented, "I—I really didn't do anything at all, did I? Why, I—I just thought I was doing something."

Heath surreptitiously caught her hand. "But as you certainly got the enemy chaps to think you were doing it too, dear, you did about everything, I should say—rather!"

But Eileen was not satisfied. "I mean why all the time I've been thinking I was doing something wrong for you, Heath, and—and unneutral! And I wasn't at all."

"No," said Heath. "What you did was entirely neutral."

"But I didn't—I don't want to be neutral. Heath, I want to be as—as unneutral as I can be. Just tell me something unneutral I can do, and I'll do it!"

"Hush, dear!" Heath warned, but held both her hands. "Not before an officer of a neutral navy and his wife. But if you really want to be unneutral, I'll tell you what to do. Come, come with me along to the beach; there's no one about down that way, is there? That's good. Then, come along, and —Oh, Eileen, let's you and I be just as unneutral as we like!"

The Children of Grand Prè

WHAT IS ARCADY?—THE DRONING OF THE CRICKETS, THE HAZY SLEEPINESS OF THE MEADOWS, THE STILL QUIETNESS OF THE SABBATH AND THE SOFT TONED ILLUSIVE DIMNESS OF THE SEA-FOG, ALL BLENDED INTO ONE

By Zenas E. Black

Illustrated from Photographs

IT isn't the happy women who have made history. The sonnets of the world were not written to laughing eyes; the lips that lean toward us from the dim frames of the masterpieces of all time have kissed the cross. If it be that they have come at last to peace, it has been through storm.

If Evangeline Bellefontaine had married Gabriel Lajeunesse and had reared a small family of brown heads under the thatched roof of Grand Pré, there would have been no poem and no pilgrimage. Even the Maid herself, looking down from the steeps of Paradise, could hardly wish it otherwise than Fate ordained—a long road, and a dark road, but a road leading into light.

THE PEACEFULNESS OF THE YELLOW-GRAY RIVER DOTTED WITH WHITE SAILS IS AS SOOTHING AS IT IS PICTURESQUE

Evangeline never lived, you say? Longfellow created her out of dreams in a little old library a hundred miles to the south of the land where he caused her to bloom, tall lily of a bookman's vision?

Back at my typewriter in Chicago last winter, I should have believed you. I should have told you that Evangeline to me was a poem whose long-cadenced hexameters rang faintly up from the valleys of childhood, kin to the sounding roll of Horace but mixed with the tones of the queer, bent-shouldered, cough-wracked little old maid who taught me literature and rebellion thereunto.

But when the spring came whispering across Lake Michigan, and the tumbling waves racing each other up the torn beaches were blue-touched and foam-white instead of winter-grey I walked one day by those same waves. And I missed something. The waves of Michigan are good to look at and good to hear; mournful, reverberating and endlessly monotonous with sorrow. But the tang, the sting and the swift challenge that ought to go with the roll of them is missing. Lake Michigan has miles and miles of water over which to bring a breeze, but if it were twice as long and three times as wide, it wouldn't be salt!

And I was born by the ocean. I have the creeping brine of it in my brain, the tingle and roar of it in my ears and the ever-recurring longing for it in my heart. Mountain, lake, desert, trout stream; casino aglow in the throbbing dark; pulsing music above drifting canoes; oh no, those are not holidays such as I would plan. I want the sea. So I came, not to the crowded and sophisticated beaches of the Jersey Coast, as artificial as my own cliff-dwelling, swift-L-ing, mad-selling town, but to Nova Scotia and the mist-dim story, the high, sweet, heart-lifting story of Evangeline.

There is a little white farmhouse at the Gaspereau's mouth at the end of a winding road. There are apple trees all about and a line of French willows crowding close to the water. Here I hung my hammock, where I could look out over the yellow-grey river and smell the incense of those acres and acres of sweet clover that cover the green meadows; the wide, rich meadows that the patient old Acadian farmers won from the sea. And here I woke and slept and dreamed over my time-worn copy of Longfellow, and brought back Evangeline, sweet and slim and seventeen, after all the years, up from her humble restful grave in the city of Penn, back through the tragic days of her wanderings and home to Grand Pré and the reapers among whom she talked and smiled.

Gabriel came too—they walked hand clasped, lovers as in the time before the wandering; yet more than that, for in the eyes of both I read that though they were in Grand Pré and at rest, they could remember dreamily, distant and devoid of pain because they now knew why, the exodus. They recalled the blood-red gleam of the village against the quiet sky; the weary misery of loneliness and the plodding years of hopelessness. Slim Seventeen bore in her deep eyes the knowledge and the peace of Sixty, the Sister of Mercy and the shadow of that last sunlit morning when she let slip the flowers from her hands and knew her quest was ended.

There is an old well at Grand Pré with just the moss-grown bucket fastened with iron that the poet tells us about. Behind it, the grey green willows make a background for my lovers, and a spot of shade for old Nicholas and the dancing. On a droning summer afternoon, you can hear his fiddle shrilling it across the meadows if you're sleepy enough and the crickets are doing their work.

The air of Evangeline's land is perpetually misted—not the drizzling Scotch mist, but a faint, elusive, tone-softening dimness that comes doubtless as we're told, from the seafogs that pitch their tents aloft on the mountains and gaze into the valley but never come down from their fastness. I couldn't paint, any more than I could sail in the blue like the night-jar that circled, evening by evening, calling over the dikes where the men still worked spading away at the feet of the ponderous walls. But all the weeks that I stayed in Nova Scotia I felt that I could, that I *must* do something to put that soft, slumberous, caressing light where it would never be forgotten. I took an albumful of photographs, but I never once got the intangible fairy-gleam that I saw every day.

Even where the scenery in Evangeline's Land is rugged, it is never sharp, never abrupt or harsh, owing to this softening light. Blomidon towers six hundred feet into the blue, but its outline does not terrify. The lower half of it is of worn sandstone with a thin line of shivering birches against the dull red background. The upper half, dark grey and menacing, is a naked wall of trap; molten lava in the long ago when its flood was spattered out of some prehistoric volcano on to the sandstone. Along the far brink of this wall hangs a fringe of fir trees.

To its left is the giant trough through which the waters of the Bay of Fundy enter the Basin of Minas and Cobequid Bay, swirling like a young Niagara poured up or down at will through the wonderful funnel that has produced the highest tides in the world. These Basins, by the way, have some tales that are older than little Evangeline's. Here it was that Champlain landed in 1604 with his gallant and lace-ruffled associates, the Sieur de Monts, commissioned lieutenant of this tenantless Eden, and Monsieur Jean de Biencourt Poutrincourt with other worthy knights from Versailles, who were always invincibly gay, even when the stern winter of St. Croix decimated their party and frost-nipped the survivors.

The following summer they reappeared in the Bay and founded Port Royal; hoisted the intrepid fleur-de-lis to the zip-snapping breezes, danced on the hard-sanded beaches o' nights, and even went so far as to found the jovial Ordre de Bon Temps, as they were never too busy preaching or fur-trading to indulge in pleasure.

Previous to Champlain, before Jacques Cartier, the tale of whose sailing up the St. Lawrence was doubtless carried overland by the Indians, there are other tales connected with Nova Scotia. In Yarmouth by the sea, Yarmouth of the lovely lawns and the supergreen hedges, there is the famous Norse Stone with its all but undecipherable inscription, telling in dotted runes of the visit of the long beaked Viking ships back in the tenth or the eleventh century. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the "Vinland" that so fascinated the yellow-haired adventurers was none other than the same fairyland that charmed the sea-rime out of Champlain's eyes, and later on so melted the rockbound Covenanters that their souls too stretched them at ease in the valleys of sunset. There are several sea-cleaving headlands, one of which may have been that very "Keelness" on which Lief Ericson built himself the first ship ever launched with its nose to the east through the Atlantic fogs.

But even here, soul-deep in the past, we don't need to stop in our quest for Scotia-stories. In the dim days before Hiawatha fought with Mudjekeewis, Minas was a vast lake, home of the Great Beaver who was bigger than all beavers, dam builder who had walled up Fundy. But he was a bad beaver, the enemy of the Micmac Gluskap, the hero of the region, and when the time came there occurred one

Continued on page 189.

THE BOYS AND MEN TACKLE THE DEFUNCT MONSTER WITH KNIVES AND HOOKS AND HEW HIM INTO SUITABLE GOBBETS

WHEN THE DREAM HOLIDAY COMES TO AN END, AND THE SHORES OF FAIRY-LAND ARE LEFT BEHIND

27 cents

By Betty Thornley

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

OF course this is a War story. Everything made in Canada has the sound of bugles in it to-day.

They're in the prelude here. But the high lilt of them has just died away in the paragraph I thought about, but didn't write.

The story itself is a cross between "Poor Pauline" and "Come ye Disconsolate."

All right—fire away.

Cynthia had never been christened. She was the seventh (and last) of a long line of girls, and when she yelled her way into the English sunshine or what was left of it under the fog, the doctor remarked, "Well, here's another Cynthy Jane." And the name stuck.

That was characteristic of the chaotic entries in Cynth's autobiography. She was very nearly pretty—but not quite. Her grey eyes were always wistfully saying, "I love you," and you instantly wanted to kiss her. Then you looked at her mouth and decided you'd better not. It was a straight little line that knew how to take care of itself. Whether it always had done so, there was no telling.

Cynth had very nearly been educated—but not quite. Aunt Fergie who had volunteered to bring her up had died in the second year of the attempt and the baby reverted to Aunt Slosson who couldn't abide books and put her out at service instead.

She had very nearly turned into a typical English "Thankyoumem" with nothing under her little white cap but one little wee thought—and that stillborn. But not quite.

Some strong gold thread, a wayward, wander-Viking thread in the girl's nheritance turned her to Canada and Snapcorn.

You've eaten it, haven't you? If not—well, don't. The peanuts are swept off on the floor, Cynth says, and the less said about the sugar bins, the better. The girls are employed at filling boxes for three and a half cents a hundred. And if they work like Sam Hill and Jess Willard, they make four dollars and a half a week.

Just at present, the fastest Snapcornette was sitting by the window of her own dingy little backroom. Her arms were on the sill—pretty arms, made for bracelets. Her chin was on her clever hands, idle for once. Her eyes were on a decayed barn roof opposite where the yellow cat with mange was playing Von Hinderburg to the one-eyed-black's Duke Nicholas.

It was Thursday night. To-morrow would be Good Friday, when you were supposed to eat hot cross buns and roll eggs. Sunday you repented of your sins, donned love and charity with your neighbors also your new five-yards-around-the-bottom suit and your Victorian pillbox hat, and went to church.

That is, you did if you lived in the residential section. Maybe even the downtowners would have afforded a Ladies' Home Journal pattern and fifty-five cent serge enough for a "costoom" if it hadn't of been for this 'ere War.

As it was, uptown folks seemed to spend all their cash on newspapers and Patriotic Societies. They didn't carry home the Saturday night package of Snapcorn to their clamoring wives and little ones. Consequently—

"You're an idiot," said Cynthia distinctly, looking at the yellow cat; "No, old sport, I didn't mean you. I meant me—this thing in the window. I have twenty seven—whole—bloomin'—coppers. Even if we don't work to-morrow and Saturday's only a half, and then Sunday off, I guess I can live. I ain't on the Patriotic yet, not by a jugful."

The little thin mouth set itself in the lines that its great-great-grandfather assumed when Nelson's flagship fluttered with the signal about England, every man and duty. But the big grey eyes that said, "I love you," were always a boatlength or two behind. And they filled slowly.

"Fool—darn fool!" said Cynthy furiously, getting up with a bounce that scared Von Hindenburg back to Berlin-by-the-chimney, "what's the use of cryin' I'd like to know. Get out and take in the ads in front of a picture show."

It wasn't more than three minutes later that

THE ROOM WAS PERFECTLY STILL, EXCEPT FOR THE CRACKLE-CRINKLE OF THE TISSUE PAPER AS THE LAST SHROUD FELL AWAY FROM THE FLOWER the little figure in the worn blue was dancing down the three flights in the shoes that were always kept polished, even when you had to daub on half the box to cover the places where the cloth tops used to be. "Lucky thing stockings are black too," said Cynthy.

The street wasn't a metropolitan Gay White Way. It was just a scant three blocks of shine one way and four or five the other. But it had six nickel shows on it, three ice cream parlors, and a hurdy gurdy camped by the peanut man.

"Farewell, farewell, ah Lee-oh-norah, fare thee well !" quavered off into the darkness to meet the girl as she turned the corner into Duchess Street. She didn't associate any words with the music, but the hauntingness of the tune got her somehow.

"I feel like that," she said to herself, "gee, but I wisht I'd meet one o' the girls ! I wanta do something but I don't know what it is."

Crowds surged by her. Yes, they do surge on Duchess Street, even if there are only forty thousand possible surgers in the whole town. They were all out to-night, down baby carriages.

Kennedy's had their window full of candy eggs, and chickens and ducks with the real down on them, and big boxes with girls' heads, filled with dollar-a-pounds. Cynthia wondered shrewdly how much the other girls made who piece-worked on them, and what the other-girls-again were like who got the boxes to-morrow morning from their fellahs. She might have worked in a little socialism just there if she'd known how. But all she thought of was the soda she'd of liked to of got, if she'd of 'ad the price.

She drifted on.

That was the "Unique," that blare of stage-crime and crinkled red and yellow posters, with the phonograph urging you to Texas-Tommy on the sidewalk. Five little coppers—onlee fi-i-i-ve—would have squatted one up in the bawl-cony for an hour. But when one has twenty-seven such brown discs of commerce to live on for three days, one imitates the Priest and the Levite in the Bible and passes by on the other side. Anyhow, Cynthia wasn't just in a picture mood. If she could have got a canoe, now, an' a swell fellah that played the mandolin—But the mandolin-playing sort didn't like her as a rule. The kind that were attracted would rather play the devil. Oh yes. You know a hang sight more'n it's polite to know, even at nineteen, if you've brought yourself up.

All of a sudden Cynthia came to a stop.

It was Fessenden's window. Full of Easter lilies.

But for Cynthy there was just one lily, like there would some day be just one man.

It was whiter than any lily in the world, and more golden. It leaned out of its place to come over to the glass and look at her. It touched the window, with its head bent.

IT WAS WHITER THAN ANY LILY IN THE WORLD, AND MORE GOLDEN. IT LEANED OUT OF ITS PLACE TO COME OVER TO THE GLASS AND LOOK AT HER. IT TOUCHED THE WINDOW WITH ITS HEAD BENT. "OH YOU BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL DARLING!" WHISPERED THE GIRL

"Oh you beautiful, *beautiful* !" cried the girl softly, "you darling, darling thing !"

Something in the starved child-soul woke up and held out its arms and cried to the flower. She had never lived in the country, she had never loved green living things, she had no memory-chords to tighten and sing. It was just beauty, breath-taking, heart-catching beauty that called to her.

It was a long moment before she saw the big white card, thrust like a flesh and blood human into a dream of heaven,

LILIES FOR LATE SELLING
TWENTY CENTS.

You've heard about temptation. You've read about the man who is wrenched into two souls before the prospect of something he wants—can get if he tries—but oughtn't even to think about ?

Well, that was Cynthy.

Just at this moment, Fiametta from the bananio store pulled the organ across the road, and turned on "Leonora."

The cry, the homesick, heartsick wail of it rushed through the girl like the vocalization of her own longing. And she turned and went into the shop.

A breathless fifteen minutes later she was taking the wrappings off her purchase in her own room. The moon was up. The Allies had disposed of Von Hindie and there wasn't a sound in the world but the crackle-crinkle of the tissue paper.

All the way up street, Cynthy had been upheld, nay, blown along, by a sort of headlong defiance of common sense. Now, as her fingers trembled over the string, she was assailed with a cold doubt—not about to-morrow's dinner. Oh no, that could wait.

But would the lily be as beautiful, *could* it be as beautiful as she remembered it ?

The last white shroud fell away and the flower—*he* flower though there were three—leaned out a little, till it rested against the girl's cheek.

There was a sound of a perfunctory tap and the door opened.

"Oh, beg pardon. I didn't know you was in, seein' there was no light. I just come to—to—"

It was the janitor's wife who lived on the top floor, until the janitor came home—drunk.

"You see," she explained apologetically, "Tom, 'e's—well, 'e's worse'n usual, and that's some—and now that the furnace's out, I ain't got no call to go down there. So I thought—*Oh* !—"

The faded eyes grew as big and as dark as they used to be before there was any Tom, as the janitor's wife caught sight of the lily.

"Ain't it a beauty !" The new admirer crowded in beside Cynthia. "Seems like I never seen one as big and white in all my life. Don't it seem to you like it was alive ?" And she reached out an awestruck finger and timidly touched the wonderful calyx.

There must have been some strange unplantlike spirit in the thing, to so move the two women. Or maybe it was just that they were both tired of twenty-seven cents—and Tom.

Suddenly a Horrible Thought leaned over the girl's shoulder and whispered under her curls.

"You'd oughta give it to her," said the Thought, inexorably, "she's worse off'n you are."

The temptation before the store window was nothing in wracking intensity, to this one. There's a certain unholy pleasure in being urged to do something you hadn't oughta, that's quite lacking when the moment contains a call to perform something you sure should.

But it was so plain a sure-should that Cynthy's gallant little heart bowed to it.

"Here," she said, all in a breath, for fear the reinforcements wouldn't arrive in time, "you can have it."

For a moment the two women both held out their arms to the white glory, Cynthy giving it up, the janitor's wife taking it.

"Oh, I couldn't—"

"Yes, you could now. Run away with it quick, only don't put it where he'll get it."

"Say, but you're the good one. Maybe you'll——"

Cynthy didn't hear the end of the sentence, so absorbed was she in burning her bridges and getting the lily over the door jamb.

Then she came back slowly into the middle of the room.

"A moon's just as white," soliloquized the firm little mouth.

Then the treacherous eyes that were always a boatlength behind, got the better of Cynthy.

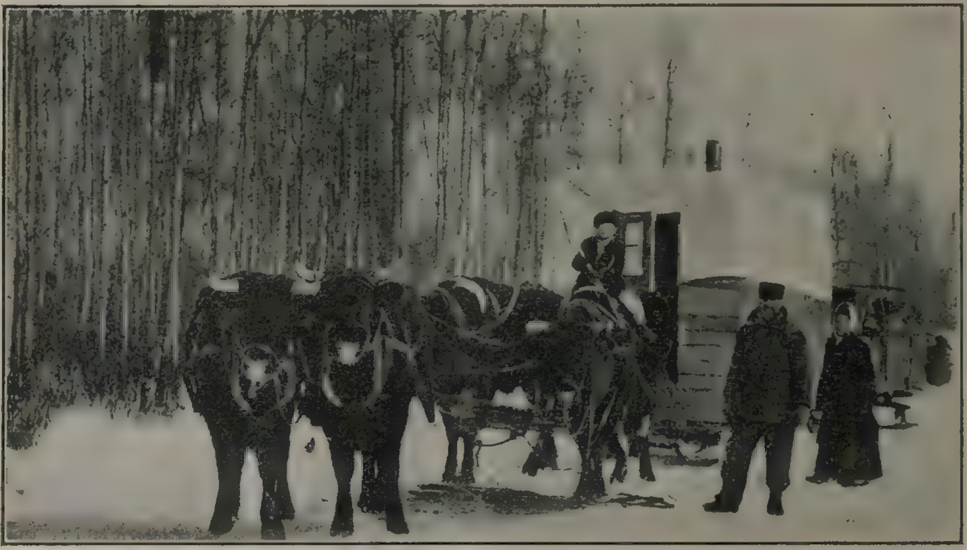
"I don't care—I don't care," she sobbed, "I never wa-wanted anything so much before. But I'm *glad* I gave it to her. There now!"

Continued on page 172.

A Question of Transportation

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated from Photographs



THESE BITS OF HOMES, EACH CARRYING ITS FULL FREIGHT OF JOYFUL, SUFFERING, DESIRING HUMANITY, ARE CALLED THE "BULL TEAM BRIGADE"

NEXT to a pullman coach give us a nice handmade house, on wheels in summer, on runners when the wilderness world is white with snow, with a baggage box behind, smoke curling from a stove pipe through the roof, children peeping from its window, a woman in a wooden rocker singing a babe to sleep; and all this domesticity towed along by four fat oxen. There is a distinction about a pilgrimage made under these circumstances. When an Indian wishes to make it plain that what he tells you is fact, not hearsay, he remarks, "What a man sees with his eyes is no lie." Just so. And in this matter of using a house for a coach, with oxen as motor power, we speak from experience. It is a migration worth while. There are a dozen houses, each one carrying its full freight of humanity, and the hopes and desires, ambitions and sentiments which pertain to humanity. It creates a stir in solitary places—from Edmonton to Athabaska, from Athabaska to the Peace it is known as the "bull team brigade." It takes its name from the fact that the leading team is made up of six deep-flanked, thick-necked bulls. Not a horse in the whole procession. Each moving habitation has its ox team commanded by its sturdy owner—who is, in turn, commanded by the bright faced woman within doors. It is a pilgrimage worthy of a Chaucer, if only there were one to be had.

When our grandfathers brought our grandmothers from the old world to the new the good dames must have found the journey of from six to sixteen weeks well nigh interminable. With nothing to do but watch the water and develop sea-sickness and homesickness, the wonder is that they didn't lose courage altogether. Only their stout-heartedness saved them. Mark the difference, in this exodus from old Ontario to new Alberta, these women carry their everyday interests, their everyday tasks, right with them. Each has her house-keeping to do, even though the house is a moving one —dishes to wash, bread to make, fires to keep up, meals to cook, children to look after. With her household gods around her, a cradle in the corner, the walnut bed and bureau, the bookcase with its precious contents packed in excelsior, and its frame filled with wearing apparel and eatables, with baking board and rolling pin in evidence, she finds it easy to adapt herself. The woman who has plenty to cook with and many to cook for, has a never failing fund of interest. She is a blither, better travelling companion than milady of the pullman coach with nothing to do but enjoy herself, no one to manage but the darkey porter. Occupation spells content.

We are neighbors to a bride and groom, near neighbors, they having the house next to ours. She is a girl from an Ontario manse; he abandoned the study of law to join the homesteading ranks. This is their honeymoon trip; and, judging by appearances, leaves nothing to be desired. He is proud of her, she is proud of herself, deliciously so. This structure, with a bobsleigh as a foundation, is the first house she ever kept, and merely to watch her shake the table cloth is enough to show you that she has no regrets. These are the ones that sing the evening hymn without a

"HOW'D WE HAPPEN TO START OUT TOGETHER?" SAID ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF THE PEACE. "WE DIDN'T HAPPEN, NOT BY A LONG SHOT, WE PLANNED LONG AND STEADY"

tremble in their voices, unless it be of happiness. They smile at the big spaces, loneliness, hardship—their life lies all ahead.

Driving oxen develops the lungs. All day a man tramps along beside his team, cracking his long whip, commanding, wheedling, railing, arguing, consigning. Oxen are patient beasts, but aggravating—they are patient even in their aggravating—will jog along for hours sober as judges, but let the homesteader relax his vigilance long enough to light his pipe, or chase a rabbit, a fox, a coyote, and they wake up to sudden briskness in order to turn the wrong corner, or make a bolt off the trail altogether.

The days are strenuous, but the long evenings are for rest and sociability. The leader picks out the camping spot, marshals the others to their appointed places, and presently the dozen houses cluster like a village, with lights in their windows, smoke and more smoke rising from their stovepipes, a cheery clatter of voices, a smell of supper cooking. That the life in the open gives an appetite goes without saying. But, no matter how hungry or tired the man is, he neither eats or rests until his oxen are given attention. And such attention! Each big clumsy fellow is fed and watered, groomed and rubbed as if he were a race horse, his fetlocks cleaned, his hoofs inspected. "If I play out someone else can take my team along while I rest up," the man will tell you, "but if one of my oxen plays out he stops the procession. On the trail he is an important fellow."

There is no secrecy in this big north country. Not much goes on, but the little that does is known and discussed, be sure of that. News of the bull team brigade, incidents connected with it, the runaway at Charl Paul's, the upsetting of one of the houses in making a sudden turn on the great hill overlooking the Hart river, the day's delay occasioned by the men going off after a grey fox that led them a merry chase, and gave them the slip, after all, the number of miles covered each day, everything is carried. How? Who can tell? "The wind bloweth where it listeth,"—you know the rest. For one thing, there is the government telegraph. You never get out of sight of the poles, which run like messengers of hope along wilderness trails and far off highways. They go with you from Athabaska to Bald Hill, from there on to Tomato Point, Moose Portage, Sawridge, Grouard, straight on through the hundred mile portage between Lesser Slave lake and Peace River Crossing, on to Allie Brick's, to Harris' Settlement, to Burnt Creek, Dunvegan, Edson Trail, Grand Prairie—to Hudson's Hope, Fort Vermilion, and still on and on toward the Arctic regions. It means money and labor to keep the lines in order, for nature "just naturally" resents the telegraph as an intrusion, and with her electric storms, her forest fires, and big winds, does her best to give it a bad time—and succeeds. But the thing is worth it. To the dweller it is a godsend. It links him with the outside world, brings him the news of the day, keeps him up to date. The operator is an individual of note, sought after, and cultivated. He knows who takes the trail, and when, and where. It is not hidden from him how many "permits," meaning how many bottles of liquor, are on their way. To-morrow he will know of their arrival, and also their effect; the news that is ticked from Poplar Point to Big Fish Bay, the gossip as to marriages made, and marriages unmade; what the stork is doing by the way of helping Alberta achieve her promised population; who is sick, or dead! The operator is too good-hearted to keep news to himself.

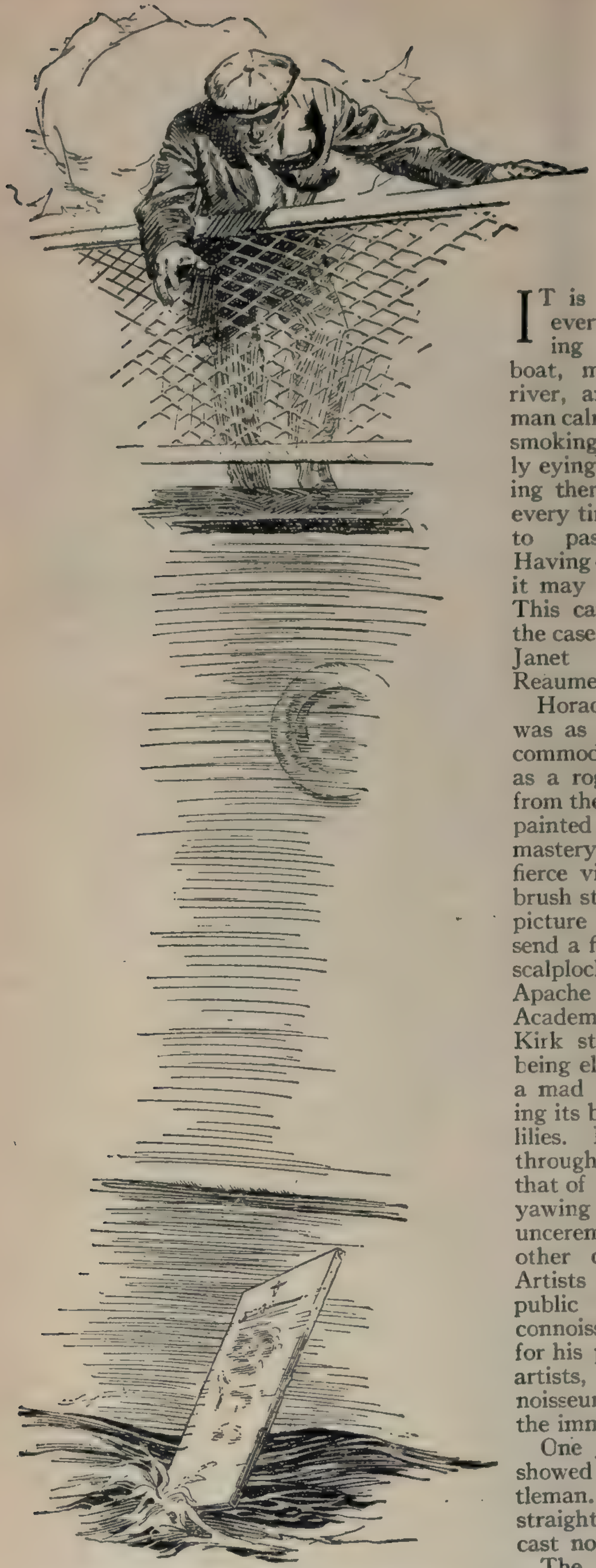
Continued on page 186.

EACH MOVING HABITATION HAS ITS OX TEAM, COMMANDED BY ITS STURDY OWNER—WHO IN TURN IS COMMANDED BY HIS WEE BUT MIGHTY SUPERIOR OFFICERS

Toting a Grouch

By James Barr

Illustrated by V. C. Forsythe



HE LEANED FAR OVER THE BULWARKS AND DROPPED THE FRENCH-CANADIAN—CABIN, FIREPLACE, PIPE AND ALL—IN WATERS DYED RED BY A SINKING SUN

IT is a fact demonstrable that every time a pretty girl, piloting her own 30-knot motor boat, meets, floating down the river, an old French Canadian man calmly seated by his fireplace, smoking rank tobacco and dreamily eying his ancient musket hanging there above the mantelpiece, every time such a meeting comes to pass complications arise. Having claimed this demonstrable it may be wise to demonstrate. This can be done by instancing the case of the meeting between Janet James and old Rene Reaume.

Horace Kirk, artist of London, was as amiable, as affable, as accommodating, as approachable, as a rogue elephant newly driven from the herd. Yet Horace Kirk painted for all time. A primitive mastery glowed in his work, a fierce virility shone in his every brush stroke. He could paint a picture of savagery that would send a fierce chill coursing from scalplock to moccasin over an Apache war chief. A Royal Academician ? No, no. Horace Kirk stood as much chance of being elected to the Academy as a mad rhinoceros stands of having its brows crowned with Arum lilies. Indeed Horace Kirk's path through life might be likened to that of some gross-built leviathan yawing down the Thames, and unceremoniously shouldering all other craft out of the way. Artists hated him, the general public knew little about him, connoisseurs bid up to thousands for his paintings and already all, artists, general public and connoisseurs, counted him among the immortals.

One June morning his servant showed into Kirk's studio a gentleman. The artist sat glowering straight in front of him, and he cast no glance at his guest.

The visitor's cigar had burned to within two inches of his lips when Kirk, not once having glanced at the stranger, growled out:

"What do you want ?"

"Civility."

"And after that ?"

"Civility."

"I hear you. And after that ?"

"Civility."

Horace Kirk snatched the pipe from his teeth and sprang to his feet. He bellowed:

"Good God ! Am I to be harassed by a human parrot that can parrot nothing but 'Civility, civility, civility ?' Confound you, give me variety of imbecility."

"Not till I receive civility."

Horace Kirk kicked a chair floundering out of his way and crashed out of the studio. The visitor did not move till he had finished his first and lighted his second cigar, then he quietly left, saying a few telling words to Kirk's servant before he disappeared.

Next morning Horace Kirk sat in his great chair and—entered the visitor of yesterday. This time without preliminary pause the stranger seated himself and smoked. Kirk shifted his eyes so that he could scrutinize the man's face. Finding his presence acknowledged the visitor swung a small table into position, took from his pocket a bundle of papers, and as he spoke he spread each paper indicated on the table.

"This," he said, "is a check for five thousand guineas. It is drawn on the Bank of England, which, I guess, possesses enough loose change to meet the check without having to break bullion. This next is a ticket which holds for you a suite of rooms on the *Mauretania*, a modern canoe which paddles her way between Liverpool and New York. She sails the first of August. Your suite of rooms is complete, therefore you need not come in contact with passengers who have the temerity to travel in the same coracle as you. Next again you will find directions to guide you when you reach New York. It may save your eyes if I tell you that my private car will await you at the New York Central depot to take you, without publicity or fuss, to Detroit. It is to get you to Detroit that all the arrangements have been made, for in Detroit lives my mother, and I wish you to paint her portrait. That is all I have to say. I am obliged to you for so patiently hearing me out. Good morning."

Horace Kirk smoked on for half an hour before reaching forth and taking the check between finger and thumb. Five thousand guineas, sure enough! and signed "Neil Methuen." Kirk lighted a wax vesta and applied it to the edge of the check, watching the flame until the heat began to scorch his fingers, when he placed the burning thing on the floor and piled on top of it the passage ticket and instructions. A little while later he was stirring with his toe the pile of black ashes.

"Confound your check, confound your ticket, confound your instructions, and confound you, Neil Methuen, whoever you happen to be. Portrait! Why should I paint a portrait? America? Why should I go to America? I know no reason why I should do any such journey so, so, by thunder, I'll go! I'll go now. I'll go to spite this man."

Throughout the voyage across the Atlantic Horace Kirk spoke to no soul he could escape addressing. Most of his time was spent with arms folded upon the bulwarks, his eyes flashing black savagery to the savagery of the sea. For a few days he stalked about New York's slums, gloating over the chaos and undiscipline of the place, then took train west to Detroit, where, at the best hotel, he registered as Horace Foster of New York.

A glance at the directory gave him Methuen's address, a number on Woodward Avenue so high in the hundreds that the artist was obliged to jot it down for remembrance. It was eleven in the morning when he made out into the blatant sunshine of an American July day, and strode along the uncompromisingly white pavement upon which the sun's rays splintered. At length he came to a white stone mansion standing fifty yards back from the pavement and bearing the number he sought. A green lawn, unencumbered by wall or hedge, began at the artist's toes, and ran in graceful, delicate slope up to the foundations of the house, and, dividing this lawn in two, a white stone footpath led from the pavement to the front door. While Kirk stood wondering why he had come to America, and having come to America why he had come to Detroit, and having come to Detroit why he stood before this house when he had not the slightest intention of fulfilling the desire of Neil Methuen by painting an old woman's portrait. Then with a toss of his shaggy head, he stalked up the footpath and vigorously rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Methuen, senior, in?" he demanded of the maid who opened the door.

"Mrs. Methuen, senior, junior and all between is in," answered the girl saucily.

"There is one Mrs. Methuen only?"

"So far as I know."

"Oh, lack of worldly knowledge is not your especial failing, if I am a judge. Tell Mrs. Methuen that Horace Foster, of London has called."

"Is it a personal visit, or are you selling something?" asked the girl.

"Both!" barked Kirk with such a thunder as to almost blow the self-satisfied maid off her feet. But it accomplished his purpose.

Along the hall she swept and throwing open a door showed in her uncapped head, crying: "A bear from somewhere to see you."

In a high-backed, low-seated, spacious rocking chair sat a woman so old that in stature she was as a little girl again, and in color and wrinkles as a well-seasoned walnut kernel. The great chair seemed to fling protecting arms round her, and in it she sat as a precious pearl in a gnarled seashell. She had been knitting, but now her tiny hands lay in her lap, and her eyes of wonderful pale blue looked up at the visitor, nor appeared to require the aid of glasses. Instantly Horace Kirk's whole soul went out to the old lady, so old, so old. Softly he shut the door, gently he approached her.

"It's kind of you to be calling to see me who will not be able to go about much now," she said, speaking dreamily, yet distinctly. "Draw a chair up near to me, and tell me what it will be that the girl was calling you, for I did not catch your name."

"She called me 'bear,' mother," said Horace Kirk, sitting down and taking the old lady's wizened hand between his two great palms. He spoke softly and affectionately as a child.

"And, Mr. Bear, where will it be that you are coming from?"

"From England, mother."

"Then it's you that will have seen my boy; it's you that will be knowing all about him. It would be well he was when you saw him last?"

"Excellently well, mother."

"It's kind of you to be calling to see me, kind of you." He continued to stroke her wrinkled hand. After a time she picked up the stocking she had been knitting and measured it against a finished one, for she was drawing very close to the intricate business of the heel. Suddenly she glanced with some concern at the artist.

"Was it his gray pair of stockings he would be wearing, or his magenta when you saw him last?" she asked.

"His gray pair, mother," definitely replied Horace Kirk, who knew nothing at all about the matter.

"I have told Neil, time and time again I have told Neil, that the magenta ones are thicker, but he will always be for wearing the gray."

"Neil told me that if I asked you he thought you would allow me to come here and paint a portrait of you. I am what they call an 'artist,' and your son would like to have a portrait of you. You can knit, and I can paint, and we can talk and that will please your son."

"It's very welcome you will be, Mr. Bear, very welcome, and I can just get your measure for a pair of stockings, for I have been

THAT EVENING HORACE KIRK'S MASTERPIECE HUNG LIKE A RED MAN'S IDOL FROM THE BRANCH OF A MAPLE TREE noticing that you will be like Neil, wearing those good-for-nothing store things."

"It's what I hoped you would do for me, mother," he said.

But it is time something was heard of Miss Janet James, her 30-knot motor boat, and her daring rescue of the old man, his cabin, gun and fireplace.

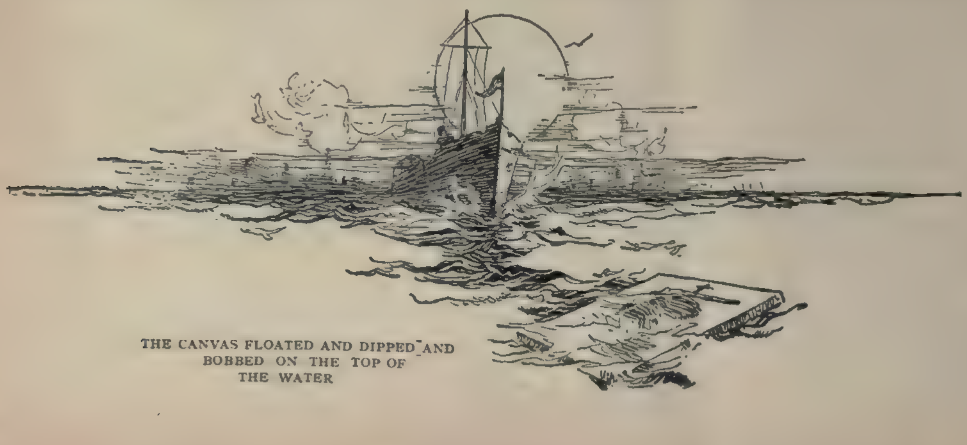
Past the broad face of Detroit flows a majestic river, lordly as the prairies, and forming the boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the Republic. This noble river enfolds many lovely islands in its sweep on to the lake, islands fringed with sedges and bulrushes and long, lovely water grasses, and bearing on their backs splendid forest trees. These spots are favorite camping places for city-weary folk, as well as for souls so fortunately circumstanced as never to need to grow weary of any one spot on this green earth. And under the spread of broad branches this hot July, there clustered a tiny hamlet of tents of many dyes and shapes, gaily caparisoned with bannerettes and penons, betokening denizens of taste and wealth. The inhabitants of this little gaily decorated community consisted of thirty girls who were living the simple life in a deliciously complicated way. Off the little wooden pier rode half-a-dozen motor boats, polished and burnished.

And this evening when the sun had set, and the great full moon laid her chin on the bosom of the river to gaze athwart the world, Miss Janet James became possessed of the conviction that she would cast loose the *Water Lily* and run the quarter-hundred miles that lay between the island and Detroit. So she called to Lucy Dewson, engineer of the *Water Lily* (male folk were strictly taboo in and about the encampment) and Lucy at once donned her blue jean overall, and took her place at the motor while Janet James, captainette, herself took the wheel, and half-a-dozen girls clambered aboard.

Perhaps six miles of moon-gilded waters the *Water Lily* had run. Her prow was heaved in the air, the spray spun from her bow, angry coils of water hissed from her sides, and many tresses of Janet James' hair streamed and fluttered in the air as if in ecstasy at the exhilarating speed. The knot of rosy girls chatted and laughed, but the captainette was strictly service, keeping a keen lookout a head. On a sudden Janet James detected some strange object coming along with the stream, bobbing and nodding as if in delight at meeting with such an argosy of beauty and good cheer.

Janet James, first signaling for the engine to slow down, sheered over to have a squint at the object. Object! Much more than an object. There the wild-eyed girls beheld an old French Canadian seated, comfortably as you please, by his fireside in his cabin, with his old musket over the fireplace and the crucifix on the wall. Such a thing had never been heard of in that or any other part of the world, and when the first shock of surprise passed all hands set to work to salve man and cabin and musket and crucifix.

THE LEAST LIKELY LOOKING PICTURE WAS OFTEN THE MOST CHERISHED. WELL, THIS CERTAINLY WAS A "LEAST LIKELY"



THE CANVAS FLOATED AND DIPPED AND BOBBED ON THE TOP OF THE WATER

On the second day of his stay in Detroit Horace Kirk discovered the river, and those wonderful double-decked ferry steamers. And when he found that for a trifle he could secure a passage on the upper deck where, in a comfortable rocking-chair, he could sit as long as it suited him, drifting from shore to shore with before his eyes a bewitching panorama of water and sky, city and shipping, while the cool breezes tossed to him, in delightful alternative, redolences of land and lake, he let no afternoon pass without hastening down to the dock and taking passage.

One afternoon, feeling the want of a walk, the artist stepped off the ferry on the Canadian side, strode up the slanting street, and holding straight away from the river found himself, hot and dusty, seven miles deep into the country, standing before a French Canadian log house.

Here indeed was the antithesis of the Detroit mansion in everything excepting that extreme old age inhabited each abode. The Highland woman was old, but here sat a French Canadian *habitant* so wizened and wrinkled and shrunk that Horace Kirk refrained from attempting to guess his age. Yet the old man smoked his pipe with relish, and answered the few questions put to him with quiet dignity. The two, however, soon lapsed into silence, smoking pipeful after pipeful, and during those quiet few minutes a mutual understanding seemed to grow, so much so that when Kirk arose to go, and while he held the ancient *habitant's* hand, he simply said:

"I will bring my paints and canvas to-morrow when I come."

"I shall be glad to see you," was the reply given in French.

Next afternoon Horace Kirk made the acquaintance of a customs officer, the first customs officer of his life. When he reached the Canadian side with a canvas under his arm and a paint box slung to his shoulder, and, paying not the least attention to the customs man, stalked on for out the gates and up the street, he was quickly brought to a stop.

"What's in that parcel ?" demanded the man.

"What's that to you ?" barked the artist, savagely.

The officer grinned a sarcastic grin, snubbed his thumb over his shoulder indicating the office and said: "Step in and declare."

"Declare! Declare! What the devil have I to declare!"

"What's in that parcel?"

"This parcel? Don't you know a canvas when you see one?"

Horace Kirk smote with his open palm against the brown paper covering.

"Not until it is declared a canvas," replied the official, soft voiced.

"I declare it *is* a canvas."

"Now we're getting on. Keep it up. Step into the office, show the canvas, and declare."

Horace Kirk, all his natural malice against his fellow men in general stirred to its depths, hesitated one moment, then plunged into the examination room. Action and word agreeing he declared:

"With my left hand I bare my head, I lay my right hand on my throbbing heart, I raise my eyes to heaven and with trembling soul and knees knocking together I affirm, I declare, aye, I swear that beneath this brown paper, a pearl in a shell, reposes an unspotted, commercial canvas. Before gods and men I swear—unless the shopman did a thimble-and-pea trick on me when doing up the parcel. I swear, I swear!"

For a moment the customs man in the office stared his sense of propriety, his dignity jolted, but the next instant he recognized Kirk as an Englishman, and that explained everything. Englishmen were all fools. Horace Kirk railed on.

"A canvas! A canvas of no moment, bare as the Sahara, unprofitable as the sands. But I, sir, am a magician. I have with me in this box several wands tipped with hair of the otter, and those wands I shall wave across the face of the canvas, metamorphosing it from raw material into a thing of beauty to be treasured by princes through ages and——"

"What did you pay for the canvas?" demanded the officer.

"Eight dollars in good hard paper money."

"There'll be two dollars duty on taking this into Canada."

"Very well. Here, Dominion, you have two dollars. The price of the picture I shall paint on this canvas was to have been ten thousand dollars. I shall now add two whole dollars to that price."

Horace Kirk strode off, leaving behind him an official who considered himself belittled.

A belittled man is given to thinking, and this official thought to some purpose. He said to himself:

"A foreign painter in temporary residence in Detroit. . . . Going to paint a ten thousand dollar picture. . . . Of course he must intend to take the painting into the States when it is finished. . . . There is a heavy duty on paintings, he forgets that. . . . I'll just slip across the river and let the Yankee customs know the price this Englishman puts on his paintings. . . . . . I think he will wish he had sung smaller by the time he pays 33% on his ten thousand dollars."

Sure enough, ten days later, when Horace Kirk stepped off the ferry steamer carrying his greater than Josef Israel painting of an ancient French Canadian, his cabin, musket and crucifix, and when he was about to walk off the avenue he heard:

"I must ask what you have there."

Horace Kirk confronted the officer.

"And I suppose I must answer?"

"The law that compels me to ask compels you to answer," replied the officer.

"Well, my man, let us obey idiot law idiotically administered. What I have here is a square yard of canvas stretched on strips of pine and smeared over with certain pigments. The smearing is cleverly done, although I say it who should not, and the canvas will be cherished. Now you know as much as I do."

"Yes, that's all I want to know, but I guess in the office they'll want to know some more. Step in."

The customs officer cocked his thumb over his right shoulder indicating the way to the office.

"But I have already paid duty on this canvas in Canada," protested Kirk.

"The United States has not yet assumed responsibility for Canada. What they have done to you over in Canada affects us in no way. Pass in."

"Mighty fine painting," said the officer inside, scarcely glancing at the painting.

"Thank you," said Kirk, sarcastically. "I have not many doubts on that score, but what doubt I have you put to flight. It *is* a mighty fine painting."

"I should judge it to be worth about ten thousand dollars."

"I am not here to contradict you."

"Then the duty will be three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars," said the officer with a smile.

Horace Kirk made a rapid calculation reducing dollars to pounds.

"Seriously, you do not mean to tell me you expect me to pay six hundred and sixty-six pounds to take a picture of my own painting into the States?"

"Seriously I do."

"If I decline to pay what is the alternative?"

"The painting cannot enter. You must take it back to Canada."

"Confound me if I do not take it back," barked Horace Kirk angrily, laying hold of the picture.

"You are quite welcome," said the officer genially, adding as Kirk reached the door, "I'm afraid you will find, when you reach the Canadian shore, that they have a customs house there, too."

The last shaft struck home, and Horace Kirk found himself seated in an easy chair on the upper deck of the ferry cruising forward and back between two shores on which stood two customs officers waiting for him to land. All of a sudden he got upon his feet, took the painting in his hand, leaned far over the bulwarks of the steamer, and, as near as might be to the middle

Continued on page 172.

"IF YOU WILL BE SEEING WHAT I WILL BE LOOKING LIKE, JUST GLANCE AT THE PICTURE," SHE SAID

In the Forefront

EDSON J. CHAMBERLIN, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC; MOTHER JONES, EIGHTY-THREE AND STILL FIGHTING; H. F. GADSBY, WHO POKES THE STATESMEN IN THE RIBS; MISS JEAN GRAHAM, OF TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Edson J. Chamberlin

The man who did the work—rose from Clerk in Traffic Office to Presidency of Great System.

By Richard Tobin

THE copy chief for one of the big advertising agencies sat studying an order from the executive department for a new series of copy for a big railway account. He bent over his desk, scribbled a bit and then leaned back in his chair as he approvingly read over his production.

"D'you think this will bring them over the line this summer?" he asked his office mate.

"'Twouldn't surprise me to hear of you bringing 'em from Cape Horn—shoot—what you got now, shoe paste or sulkey plows?"

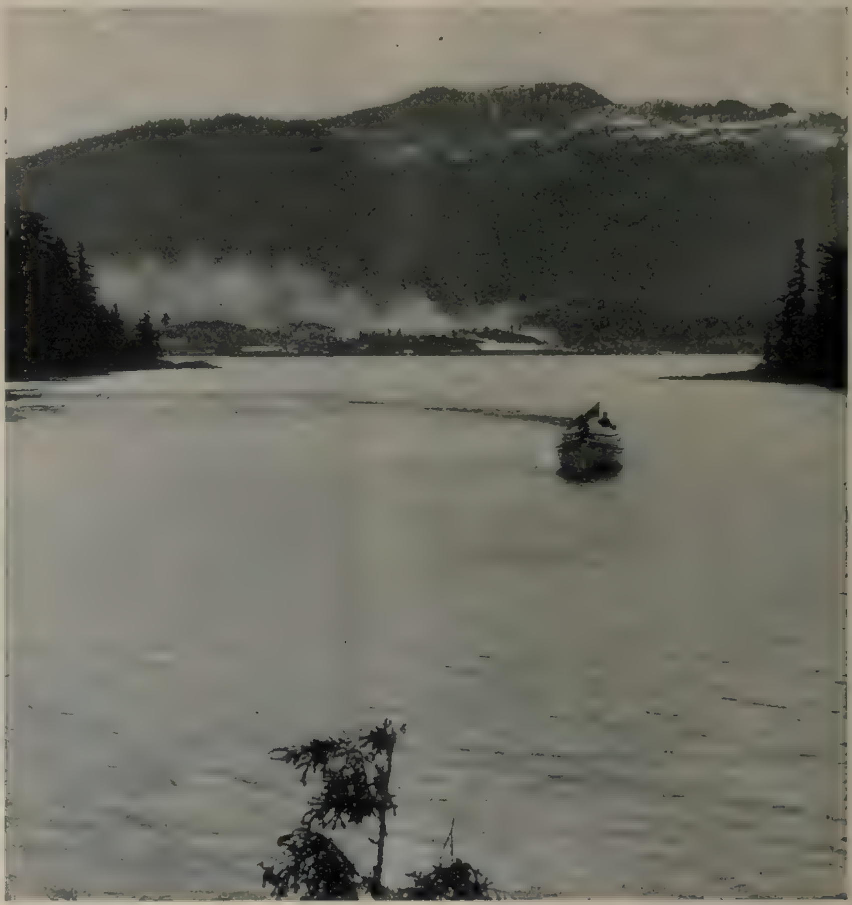
"Neither—new summer tourist copy for the Grand Trunk Pacific—Listen to this! 'Route of Innumerable Wonder To and From the Pacific Coast. Visit the California Expositions through Canadian Prairie Provinces, Snow Capped Mountains of British Columbia and The Norway of America, (700 Mile Ocean Voyage) via Prince Rupert, Vancouver, Victoria, B.C., Seattle, Wash., Portland, Ore., to San Francisco and San Diego, Cal.'"

Mr. Wiseman, copy artist, thought he had pulled a great stroke. He was confident that when his advertisement was published, as is now being done, in most of the large centers in the United States, the Grand Trunk Pacific railway would be swamped with tourist business.

But Mr. Wiseman sitting at his office desk was pretty much of a piker compared with the big subject he was handling. It rather taxed his mind to think out a short description of the trans-Canadian vacation jaunt from the States to the California fairs. His friends had never accused him of sufficient mental calibre to be able to plan such a railway as he had written about, or marshal the forces to carry the plan to accomplishment. Such a thing required supreme imagination. It called for the mark of a builder as well as a master executive.

Edson J. Chamberlin, who succeeded Charles M. Hays as the chief executive of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, may be said to represent the real imagination that made Mr. Wiseman's piece of advertising copy possible. For when President Hays went down in the ill-fated Titanic, it was the Chamberlin type of brains and personal force that gathered up the situation and lead it through to a successful accomplishment.

Every citizen of the Empire remembers with sorrow how President Hays, returning from a meeting of Grand Trunk directors with the plans for the completion of the trans-Canadian railway, went to his death. It was a natural sequence that Mr. Chamberlin should be chosen for Mr. Hays' place, in view of the part he had played in the West in connection with the original plans for extension of the company's main and branch lines. The late Mr. Hays told some of his directors that the reason he picked Mr. Chamberlin for his master of construction in the West was because of his long record in this branch of the railway industry. He pointed to Mr. Chamberlin's accomplishments on the Canadian Atlantic, his work in building a branch line for the Delaware and Hudson from Rouse's Point to Montreal and finally his four years of railway construction work in Mexico. It was President Hays' idea that construction work on the new Grand Trunk Pacific lines must be pushed rapidly to completion so that the millions of dollars already tied up in new roadbeds and rolling stock might be turned into an income-pro-



THE HARBOR ENTRANCE TO THE TERMINUS OF THE G. T. P.—THE COMPLETION OF WHICH IS JOTTED DOWN TO THE CREDIT OF E. J. CHAMBERLIN ducing property as quickly as possible. For this reason Mr. Hays demanded a man who knew the "hows", "whys", and "wherefores" of railway construction work and who could put it through with the least possible delay at a reasonable cost.

Mr. Chamberlin's career in the transportation industry has been quite noteworthy, even before he was chosen by the president of the Grand Trunk to act as the construction executive on the transcontinental lines. A native of New Hampshire, he started his railway career as a clerk in the general offices of the Central Vermont railway. In this position he soon demonstrated to his superiors he was not a mere machine but that he had ideas about the transportation business that were of value. He was promoted from one position to another. After thirteen years with this line he was named general superintendent of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railway between Rouse's point and Ogdensburg in New York.

In 1886 J. R. Booth, the multi-millionaire lumber operator, conceived the idea of building a line of railway to tap his vast timber interests from Parry Sound to Lake Champlain. Many rail construction engineers of experience said the project was not practical because of the difficulties that would be encountered and because of the sparsely settled territory through which most of the line would be routed. Booth picked Chamberlin to build his railway which, after construction, was given the name of Canada Atlantic. Mr. Chamberlin remained at the head of this road until 1905 when his line was absorbed by the Grand Trunk railway.

The reputation of Mr. Chamberlin is said by railway men to have been made, when he built the bridge over the St. Lawrence. When he took charge of the Canada Atlantic the road consisted of 128 miles of track, extending from Ottawa to Lake Champlain, and broken in the middle by the St. Lawrence, over which the business was carried by ferry. Mr. Chamberlin's headquarters were in Ottawa. When the decision had been reached to build the bridge, he moved his office from the city to the side of the St. Lawrence, and personally superintended every detail of the building operations.

A world record was broken during the summer, and the structure was in use in the fall. The piers were set up in the Coteau rapids, where there was a depth of twenty-seven feet, and where the current was nine miles an hour. A new method of construction was evolved to solve the difficulties of the situation, and the great project was carried through without mishap. The performance was stated by experts to have been the greatest feat in bridge building in the world.

The construction of the Ottawa, Arnprior, and Parry Sound railway was commenced in 1893, and was completed in 1896, 254 miles being added to the system. In the meantime the Rockland and Hawkesbury line had been completed, and the main line had been extended into Swanton, Vermont, making connection there with the American lines. When the Grand Trunk began negotiations for the purchase of the property, the company owned 458 miles of steel, operated five large steel steamers and enjoyed an excellent reputation. The deal went through, and Mr. Chamberlin went into private business as a railway builder, constructing first a line for the Delaware and Hudson from Rouse's Point to Montreal. He remained in this private enterprise for four years, and succeeded in amassing a comfortable fortune.

Between the late C. M. Hays and Mr. Chamberlin there had existed for many years a very close mutual friendship, the result of which was the entrance on the part of the latter on the responsible position of vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Mr. Chamberlin was reluctant to return to railway life as an operating and construction official, but yielded to the solicitations of his personal friend. It is well known that he would not be in railway work at the present time were it not for the pressure brought to bear on him by Mr. Hays. He is a man of quick decision and excellent judgment, affable in speech, and of quiet and retiring manner. His early railway work was done with few tools, his training being of a kind to fit him for responsibility.

Mother Jones—Still Fighting!

The little old lady of eighty-three, who organizes riots in Colorado, gets tried for her life in West Virginia, and hobnobs with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in New York.

By Don Hunt

CANADA is blessed with many nice old ladies who are among the most popular and best beloved people in the land. Every city, every village, every countryside has its share of these cherished old folks. Canada, however, sixty years ago lost, to the United States, one woman who, if she had stayed here, would now be in her eighty-third year. This nice old lady was brought from Ireland to Toronto at the age of seven. She attended the schools of that city, first the public schools, then the high school, and finally a convent, where she was trained in all the peaceful arts which would fit her to be a gentle, patient old lady when she would reach the age of eighty.

And this nice old lady dresses to-day suitably enough. Her clothes are black, and she wears a little bonnet "becoming to one of her age." When she moves about, she carries her belongings tied together in a black shawl. Her hair is white, her features benevolent.

"Too bad," everyone will say, "that she didn't stay in Canada, especially in Toronto to join the ranks of those dear old ladies who grace family life in the Ontario capital." As a matter of fact, however, although undoubtedly there are some in Canada who would welcome her here, there are others who would rather feel inclined to give thanks daily that she does not live in the country where she was educated. Among those who feel this sense of relief are the police authorities, all sorts of orthodox politicians, employers of labor, and those citizens generally who like a quiet life.

For, although "Mother Jones" was brought up traditionally in that centre of traditionalism, Toronto, and although to-day, at the age of eighty-three, her hair is white and she does carry a shawl strap, yet in all the United States there is probably no more turbulent force than she. Two years ago, when she was already over eighty, she was on trial for her life before a military court in West Virginia, and was in danger of being executed; in 1914, she spent three months as a prisoner in Trinidad, Colorado, and if she isn't in jail somewhere to-day, she must be growing neglectful of her past record and achievements.

Who is this Mother Jones, the ex-Canadian, who has such strange tastes in the way of spending her old age? Mother Jones is one of the organizers of the United Mine Workers of America and for the past thirty years, whenever the miners have had fights with their employers (and that has been almost constantly in some part or other of the States), this little woman has been in the thickest of the thick.

After she left Toronto, led probably by the hereditary influence of her father, an Irish agitator, she went down to the Southern States to follow up her interest in sociology by working in the cotton mills and thus at first hand investigated the problem of women and child labor. She found conditions so bad that she became a propagandist for radical reform.

After that, she was married, had four children in five years, and lost them all in an epidemic of yellow fever. Since that time, she has given herself exclusively to the labor movement, and to the most exciting and dangerous phases of the industrial revolution.

Take, for example, her 1913 adventures in West Virginia. That State was going through one of those violent labor disturbances which must be one of the deepest worries of thoughtful citizens in the republic. In the mining districts particularly, a strike is usually more than a strike—it is a civil war. We had a little taste of it in Nanaimo, but fortunately there the disease was comparatively mild. In West Virginia there were pitched battles between the miners and the militia, and the most serious of these engagements was the "Battle of Mucklow." Even before that time, twenty-five or thirty people had been killed, and the military authorities, according to the labor men, must have been as autocratic and as bloodthirsty as the Prussian Junkers ever were.

The leader in this war, on the side of labor, was Mother Jones, eighty-one years old. It was she who inspired the drooping spirits of the men being overborne in the struggle. It was she, who, day and night, marched from cabin to cabin, exhorting the miners to resist and fight for their rights. Then came the Battle of Mucklow and the arrest of the woman agitator. The officials, in their kindness of heart, told her she was likely to be executed. Such threats, however, had no terrors for Mother Jones; she was too much accustomed to prisons, to trials, and to the danger of death. Her answer to the threat is worth repeating: "I haven't long to live anyhow," she declared unflinchingly, "and since I have to die, I would rather die for the cause for which I have given so much of my life. My death would call attention throughout the whole United States to conditions in West Virginia. It would be worth while for that reason."

Mother Jones did not die. She was alive enough to go to Colorado after that, and to take a leading part in the equally serious battles between the miners and the military in that State. Fifteen years before, she had led a party of wild eyed, desperate women through the woods of Pennsylvania, yelling and screaming in their madness, inciting the miners not to give up their fight against the mine owners and the soldiers, but to do bitter deeds and to get their rights at all cost.

MILITANT MOTHER JONES
Who fights, not for women's votes, but for workmen's rights

Surely Mother Jones deserves to rank with the "Menads" and the "Judiths" of the Women's Insurrection in the French Revolution. As for Mrs. Pankhurst, an American writer thinks that Mother Jones in her militancy (not for women's votes, but for workmen's rights) has thrown into the shade the militancy of the whole family of Pankhursts, mother, daughters and all!

Mother Jones is most elusive; it is almost impossible to locate her, unless there is a bloody strike in progress (bloody in the literal sense, not as used by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pygmalion.") In times of peace, however, this old lady can scarcely be found. Letters addressed to her at various points are almost sure, after many days and devious wanderings, to return to the sender via the Dead Letter office. She herself lists her address as "Where the Battle for Human Liberty Rages," but this is almost as Alice-in-Wonderland a place as is the North Pole for the residence of Mr. Santa Claus.

For a few days in January of the present year, the public did know where Mother Jones was, and, for once in her life, she was on a peaceful mission. She was attending in New York City the famous sessions of the Commission on Industrial Relations which, among other things, investigated the Rockefeller Foundation and the relation of the Rockefellers to the Colorado coal strikes.

Mother Jones, as a result of her activities at the time of those disturbances, had been thrown into prison, and therefore she knew history out there pretty well. When Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., entered the court room, he saw her, and came to speak to her. "I wish you would come over and tell me what you know of the situation in Colorado," he said to her.

"Well, that's nice of you," replied the old lady, with the little black bonnet. "I always said you could never know what those hirelings out there were doing."

And the very next day Mother Jones did have a long talk with the younger Rockefeller in his office at 26 Broadway. That interview was of great interest to Canadians, for the third person present was Mackenzie King, the famous Canadian public man who has made for himself an international reputation as a conciliator in industrial disputes, and who is now investigator on labor conditions for the Rockefeller Foundation, a position of immense importance and responsibility. Mr. King, by the way, has been in Colorado several months of this year, trying to bring peace out of the warlike conditions in that region.

This talk among Mother Jones, Rockefeller and Mackenzie King must have been unique in the annals of conversation. At its close, Mother Jones entered into a brisk chat in regard to the interview.

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Jean Graham

She is a journalist, a humorist, a scrapper—because she is "Irish on both sides!"

By Irene B. Wrenshall

IT is said that there could not be a writer by any possible chance who had not at least one drop of Irish blood in his veins. But when the ancestors on both sides are from Cork and Killarney, — it's little wonder that the journalistic spirit runs high.

Born in Durham County, near Port Hope, our heroine's father was the late Rev. James Graham, while her grandfather on her mother's side, was the Rev. Dr. Wellington Jeffers, a native of Cork, and Editor of the *Christian Guardian* in the early sixties. Consequently as the daughter of a Methodist minister going from one place to another in Ontario, Miss Graham learned, as a child, to know places and people, and to understand, and be keenly interested in human nature.

Reading was her delight from early childhood, and among the books she gained a liberal education and a taste for good literature, which bore fruit later on. Hamilton Ladies' College was chosen for the place of her education and a little later she took specialist standing in English and History at Toronto University.

After her graduation she decided to take up teaching in the Collegiate Institute, and taught most successfully at Barrie, Strathroy and Kingston, followed by three years teaching in the Presbyterian College for Women, Charlotte, North Carolina. If there is one particular characteristic of Miss Graham's which stands out above the others, it is her interest in girls, and these three years were exceedingly happy and useful ones.

Just at this time she decided to try her hand at journalism, and achieved instant success, her series of burlesque literary interviews appearing in New York "*Life*" beginning with "When Thompson Seton's Ernest." This series of sketches, written in a delightfully humorous vein, spontaneous and vivid, attracted wide-spread attention, and so interested in the brilliance of her work was Mr. Shepherd, the then editor of the *Toronto Saturday Night*, that in 1903 she was invited to become a member of the staff of that journal as a writer of special articles. The *Canadian Magazine* also desired Miss Graham to contribute, and from 1905 to 1911 she conducted a department which attracted keen interest, both for the beauty of expression and the cosmopolitan and live nature of the articles.

In 1906 Miss Graham added the post of associate editor of the "*Canadian Courier*", to her manifold activities, and as "Canadienne" became well known for the sparkle and wit, and yet at the same time deep thought, displayed in these running commentaries on the world and its doings.

MISS JEAN GRAHAM
Who is a satirist without being a cynic

Particularly adapted, in her knowledge of girls and their interests was Miss Graham to become, as she did in the spring of 1909, the editor of the *Canadian Home Journal*. Her personality infused the magazine with new life, and the circle of her reading admirers grew rapidly.

The reading public will remember with keen appreciation a series of burlesque interviews with celebrities,—literary and political—which appeared from Miss Graham's pen in the autumn of 1911, in *Toronto Saturday Night*, signed by the amusing name of "Anne E. Nias." These interviews were of a style of brilliant wit, which might be termed characteristic of her. It is a loss to the literary world that more of these sketches have not appeared, as they have been so eagerly read and so thoroughly appreciated. Miss Graham became editor of the Woman's Section of *Toronto Saturday Night*, shortly after this, and her return to her former field of work was warmly welcomed.

This woman journalist has many activities and interests outside of her literary work, and is keenly concerned in all the achievements of women. As she says herself, while she is not a woman suffrage advocate, she believes in making a woman's sphere include all activities—the domestic interests of course to be an important item, but everything else as well. She has carried this out in her own career, as in all her writing her mind has skimmed here and there,—her articles replete with news interest and vital with serious thought, while at the same time the little touch of humor which, like a "touch of nature," might be well said to "make the whole world akin," is never lacking.

"It is not that I am not interested in politics, that I do not believe in woman suffrage" Miss Graham will tell you, "but I think there are too many other more important things in life to a woman than having a vote. We have enough to do without adding that to our troubles," she laughed. "Far more important," she went on, "is professional honor among women. That is more important to us than anything else. I am glad to say that I have seen some splendid examples of it lately, and I think that it's a sentiment that is growing."

Miss Graham believes strongly in technical training for girls. She is interested in girls more than in anything else, and if she might be accused of having a hobby, it would be girls. "If I were beginning in journalism again," she remarked the other day, "I would try to keep in touch with girl student life. I would like to have travelled all over the world and studied conditions as they are in the many colleges for women. The woman journalist who watches the girl student has a big field. There's a wonderful change from the days of Becky Sharp."

The vein of humor which runs like a

Continued on page 172.

"H. F. G." The Glorified Reporter

Who finds a broad grin in Canadian politics and transfers it to the faces of his readers via his page in the Toronto Saturday Night.

By Gregory Clarke

HENRY FRANKLIN GADSBY occupies a peculiar place on the Canadian press. He is, in a sense, the only specialist in Canadian journalism.

There are in the States several dozen writers of his stamp, men of well-known fame who can devote their talents to the passing event, and who can write with distinction on anything or nothing; whose pens have, besides a pleasing smoothness, a certain analytic keen edge that can cut. And are therefore regarded with respect. They are glorified reporters in the sense that they are free and not desk-bound. Gadsby is the lone representative of that type in Canada.

He is a specialist, not a general practitioner. He is a great colorist. He writes as some men paint, with wide free strokes of the brush, laying on color thickly, vividly, accurately. He mixes his own pigments, and scorns the browns, greys, neutral tints. In describing a man, he does it rapidly—one! two! three!—behold, a caricature, but none the less the essence of the homely Canadian politician!

Gadsby is never very much impressed by anyone. He can find a smile, whether a broad grin or crooked little *moue* of pathos, in the gravest acts. Some day his sketches of Canadian parliamentary doings will become the colorings of history. For they have about them a good-humored or satirical verity that the heroic picturing of partizan writers can never attain. No doubt Sir Robert Borden reads *The Globe* without even an inward blush. But no statesman can feel quite the same fulness of life after Gadsby has playfully poked him in the ribs. Gadsby plays the devil with dignity.

At an earlier day, Gadsby would not have been in journalism but in literature. He would have lived in an old manor mid a farm (here we give away a secret) and have written volumes of polite and biting essays and come down to us somewhere in the lineage of essayists between Charles Lamb and Chesterton. He would have made a rare literary squire. But journalism was all he could find when he arrived at this late day, and he had to content himself with the biggest assignments a Canadian journalist ever had.

He has written special articles from the British House of Commons; the "Gallery Clock," a signed series, from Ottawa; specials on the Ontario Legislature, and on the Toronto City Council that did more to bring the city fathers and legislators into the glimpse of ordinary mortals than a year of handshaking. He has covered the political nominations and elections in the States; reported big events at Washington and London.

Gadsby was born in St. Catharines in 1869. He was schooled at Stratford, at Woodstock College and at the University of Toronto, where he graduated with honors in English and history. He read widely and ravenously in all directions while at 'Varsity and gave himself that peculiar acquaintance with the classics and early English literature that markes an Oxford man. So that now he can ring in a casual reference, a polite quotation, in a way that doesn't disturb the average reader and yet sears with suspicion the mind of the victim. After graduation, he taught school briefly, fitfully, so to speak.

HENRY FRANKLIN GADSBY
At an earlier day, he would have lived in an old manor house and written polite and biting essays

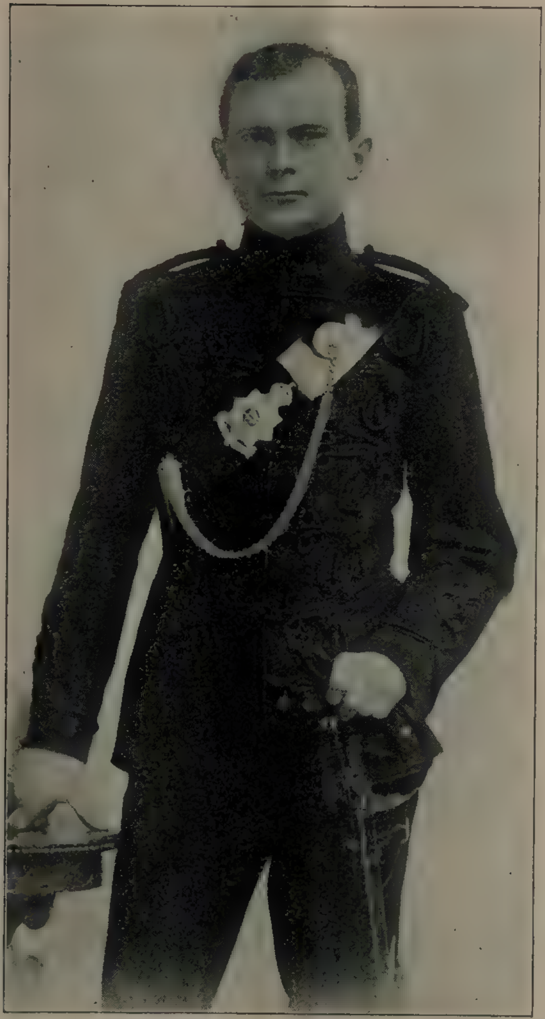
He entered journalism as a reporter on the *Chicago Tribune*, later edited a St. John paper, and then came to *The Toronto Star* as an editorial writer. He edited the Canadian edition of *Collier's Weekly* for three years, returned to *The Star* and is now in Ottawa writing political specials for a syndicate.

While Gadsby has had many signal honors paid him in his profession, none can have been quite as satisfactory to him as that paid by the town of Clinton when he was departing from there after a brief spell of teaching moderns in the High School. A number of his colleagues got together to give him a farewell banquet, which went off very successfully and broke up in the early hours of morn. As the banqueters passed the town hall, it struck Gadsby as fitting to pull the town fire bell, the rope of which was in the porch of the building. The fire bell in Clinton means, of course, that everyone, young and old gets up, dresses and rushes madly down town to see the fire. Gadsby had the unique satisfaction of having a whole town turn out to take part in a farewell demonstration in his honor.

Something of this spirit of mockery of the stodgy and stiff in Canadian life has characterized him all his life. His 'Varsity days were of those gay old days which memory invests with a romance no present generation can ever appreciate. But "days" they were, and no doubt the imaginative and spirited Gad made them brighter than most.

Gadsby, in appearance, has the shape and contours of a squire, which is fitting, as it is one of his oft-expressed ambitions to retire to a farm and there to vegetate. There is, however, no one more citified than he. His clothes are cut to the minute. He was one of the first to don shell-rimmed glasses; and he wore them on a black and white ribbon, to boot! But someday, he will retire to a farm. He will tire of the endless importance of men of affairs and go to find an honest face on a farm.

They say of Artemus Ward that as he wrote he would laugh and chuckle and slap his knee in delight over some idea just arrived. Gadsby is like that, only he doesn't slap his knee. He smiles and chuckles, his dark eyes gleam with the appreciation that any gentleman of intelligence should accord a bright sally. In the last five years, a kindlier vein has entered his writings, a more genial warmth. He can operate now without so much objection from his patient. It is a new note that bids fair to elevate him still higher in the scale, and to shift him nearer to that "literature" he missed only by an accident of time.



Captain James Nimmo Scott, 90th Rifles,
Killed in Action, May 20th, 1915.

He was of the strong, simple hero breed who take life as it comes—the plain men who have won all fields from Thermophylae to Langemarck. The Empire's call found him at his desk as treasurer and managing director of Canada Monthly. He went without hesitation; he served without theatricality; he died, we believe, without regret.

The Incarnations of G. J. Skaggs

By William Dunseith Eaton

Author of "Lazarus and Job," "Prophets for Profit," etc.

Illustrated by Ellsworth Young

JUNE, ANGEVINE & TITUS antedate all human memory of the circus business. This information came to me from the old circus man one afternoon, in the shade of the animal tent, just on the outside of that part of the wall where the elephants were.

It was between performances. Elephants got into the conversation because some of those inside were trumpeting. The old circus man had been telling about the balmy times when colored printing was the main draw, and performers were useful only as justifying the printing, and press agents as now known were not known at all. His modest but firm admission that in those days he had been a master of printing and starch paste was broken off by the noise.

"Hear them bulls," said he. "An' listen at George J. Skaggs,"—as a voice like dried sharkskin addressed "them bulls" in forcible but impure terms.

"There's a josh in the profession," he proceeded, "that June, Angevine & Titus leased Noah's menagerie the day the ark bumped the beach an' made the New England circuit twice before the mud had time to dry. That man you hear swearin' inside says it ain't a josh, but a gawspel truth, for he was there, and knows it.

"Jever notice that big performin' bull Raj? Next time you drift past them ropes take a look at George J. Skaggs. George J. is Raj's chambermaid, an' he says he lived a hundred times before under different alibis, but he only remembers the last time before this one, and the next before that.

"First he was Noah, an' then two thousand years afterwards he's Ling Lang Lung, Emperor of China.

"It's a awful comedown from bein' a character in the Good Book an' then the boss laundryman o' the yearth, to bein' chambermaid to a bull, but George says he's only gittin' what's comin' to him for what he done to them specimens in the ark.

"You oughta hear his spiel about the big flood in the Bible, an' the way the weather bureau tried to put it over him as Noah, an' what the neighbors said to him when he was buildn that there boat. It's a peach of a pipe. But the thing that gets me rollin' is where he begins to run off at the head about the way them specimens behaved after he got that ark afloat.

"He says he had to take on board a pair of every kind of animiles an' birds an' things that creeps an' crawls, an' flies. The fish could take care o' themselves, because there was water enough both salt an' fresh. The Dead Sea an' the Red Sea proves that, he says, an' the big lakes proves it too. But everything else tha coulda bin drowned had to be saved by pairs, so't they could spread over the country afterwards, an' prop a gate an' repoplate the animile kingdom, when all creation had bin swamped an' had to take a fresh holt with better morals an' more room.

"It was easy enough to accommodate the elephants an' camels an' lions an' tigers an' sech, accordin' to this talk of his, but it nearly broke 'im to provide boxes fer fleas an' flies, an' bees an' mosquitos an' etsetry, an' their feed. Says there was so many kinds of them small things they crowded the hold, an' he ain't sure even now that he got a complete collection.

"Well, anyhow. He says that fer about the first ten days out he managed to get along without no more trouble than mighta bin expected with such a mammoth aggregation of nachral enemies in sech close quarters. Then the lions an' the man eatin' Bengal tigers an' the ravenous wolves of the Russian steppies an' all them savage animiles went on strike against the hay diet. Ye see, he hadn't provided no veal, like mosta them is satisfied with in captivity. Only hay an' oats an' birdseed an' nawthin but.

"He was so busy buildn that boat an' settlin' up with the agents he'd sent out collectin' specimens, that he clean fergot that part of the provisions. 'One man can't think of everything,' he says to me.

"Seems he told off one of his sons to look after the commissary. This son was called Ham, an' it looks like

"THE BIG LION'S TEMPER HAD THE OTHER ANIMALS ALL POP-EYED, 'CAUSE THEY RECOGNIZED THE JUNGLE CALL FOR OCCASIONS WHEN THEY WAS EXPECTED FOR DINNER, AND TO BE THE DINNER TOO" he played up to his name or else he was new to the business, fer he fergot all about the habits of them animiles, an' didn't lay in a single pound o' meat of no kind. There he was, outa sight of land, with only one pair of each kind of meat-animals, an' not a single spare one to feed the others with.

"It makes George uneasy, when the big lion begins to roar about the second day, an' he finds out he ain't et nawthin an' is reachin' through his bars after the monkeys an' the rabbits an' sheep an' sech, that was allowed to run loose. He tries to pacify him with twisted hay an' bran mash an' things like that, but he only gets more indignant an' roars louder, an' begins to bounce the cages.

"He ain't botherin' about their breakin' out, fer he knows who built them cages, but he can't think of no way to stop the noise, an' it's makin' the elephants an' giraffes an' camels nervous, an' has all the other things huddlin' together by pairs, shakin' an' lookin' pop-eyed, an' the river horses or Beheemawths of holy writ is sweatn blood till they looks like they was painted red. All of 'em knows them sounds in their native hants. It was the jungle call for occasions when they was expected to come to dinner, an' be the dinner too.

"Well, anyhow. He hadn't figured on more'n a two weeks' voyage er so, an' all the animiles bein' in good condition on accounta what they was wanted for, he thought they'd come to hay sooner'n starve. But they wouldn't. An' before ten days was up, they got so mad an' was makin' so much noise that the he elephant pulls the staples that fastened his leg chains to the deck, an' begins to tear around an' try to butt through the side walls to git overboard, he's so scairt. An' George an' them three boys of his goes after 'im with the iern an' gits him chasin' up an' down, with his mate tryin' to break free too, an' that starts things for sure.

"JEVER NOTICE THAT PERFORMIN' ELEPHUNT RAJ?" SAID THE OLD CIRCUS MAN. "NEXT TIME YOU DRIFT PAST, TAKE A LOOK AT GEORGE J., HE'S RAJ'S CHAMBERMAID"

"George, he's bastin' the bull from behind with a tent stake, an' one o' the boys has roped his trunk an' another's up between 'is ears, poundin' his forehead with a blacksmith's sledge, an' the third one—he's this Ham that fergot the veal—he's jabbin' the iern through 'is skin from the side, an' old mister bull is goin' up and down between decks, both sides to wunst, an' through the alley where the big maneaters is, an' every livin' thing in that there ark is makin' its own kinda noise, when bing !—

"Over goes a hull row of cages, like you might brush a string of empty boxes off a shelf, fer that there bull was a true Mastodon, that would make Raj look like a Sam Bernard pup. An' as he knocks 'em over he steps on 'em an' they gives like they was made out of paper, an' the hull show's loose, an' every one of them animiles is wild with hunger, an' out to kill.

"George ain't no fool, the way he tells it. He drops that tent stake after he hits the bull a lick that jolts 'im ten feet forward, an' then he blows the whistle to close bulkheads, an' the big iern doors slides acrost jist as the bull passes through, an' as they jine they pinch his tail off. You can notice now that elephants has short tails. They're descended from that one. He was the great grandfather of all the elephants, but he had a bushy tail, as may be seen in nachral history books, an' that's where he lost it.

"So that's the way the mix-up begins. All them flesh-eaters is in the forward end, an' after they've jumped on an' devoured a pair of giant ant eaters, that hadn't had no ants and didn't leave no descendants, they turn on each other. George an' the boys woulda come next, only they're light on their feet an' they hits the ladders an' ups on the saloon deck an' slams the hatches shut an' stands on 'em till they can catch their breath..

"It's a thumpin' big ship, because it has to be. Big enough to carry all the menageries of all the yearth—fer they was all there. It's forty cubics long an' ten cubics wide, an' twenty cubics deep, an' pitched within' an' without with tar, as described in the booka Moses. An' in them old ancient ways of measurin' a cubic is a mile. So them crazy meat-eaters is in a room forty mile long an' ten mile wide, an' in less'n a day's time it's one grand arena of battlin' animiles, all chewin' each other up, an' roarin' fer more.

"In the middla the second night after this, the's a cry o' fire. Smoke is rollin' outa the port holes, an' George an' the boys lets each other down over the sides and gets in where it comes from, an' whaddya think ?

"The's a paira dragons down there, an' they've bin asleep durin' all this slaughter-house work, because they was sluggish, havin' had a big gorge of soft coal an' sulphur before they was

"HE WAS SO BUSY COLLECTIN' SPECIMENS THAT HE CLEAN FORGOT ABOUT PROVISIONS FOR THE MAN EATIN' BENGAL TIGER AND THE REST OF THE SAVAGE ANIMILES"

Continued on page 190.

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Clare Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I could even go further than that. The winter had set in suddenly very soon after the body had been put into the water. The spring had only just come. It wasn't unreasonable to suppose that the last person before myself to come down that path and step out on the little boat-landing had been the person who carried the body in his arms."

"Jeffrey," I cried, "wasn't there some clue—some real clue?"

He shook his head with a grim laugh. "Something that Richards would have called a clue, do you mean? A wisp of blond hair caught in a splinter on the gunwale of a boat, or a blood-stained handkerchief, or a rag of white satin caught on a thorn-bush beside the path? No, there was nothing like that."

"I don't see any reason why there shouldn't have been," said I.

"There isn't any," he admitted, "and I confess I looked for something like that. But this is all I did see. The boat-house is a substantially built affair on concrete piles. The windows on both sides were fitted with solid shutters, and the sliding-door with a good lock to make it really difficult for a marauder to get in. It needed to be, for it contained a high-power motor-boat that might very well be stolen or borrowed for a joy-ride. The house is built around a slip, so that the boat could come into it under its own power. When I saw it, it was hoisted out of the water on slings for the winter."

"How did you get in if it was as well locked up as that?"

"I said it had a lock, not that it was locked. As a matter of fact, the sliding-door was only partly shut. It had got off its rollers, as sliding-doors will, and the last person to try to shut it hadn't bothered to fix it. It gaped open about eight inches. It had been like that all winter, too, judging by the drift of half-melted snow and ice that had got inside. I squeezed inside and looked around.

"The person who had laid up the launch for the winter wasn't the one who had left in such a hurry, judging by the shipshape way he had done his job. But there was another boat in there that had evidently been out since.

"It was a small river-skiff, and it lay listed over on the floor of the boat-house just far enough in to clear the door, though there was a pair of slings for it, too. The person who had dragged it in hadn't even bothered to unship the oars, a thing that almost any boatman would have done from force of habit. The boat had been brought in by some one who was in a hurry. I think even Richards would be willing to admit that."

"But was there nothing else ? '

"There was this." Jeffrey's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "There was a long painter on the boat, one end of it made fast, as usual, to a ring in the bow. The other end had been tied around the forward thwart and then cut. Do you see what I mean ? Twenty-five feet of the painter was fast to the bow-ring. Five feet of the same rope was still tied round the forward thwart. Both ends were cut clean, as if they had once belonged together."

He gave a sort of shiver then and stopped. Then, seeing that whatever sinister significance lay in the fact was still not apparent to me, he set his teeth and explained:

"The boat was pretty small for that sort of freight. Perhaps the murderer had never meant to use a boat. He brought the body down and threw it in from the landing. And then he saw that the current wasn't going to carry it away. It was caught in an eddy perhaps. So he got out the boat and rowed over to it. He must tow it out into the channel.

"He passes the painter around it, under the arms perhaps. His boat drifts away from it a little before he has time to make the line fast about the body. He doesn't want to handle it any more than necessary, so he simply makes the other end of the painter fast to the thwart—the forward thwart, mind you—because he's got to tow backward, and pulls away out into the channel.

"When he gets out there he tries to untie the line, but cuts it instead to save time. You can guess that he'd be in a panic of haste by then, and rows back to the boat-house. There's the picture ! Can you see it ?"

"I can see it, as you describe it to me in that convining way of yours. But do you suppose Richards could see it, too ?"

Jeffrey smiled sardonically. "I shouldn't even want him to. A man who could see pictures like that would be much too flighty for the force. There are probably a dozen hypothetical explanations of everything I found there at the boat-house that would cover the case as well as this picture I see. But I do see this one, Drew, plainer than I can make you understand, and I believe it's true."

"When I went up the path again, bound for the big house this time, I scrutinized it pretty closely. I suppose Sherlock Holmes would have found no end of clues, and by the time he'd reached the veranda of the house, would have been able to tell the whole story of the crime. Just where everybody had gone, and how fast they walked, and whether they were right or left-handed, and whether their shirts were custom-made or not.

"But I didn't find anything except here and there a pair of wheel tracks. They were narrow-guage, no wider than a child's express-wagon; but the wheels themselves were broad; nearly two inches I should say. In some of the shady parts of the path where the ground was still frozen hard the tracks were there, frozen in, so I knew they

PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON—

"BUT I DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING EXCEPT HERE AND THERE A PAIR OF WHEEL TRACKS, NO WIDER THAN A CHILD'S EXPRESS WAGON" must have been made before the freeze.

"At the end of ten minutes' walking the path bent around over the crest of a little ridge and gave me my first view of the house. I stopped a minute and looked it over. It was a rather rambling structure, two stories high, composed roughly of a series of L's, jutting out to catch the southwest breeze on one side, and to give the windows and terraces on the other a view of the river.

The architecture was a little too good to be true. In other words, it had been made into something a little more strictly colonial than anything they really built in those days. It looked rather desolate, as such a place is likely to look when it isn't occupied by enough people to keep it tolerably full.

"It wasn't boarded up though, and that was a relief, because I had fully determined to break in if there was no other way of accomplishing my purpose. But as long as there was a caretaker there the purpose would be vastly easier of accomplishment.

"The path I had been following converged now into a brick-laid walk which curved about through the shrubbery and led, not to the porticoed main entrance, but to a smaller doorway at the head of a flight of brick steps. The steps led also to a brick-paved pergola, evidently meant in the summer-time to have a gay-striped awning stretched over it. Just now it was basking warmly in the March sun.

"I went up to the door and rapped lightly with a genuine old colonial knocker which I found there instead of a bell. I hadn't planned what I should say to the person who opened the door, because it seemed better, somehow, to trust to the inspiration of the moment. So much would depend on what sort of person the caretaker happened to be.

"It was lucky I hadn't any very fixed idea—no little explanatory speech committed to memory. If I had had such a thing on the tip of my tongue I'd have been a good deal worse disconcerted than I was. The knocker was pulled out of my hand by the door being briskly opened by some one whose hand must have been on the knob when I started to knock—some one in the act of coming out.

"There in the passage, very erect and self-possessed, blinking a little in the sudden flood of sunshine that came in when the door opened, stood—who do you suppose, Drew?—the last person I expected to find there—Miss Meredith herself. She's one of the most wonderful looking old ladies I ever saw in my life—beautiful, what we mean when we say regal, vigorous, wonderfully vitalized.

"She didn't start at all at the sight of me. Just looked at me a minute in a perfectly composed sort of way, and asked what I wanted. At the sound of her voice I heard some one moving behind her in the passage, and made out over her shoulder some one whom I took to be a maid or sort of companion, loaded down with rugs and cushions.

" 'My name's Jeffrey,' I said, for it was somehow out of the question to try any pretense with a person like that, though I didn't know what sort of reception my name would get.

"But her face lighted up at it, as if she were genuinely pleased, and she held out her hand to me. 'At last!' she said. 'I was beginning to think you were a myth.' She nodded toward a couple of big chairs in the pergola and added: 'I was just going out for a doze in the warm sun. But a chat with you will be much better.'

"Then she turned back and spoke to the woman in the passage: 'Will you please bring an extra rug, Miss Martin?'

"This momentary delay gave me my story. 'I wrote to Dr. Crow,' said I, 'asking for permission to see you, and he told me you'd receive me to-day.'

"I thought I saw just a flicker of surprise go over her face at that, but it didn't show much more than she meant it to, and all she said was.

" 'Dr. Crow is a very competent young man.'

"The woman she called Miss Martin came up just then and began bundling her up in rugs and packing in cushions about her. But, though she was busily occupied with Miss Meredith all the time, I couldn't help feeling that she was regarding me with a certain uneasiness and mistrust. Miss Meredith insisted on my having one of the rugs, and then sent Miss Martin into the house, telling her she shouldn't need her for an hour. I thought the woman went away reluctantly.

"Well, we chatted for a few minutes about the beauty of the day and the pleasure of getting out into the country for the early spring, and I admitted that I had got myself pretty well mired up trespassing in her woods.

"She seemed to take that absolutely as a matter-of-course, and didn't show the slightest curiosity about where I had been, though I said I had been looking at the river from the boat-landing. Then all at once she reverted to what she had said before about beginning to think that I was a myth.

"Drew, she had thought all along that my not seeing her had been my own doing. She'd wanted to see me, she said, but Crow had made me out a sort of hermit who didn't see anybody if he could help it. How he reconciled a statement like that with the fact that I am a portrait painter, I don't know.

"She was perfectly frank in her curiosity about me, as an autocratic old lady like that is likely to be, and kept me talking about myself for a solid hour; asked innumerable questions about how I painted, where I lived, about my life abroad, and so on.

"At the end of the hour Miss Martin appeared again. Miss Meredith got up a little reluctantly. 'You'll stay to lunch, won't you?' she said. 'I haven't had as pleasant a morning in a long time. I hope you're not in a hurry to get back to the city.'

"Of course I said I'd stay, with the greatest pleasure. She gave me an informal nod and started toward the door. 'Miss Martin will take charge of you till lunch-time,' she said. 'I dare say you will want to freshen up a bit after your tramp through the woods. We'll lunch at one.' And with that she walked into the house.

"I waited a minute for Miss Martin to follow her and lead the way for me. But instead of that she stood right where she was, apparently making up her mind to say something. It was then I took my first good look at her. She was a tall, rather lean young woman, unmistakably well-bred, with a severe profile and a rather tight way of doing her hair.

"She stood there confronting me, a little embarrassed, but perfectly resolute. I had unconsciously moved a little toward the door and was standing beside one of the pillars. She stepped into the doorway and stood confronting me.

" 'I am very sorry,' she said, 'to be obliged to countermand Miss Meredith's invitation.'

" 'Countermand it!' said I.

" 'I am Miss Meredith's nurse,' she said. 'I am under the doctor's explicit instructions. I haven't any discretion at all in the matter. I must ask you to go away, Mr. Jeffrey, at once.'

" 'Those are Dr. Crow's instructions?' I asked.

"She didn't answer that question at all. Just stood there looking at me and said again: 'At once.'

"Her manner as well as her words made it perfectly clear that I shouldn't get into that door except by brute force. The thing was so utterly unexpected and, in the light of the deception Crow had practised toward me with Miss Meredith, so sinister that I was very loath to accept the situation.

"Just at that second as I was preparing to turn away, I started again and all but duplicated my yell in the stateroom the night before, because something soft and alive dropped from the pillar over my head upon my shoulder. I clutched at it and found I had in my hand—what do you suppose, Drew?—the same fluffy little baby raccoon that had tried to pull my eyelid up the night before.

"The nurse smiled a pleasant sort of smile and rescued the thing from my hand. 'I'm sorry,' she said. 'That's Miss Meredith's newest pet. He's quite harmless, but I'm afraid rather disconcerting. That's his second adventure within the last twenty-four hours.' "

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. CROW FORGETS.

JEFFREY stopped there, and for a while we just sat looking at each other. The links connected, it seemed to me, into a perfect chain of unescapable inferences. Crow, on receiving Jeffrey's note, in order to make sure of avoiding even a chance meeting between him and Miss Meredith, had sent her off to Beech Hill.

The escapades of the baby raccoon made it plain that the occupants of the stateroom next to Jeffrey's were Miss Meredith and her companion. It was from that stateroom that the insane laughter which horrified Jeffrey had issued, and the words: "She is dead! I killed her!"

The nurse's action in countermanding her mistress's invitation to lunch made it evident enough who the maniac was that had made that confession. And then there was the skiff, the unlocked boat-house, the long painter cut where the forward end of it had been tied round a thwart.

Oh, it wasn't evidence. Richards would laugh at it. But see how well it fitted in. Then I recalled the gossip about the Meredith family that Jeffrey had extracted from the driver who took him out to Beech Hill—the brilliant, highly bred, wilful Merediths, with the streak almost of insanity that cropped up here and there; of Claire's artist father and her peasant mother; of the strange life the girl must have led; of the girl's disappearance in Paris, and Miss Meredith's return with the announcement that she was dead.

How had the streak cropped up in Claire herself? What, if Jeffrey's theory were right, was the cause of the bitter enmity that accounted for her appearance in New York under another name, and of the tragedy that led to the finding of the body in the river and the maniacal confession Jeffrey overheard through the thin partition between the two staterooms? But the whole succession of incidents wove into a pattern that was plain enough to read and grim enough, I thought.

I glanced around at Jeffrey who stood at the window looking out at the fading, electric-lighted city twilight, and the uncanny, almost fear of him that so often came over me came back again. How had he managed, amid the maze of misleading circumstances, to disentangle the true threads of the mystery?

"Well," said I, catching at Richard's phrase, "I don't see how you do it, but there's no doubt you've done it again."

Jeffrey wheeled around. "Done what?" he asked.

"Solved the mystery of the girl in the ice."

"I NEVER WAS MORE PUZZLED IN MY LIFE"

Jeffrey shook his head soberly. "That's just what I haven't done," said he. "I never was more puzzled in my life."

"Not all the details, I'll admit," said I; "but the main facts of it certainly. What was Richard's phrase? You've 'got a confession and a motive'—that is if you can call a maniacal impulse a motive. And you've got a mass of corroborating circumstances."

"So had Richards," said Jeffrey. "And yet I haven't got the real answer any more than he had. I told you the truth just now when I said I never was more puzzled in my life."

"Well, I may be stupid," said I, "but it looks pretty complete to me."

" 'Pretty complete,' " echoed Jeffrey grimly. "That's the secret of all Richard's mistakes. His cases are all 'pretty complete.' But, Drew, no case is complete so long as it contains one single circumstance that contradicts the rest. It isn't complete until everything fits—everything."

"Well," said I, "what is there here that doesn't fit?"

"Do you remember what the insane voice said in the stateroom? 'I killed her with a pin.' What did she mean by that? The girl in the ice had been shot."

"Raving," said I. "You can't expect a maniac to be logical."

"And then," he went on, "who put the boat in the river? Who unlocked the boat-house and launched the boat and towed the body out into the current?"

"Insane people are pretty strong sometimes," said I. "Miss Meredith might have done it."

"Oh, she's strong enough to do it to-day," said Jeffrey. "But that wasn't a maniacal act."

"Maniacs are cunning, too," said I.

"It wasn't a cunning act," retorted Jeffrey. "An insane person would be too clever, once he started out to dispose of the body, to make such a bad job of it. If the body was to be put into the water why wasn't it weighted so it would sink? Why wasn't the boat returned to its proper place in the boat-house and the painter cut away?

"The person who disposed of that body was acting under the logical terror of the consequences of his act—a thing a maniac isn't hampered by. And then there's Dr. Crow. How do his actions fit into the story? No, there's something more there—something I haven't even got a glimpse of yet."

It had grown late. It was long after anybody's office hours, and the big building where I had my office was strangely still, as such buildings are at night.

In the silence that fell between us we heard the clash of the door to the single occasional elevator that served the whole building during the evening hours—heard through the open transom the soft purr of its rise, and then the clash of another door as it stopped at our floor to let some one out. Then there came the hollow ring of footsteps down the corridor, and to my surprise a knock at my outer door.

To be continued.

The Man With The Dinner Pail

By J. J. Armstrong

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

PATRICK KEENAN, plasterer, sat silently eating his breakfast. His wife, Ellen, opposite, watched him in some trepidation. When he drew down his shaggy red brows like that, occasionally twisting his mouth to one side in a scornful manner, and tossed his head, or nodded it, the signs of battle were as apparent to her as though he had painted himself, like one of Cooper's Indians, and was dancing 'round a war-post.

She could not imagine what was stirring up his ire. The breakfast was good, the kitchen was of a spotlessness and cleanliness he loved. Vainly she looked for cause for complaint.

Presently he shoved back his plate.

"Ellen," he demanded, "what is Pathrick Keenan, junior, doing?"

"I—don't know," faltered his wife.

"Ellen," he repeated, with a tantalizing glitter in his eye, "what is Pathrick Keenan, junior, doing?"

"Why, Pathrick," she fluttered, "have you had any word from our Paddy? What's ailing him?"

"Ellen," he thundered, "what is Pathrick Keenan, junior, doing? Is he wurrkin' in a glue facthry?"

"He is not," answered his wife, "everyone knows that our Pathrick is Sergeant in the Royal North-West Mounted Police."

"Aye," he repeated, with unction; "Sergeant in the R-royal North-West Mounted Po-lice. And, Mrs. Keenan, phwat might your daughter Molly be doin' now?"

"Molly do be doin' nothing but living on Quality Avenue, wid servants to wait on her," answered his wife.

"Aye," answered Patrick; "her bein' the wife of Aldtherman Casey, she need do nothin' but dhress in her silks. The Aldtherman's sister do be not altogether approvin' of the match. 'What,' sez she, 'my brother, Aldtherman Casey, mahrry the daughter of a man wid a dinner pail!' But the man wid the dinner pail give them somethin' in their jugs to jumble. 'Out of my house,' sez I to the Aldtherman, sez I: 'You shall never have my daughter, sez I'."

He lowered his voice oratorically as he announced the sequel: "The banns was published in another parish, and the world knew that the man wid the dinner pail objected to the match. But"—and he shook with inward laughter, "I made sure first that the Aldtherman was clane gone on our Molly."

He scraped out his pipe and then resumed:

"And phwat might your daughter Nora be doin', Mrs. Keenan?"

"She do be stenographer for lawyer Green," his wife humored him.

"Aye, she be not so good-lookin' as the rest, goin' more to brains, like mesilf, so we must make a stenographer of her. And phwat might your son Parnell be doin', Mrs. Keenan?"

"Parny be at school, and since he's such a good boy at his books, and his religious juties, the Church will help him to a be praste iv God. The Lord send it and glory be. Blessed shall I be amongst women when I see the day."

"Aye, Ellen, you may well say it. The Church has been the friend of the man wid the dinner pail."

"Because ye deserved it, Pathrick," answered his wife, ingratiatingly.

Patrick shook off his softened look, and brought down his fist on the table, with: "But phwat of your daughter Katey, Mrs. Keenan?"

"What iv our Katey? The finest gerl that steps in shoe leather, that helps her mother, and is a model for all gerls? Fer shame wid ye Pathrick, what have ye agin our Katey?"

Just then the subject of their discourse came into the room, saying:

"What's all the noise about, folks? I thought I heard my name mentioned—it's a quarter to seven, father."

"Aye, I must soon be goin'. But a word wid ye first, Katey."

Keenan looked at his daughter with fatherly pride.

"I see you've got a young man, Katey."

"Whom do you mean, father?"

"The young spark I see oftenest—the lad wid the money and the family."

"Oh, I don't know that he comes so very often."

"But I do know. Last night it was an automobile ride."

"I was in at nine, father."

"All right, all right, Katey, me dear, good little gerl—I'm your father. The night before it was a row on the river. A few evenings before, it was a bit of a party, and so on for some time back. And Katey, he's never axed me."

"Asked you," Katey said, laughingly, "do you want to go too?"

"Katey, Katey," admonished her mother.

"He has never axed me if he might pay you attentions."

"Oh, well, father, that's all out of date."

"Maybe wid rich folk, but not wid the man wid the dinner pail."

"But he doesn't mean anything serious; it's just a bit of fun."

"Fun, is it? And you, twenty years old, earnin' not salt for your praties!"

"Well, if I'm a burden, I'll go to work at something," said the girl, starting up from the table.

"Katey! Stop! Have I been a cruel father to you!"

"No, father dear, you haven't," she murmured.

"Do you know of any workingman's family that's done like ours?"

"No, father, not one."

"And for why, do you suppose?"

"Because you're a dear old dad and mother let's you have your own way, I know you've got some big scheme on foot—I don't know what."

"Lave it to me, Katey, I'm no bungler."

"Yes, father; but don't go asking Ceph his intentions, or making a fool of me in any way, with any of your old-fashioned nonsense."

"Lave it to me, Katey," he returned, as he hurriedly took up his dinner pail.

About eight that evening Cephas Brock's long, high-powered car made its appearance. He was a clean cut, fine-looking chap, immaculately groomed—maybe a little too immaculate. Keenan himself met him at the door.

Assuming his most genial tone, Patrick, extended his hand: "Good-evening, Mr. Brock."

"Good-evening, Mr. Keenan," returned the young man lightly, as he touched hands; "Is Miss Keenan in?"

"She is that. Step in."

"Oh, I don't know—I guess she'll be out in a minute."

"Step in, step in."

The plasterer was courtesy itself, but his forceful personality was felt, and Brock went into the little parlor.

Katey came in immediately, looking rather pale and anxious, but as charming as always.

"It was such a bully night, I thought you'd probably like to come for a spin, Miss Keenan."

"I should love it," said Katey, grabbing at this slim straw of escape. "I shan't be late, dad."

Keenan's bulk blocked the doorway.

"I'm not sure Katey that you're goin'. I have something to say to you."

Katey's heart stopped. Surely the dear old dad who had always been so thoughtful of her wasn't going to humiliate her in front of Brock, of all people.

Keenan was proceeding:

"Mr. Brock will understand I'm sure, why I don't want you to be flying around the country to a band concert here, a party there, and a dance some place else."

He stopped to light his pipe. Everything swam before Katey's eyes, and she had a feeling of helpless rage at her father. Even Brock was rather fascinated by the fearless looking work-worn man in front of him. He'd never noticed the respectable cleanliness of him, the well-brushed hair, and the look of power on his irregular features.

He was continuing:

"You are the last of my family, Katey. Your one sister is the wife of Aldtherman Casey, another a stenographer, one brother a Sergeant in the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and your other brother will, in the fullness of time, Heaven willin', be a praste iv God. Now, daughter, what better could you be nor a bride of Christ, a holy nun? I can give little to the Church, a poor man wid a dinner pail, and I surely owe one of my daughters to her service. I——"

"But, father," spoke the girl, starting up wildly and clasping her hands. "I have no vocation. I know it! I could not be shut up and be a nun. It would be wicked to make me! It would kill me!"

"I'll not force you, my child. You'll want to when you get used to the idea. Think about it."

For answer Katey burst into tears.

Cephas Brock had been an amazed and silent listener to this dialogue, but at the sight of Katey's tears he saw his way clearly. His temper got the better of him.

"Sir, what do you mean by this?" he demanded, advancing toward Keenan.

"By what?"

"Forcing your daughter to become a nun against her wishes."

"Tut, tut, she'll think better of it by and by. Ag'in to-morrow night she'll be praying to be let."

"Never, never," sobbed Katey; "I'm too fond of the world, and I'm afraid I'm too wicked."

"No," thundered Brock, "you shall never be a nun."

"And what have you to say about t?" stormed Keenan, facing Brock ngrily.

"This—I want this girl to be my wife. Nun——"

"Do I understand that there is an ngagement bechune you, widout my knowledge?" asked Keenan, whirling threateningly on his daughter.

"No, no, father, no."

"Say you will marry me, Kate," said Brock, clasping his arms about her, "do say it, and make me happy."

Katey looked pleadingly at her father.

"Are you marrying this man to escape being a holy nun?"

"Oh, no, father, I love him."

"Ah well," heavily, "so the Holy Church is chated: I must say aye, I suppose."

"And now about the auto ride?" asked Brock, beaming triumphantly in proportion as Keenan looked depressed.

"Go and lave me in me loneliness," answered Patrick, shaking his head.

Katey went up and put her arms around her father's neck, and kissed him: "Dear old father, the best father in the world. I'm so happy."

Brock shook hands respectfully with his future father-in-law, and made punctiliously polite farewells.

Katey looked back as the auto turned the corner, and her mother peeped from behind the window curtains—the man with the dinner pail was leaning over the gate, his pipe in his hand shaking with laughter.

THE NIGHT BEFORE IT WAS A ROW ON THE RIVER

27 Cents

Continued from page 152.

She didn't hear the second knock, or maybe there wasn't one.

"Why, you're cryin'!" said the janitor's wife. "See, I brought you some cold meat and an egg for your breakfast, and a bit o' cake an' some tea. And say, will you do like I said and have dinner with me to-morrow? I got a day's scrubbin' yesterday."

"M-m-m, but that was good," said the rejuvenated Snapcornette ten minutes later as she put the last forkful of the meat where it belonged. "An' an egg for breakfast—I've got bread an' tea. Mercy I don't like milk in it. And an invite for dinner. Say, virtue is its own reward?—Nix. 'R else this's a tip on top of it."

She didn't make much noise in her worn shoes as she ascended the stairs to take back the washed-up plates. The janitor's door was open. And this was what she saw.

Tom had turned over and snored the drugged snore of the unjust, on the tumbled bed. Wee Freddie slept across two chairs, happy in his three-year-old unconsciousness. The little woman knelt on the floor beside the table.

In front of her stood the lily. She was looking up at it with her hands clasped. There were tearmarks on her face. And the words that she was whispering were going up, up, past the wonderful golden ears of the flower, past the last shine of the highest lamp above Duchess Street, past the farthest swing of wandering comet-flare.

"It's folks like her that makes the rest of us know You're there," said the janitor's wife.

Mother Jones

Continued from page 160.

"Oh," she said, "We've just been talking over everything for the best interest of the nation and the cause of humanity."

"Did you tell Mr. Rockefeller about Colorado conditions?" she was asked.

"Yes, I told him a few things, but I have been in jail so long, my head's out of gear." (The pathos of this—from an old lady over eighty!)

Mr. Rockefeller's personality must be very charming and persuasive, for Mother Jones had this to say of him after her visit in his office, "I just told Mr. Rockefeller one thing. We have been misrepresenting him terribly, and I as much as anyone else." The rich man himself was even more willing to talk of the interview. "Mother Jones," he explained, "went over with Mr. King and myself all the main points in the situation. I found myself able to agree with everything she said in principle, although of course it was impossible for me to talk about actual conditions as they were in Colorado."

This most unexpected "rapprochement" between the labor agitator and Mr. Rockefeller naturally annoyed the other radical anti-capitalists, who immediately began to exert pressure on Mother Jones. That very night, for example, when the news of the interview was transmitted to all parts of the continent, Upton Sinclair, the hero of the Chicago stock yards, and the promoter of queer summer colonies, sent the old lady a telegram—"We are sure you will not let yourself be overcome by the sweet odor of the American Beauty rose."

This appeal must have rather unsettled Mother Jones, for immediately she issued a statement in which she declared that "So far, Mr. Rockefeller has only given lip service to democracy in industry. His new plan in Colorado masquerades as a basis for collective bargaining. It is the shadow, not the substance. You can't fool my boys." She did say, however, that she believed Mr. Rockefeller did not understand this, because "he says he believes in unions and collective bargaining and democracy in industry."

Her story suggests a fundamental question; the answer will reveal the essential basis of a Canadian's thinking. It is indeed a test question.

Do you think it would have been a misfortune or an advantage for Canada if Mother Jones had stayed in this country, and in our more restricted field, had taken the same stand and adopted the same methods in industrial disputes which she has pursued in the United States?

Jean Graham

Continued from page 161.

golden thread through all her writing, is a part of her personality.

Her pen is never dipped in gall, and her temperament is equally free from unkind criticism, or any disposition to sarcasm. Many a time her few words of humorous comment, kindly spoken yet full of wit, will do more to effect a wide spread influence on the mind of her readers and hearers than a whole sheaf of sermonettes. She is the life of the office and her sunny personality mingled with keen knowledge of human nature is a splendid antidote against the little worries and annoyances that make up the every day life of a newspaper office. Her colleagues will tell you, "it is easier to hold *Saturday Night* back on press day than to get Miss Graham ruffled." "A serious loss to the teaching fraternity," it has been said of her, but her influence is more wide-reaching through her literary work.

Just now Miss Graham's thoughts are bound up in the war, and her military spirit is thoroughly roused, and not much wonder, considering that both her father's and mother's family were military before they were clerical, Irish,—and as Miss Graham says, "scrappers on both sides." If she were a man this sketch would have been of an entirely different nature most likely, and the description would quite possibly have been of military exploits.

Any honors in the gift of her fellow women journalists have been freely offered to her. She was for several years Vice-President for Ontario and Quebec of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and has been again and again urged to accept other offices but has confined herself for the most part to being an interested and inspiring member of the club since its inauguration, her genial personality and keen judgment being a warmly welcomed addition to all the councils of the society.

In a recent appreciation of Stephen Leacock's visit to Toronto in her page "At five o'clock" in Saturday Night, she says quite characteristically, " 'Laughing with Leacock' as someone expressed it,—is about the merriest ending a Blue Monday could have, and we just chuckled to our heart's content, and thanked heaven for the Man from McGill.

"There is a wholesomeness about this mirth which sends a healthy breed among the fads and freaks of our modern world."

And just a word in closing as to the secret of the name which seems so incongruous with Irish ancestry. "Jean Graham" is almost a pen-name since that Scotch first name was never given in baptism. It became necessary for Miss Graham to select some other name than her own—that of Emma Jane, since her mother who was writing a great deal at the time possessed the same name,—so the Scotch name of "Jean" was taken and has remained with her ever since, though she has added other pen-names such as the well known "Canadienne," and "Erin."

Toting a Grouch

Continued from page 157.

of the majestic river, dropped the French-Canadian, cabin, fireplace and pipe in waters dyed red by a sinking sun.

Surely in all history never had a painting a stranger, a more delightful private view than this Horace Kirk aboard the motor boat *Water Lily*.

One might liken it to a gathering of Charles Dana Gibson heroines clustered round a Josef Israel. On the other hand, few paintings have been so unanimously condemned. As a painting it met with the approval of not one of them all. It was brutal, blunt, unlovely, coarse, commonplace, lacked color, had all defects without compensating parts. Ada Lee was for heaving the thing back into the current, and was all but unanimously acclaimed. Janet James, captainette, however, had her doubts. She had silted through picture galleries in Europe, and had found that the picture she thought least likely was usually the most cherished, and here before her eyes was certainly a "least-likely." So she induced those of her passengers who would have had the dripping thing walk the plank to give it passage back to camp.

That evening Horace Kirk's masterpiece hung, like a Red Man's idol, from the branch of a maple tree near enough to the camp-fire to be played upon by the flickering lights and shadows. The girls nicknamed it Janet James' "Mumbo Jumbo," they bedecked it with flowers, and burnt flambeaux to it, and danced little snatches of trots and canters in its honor. At first the captainette had looked upon her find simply as an adventure, but being made the butt for mild sarcasm, she thought how pleasant it would be should the painting turn out to be by some well-known artist. Next an idea occurred to her, and she slipped into a large "general room" tent in which was placed a telephone. To her old friend Brassey, art critic of the chief newspaper in Detroit, she called.

"Among the bulrushes, are you?" he laughed, when he heard where she was staying.

"Yes, towards which I discovered a modern Moses floating," she replied.

"I give it up," he returned, after a moment's silence.

"Then I'll explain. I have called you up to ask a question. Is there a painter by name of Horace Kirk?"

"Is there a Shakespeare? Is there a Wagner? Is there a Kitchener? Of course there is a painter named Horace Kirk."

"Does this Kirk paint horrid things, men sort of close-to-the-ground, like animals?"

Brassey laughed.

"A new way of putting it but it describes Kirk. What's up?"

"What's up is that I have rescued a painting from drowning. I found it floating down the river, and that painting is of an unwashed old man in an unswept cabin, surrounded by rust, and it's signed Horace Kirk."

"There are not half-a-dozen Kirk's in America, and the owners of them do not cast their Kirk's upon the

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CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

waters. Your Kirk is a forgery."

"For one night I am not going to admit any such thing. My companions have had a great deal of joy at my expense—they want to cast the painting back into the river, but I forbade—so for one night at least it shall be a genuine Horace Kirk."

"Good for you! I should like to have a squint at the painting. May I run down to your leafy Eden?"

"Men are not allowed, but if you will be at the ferry dock at four tomorrow afternoon, the *Water Lily* and the Horace Kirk shall await your pleasure."

"At four I'll be there."

When Janet James reported that the painting was by one of the greatest of modern artists the girls seized camp stools and sat in a semicircle gazing at it, silent as Red Indians smoking the Peace Pipe. Their admiration for the work of art, however, showed no signs of increasing.

When the customs officer beheld Horace Kirk stride off the ferry and strike up Woodward Avenue carrying no canvas, he said to himself:

"Ah, he has passed his chromo into Canada. I'll drift across and inquire."

He drifted and inquired. He was told that no painting had been taken into Canada, which information caused him to say:

"Then the man has arranged to somehow have the chromo smuggled into my country. That's certain. We'll see about that. I'll wait until to-morrow evening to give him time, then I'll raid his rooms and search. If I find the picture Mr. Clever Englishman goes to jail, even though the British Lion roars.

Janet James awoke early next morning and brought the painting, which had occupied a corner of her tent, into the light of the morning. She liked it even less than when she had seen it in the moonlight, indeed there was nothing at all pink-and-white about those somber yet glowing colors for a girl uneducated in art to like. To herself Janet admitted that the thing was ugly enough to be great. She hoped it might turn out to be great, for she had not forgotten the compliments of last night, and instead of waiting, as she had intended, till the afternoon, the captainette ran her motor boat up to Detroit, tying up at Kennedy dock about eleven o'clock in the morning. Intending to make half-a-dozen calls, she resolved to begin well by looking in on her particular charge, old Mrs Methuen.

She found the front door open, so there was no need to ring. Tripping along the hall she threw the old lady's door open with such a swing as to bring it with a most uncompromising bang against the back of Horace Kirk, who a moment before, had stepped back to contemplate his painting. Unnoticing painter and canvas the girl ran across the room, dropped on her knees, and taking the old lady's hand in hers looked lovingly into the wrinkled face. She cried: "You are looking so brisk and well this morning, granny, that you make me feel quite envious of you; yes, you do."

"You will be forever flattering me and trying to turn my silly old head, lass."

"Indeed, it is no flattery, granny—but where does that terrible smell of paint come from?"

Round turned her head in an inquiring glance and she found her attention compelled by the eyes of a dark, strong man, eyes that scowled at her after a manner she had never before encountered. For the man's expression was of contemptuous fierceness, a black, black look. Janet James caught her breath, and slowly got upon her feet. Her eyes blazed indignantly.

"Mr. Bear has come all the way from England to paint me for Neil," said Mrs. Methuen, "and if you will be for seeing what I will look like just glance at the picture."

Horace Kirk's dark face said plain as words, "If you dare."

Janet James was not the sort of young lady to be defied. Abruptly she stepped in between the artist and his work. At the very first glance she recognized that she stood in the presence of the man who had painted the picture she had fished from the river. The same brush had touched the two canvases.

"Well, what do you think of it?" suddenly demanded the artist.

Janet James whirled upon him.

"Horrid!" she exclaimed fiercely.

Horace Kirk's brows dropped lower than ever. This frank condemnation was something quite new to him and—he found that he rather enjoyed the experience. He laughed a deep, guttural laugh that further angered the girl.

"It should be flung into the river," she supplemented, and watched him narrowly.

He thought: "At length I have met a girl with a mind of her own, and one who dares."

"I think you are wrong when you call his picture only worthy of the river. I have put my soul in it; if it is horrid my soul is to blame," he said aloud.

A rugged man's gentleness touches a noble girl's heart. More than any other quality does the gentleness of the strong appeal. Janet James' soul responded to this changed and gallant attitude of the painter's.

"I am sure I was wrong," she said hastily.

One moment they continued to look to each other's eyes.

"I paint no more to-day," he said, ıd without bidding good-by to youth age, he quitted the room. "By eavens, at last I have met a girl I can eak to," he thought as he strode off own the avenue. For a time Janet mes was strangely silent, then talked strangely excited to old Mrs. Methn.

Punctually at the hour of four, ents happened. The arrival of the *ater Lily* at the dock next to that hich the Windsor ferries used aroused uch curiosity, for not every day did e loiterers obtain so imtimate a view such a resplendent yacht. Janet mes, captainette, navigated her craft ith the dexterity of a Cup Defender, hich fact added to the interest of the ectacle. Brassey stood waiting the *ater Lily's* arrival, and the moment e craft came to rest, he dropped board. A few seconds later he stood efore the painting and swore by the any gods whom art critics worship at here, in verity, stood a genuine orace Kirk.

At this interesting moment two men, oticing the knot of idlers gazing down on the yacht and curiosity stirring in eir brains, made across to see what as up. Horace Kirk arrived a jiffy efore the customs officer, but which of e two was the more flabbergasted at holding the French-Canadian, his bin, fireplace, blunderbuss and crucit aboard that burnished yacht it is ite impossible to say. Almost multaneously they saw, almost simulneously they took action and almost entical were their actions. In his tural inconsiderate and abrupt way, orace Kirk swung himself heavily to e deck, unceremoniously shouldered assey out of the way, seized the inting and shouted:—

"My property, sir."

The next moment, to his angry onishment, he too was shouldered. e customs officer barked:

'And I seize your property and place u under arrest for smuggling. This your second try at running this ture in from Canada."

'You're an ass—" began Horace k in a morose temper, but he ceased aking when he felt the screw of the cht began to revolve rapidly. Janet nes was taking a hand in the game. o the swirl of the screw the yacht med to leap backwards out upon the ad river, then the next instant she t forward and leaning to the touch he rudder, the craft swept a fluent icircle out upon the bosom of the r. As the yacht swept past the enue cutter which lay at anchor a e above the ferry dock, the customs n cried a notification of his predicait, and an officer called upon the *Water Lily* to come to, but the lightning craft was across the boundary line before any telling action could be taken.

With words of threat upon his lips the customs officer glanced for the first time up at the miniature bridge of the *Water Lily*, and there he beheld Janet James, in command, yes, Miss Janet James, daughter as ever was of John James, U.S. Senator, and the man who had obtained for Mr. Customs Officer his appointment.

"The joke's on me," he muttered to himself; then finding Janet James, eyes upon him, he raised his hat.

"Miss James," he said frankly, "Miss James' if you'll step aft I think this little international complication can be satisfactorily untangled. I'd like to get back to watch people get off the ferry."

Janet James, first bringing the *Water Lily* to a standstill, stepped aft. The customs man said:

"Miss James, is this your painting ?"

Miss James shook her pretty head.

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CANADA MONTHLY .·. TORONTO, ONT

"It's yours," said the officer, whirling on Kirk.

"That's got through your thick head at last, has it ?"

"Were it not for Miss James do you know where your thick head would be i In the county jail, that's where."

"Thank God there is one place in America a man can get into without paying a duty."

"Is it necessary for this painting to go into my country ?" asked the officer, overlooking Kirk's insolence.

"What do you mean ?"

"I mean, you're an Englishman, that's transparent. Are you taking this picture back with you to England?"

"The chances are, yes."

"Then why not take it by way of Canada ?"

"Customs officers obtain in Canada, too——"

The officer shook his head vigorously.

"Not for pictures of value. Any picture worth more than about twenty dollars goes into Canada free."

Kirk scowled up at him.

"Had I known that, all this fuss and bluster would have been saved us."

The customs officer grinned.

"You did not tell me that when the information would have been of value," Kirk reasserted.

"If you'll glance back over the past you'll see that you did not lay yourself out to acquire useful and comforting information from those who were prepared to treat you friendly."

He turned to Janet James.

"If you'll lay the yacht alongside the ferry dock at Windsor, this amiable man can land his picture, and I can get back to my post."

Lo and behold ! It was even as the customs man said. The Canadian people loftily waved Horace Kirk aside. They admitted his picture was worth over twenty dollars, and consequently undutiable. Taking his painting under his arm the artist, just saying "I'll be back in a minute," stalked up the slope and entered the first hotel he came to.

"Give me a room. I'll pay a week in advance."

The clerk obliged him.

"Now have this accursed painting put in the room, and locked in, and if it attempts to break out you hit it with an ax, and then bolt it to the floor."

The rest of the afternoon and evening Horace Kirk spent aboard the *Water Lily*, careening down the river among the loveliest islands and skirting great reed-grown reaches, in fact taking the preliminary steps which led up to the necessity of writing—MARRIAGES.

"Kirk—James. On the 14th inst., at Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., Horace Kirk, of London, England, to Janet, only child of the Hon. John James, U.S. Senator. (By Cable).

Uncle Sam's Billion Dollar Scandal

Continued from page 139.

November, 1906, the revolutionary war had been over 123 years. Yet at the time of her death Mrs. Damon—incredible as it may seem—was drawing a pension as the widow of a revolutionary soldier.

"Suppose that Noah Damon, the man she married, was 20 years old when peace with England was concluded in 1783 and that he lived alone in single blessedness until, in 1833, he reached the thoroughy ripe age of seventy years.

"Suppose that then he married a girl of twenty, born in 1813. At the time of her death in 1903 his widow would have been 93 years old.

"The war of 1812 has been over more than 100 years. Yet there are still something like 175 widows of 1812 soldiers on the pension rolls. And the army of 1812 was a mere handful compared with the more than 2,000,000 men who served the union in the '60s."

Mr. Hyde sees little hope that the pension graft will diminish, but expects rather to see it increase in the near future. He points out that the people in the States have come to look upon transactions in connection with pensions as legitimate when they would not for an instant tolerate such practices in private business dealings. Mr. Hyde writes:

"Legislation is almost certain to be passed which will add an enormous number of women to the pension rolls. At present the widow of any civil war soldier is eligible to pension, provided only that her late husband served at least ninety days in the army, was honorably discharged, and was married to her prior to June 27, 1890. Under this and earlier rulings there are already nearly 300,000 women pensioners.

"But there are many thousands of women who have been married to civil war veterans since June, 1890. Some of them are already widowed, and almost all are anxious to be pensioned. They demand that the date of marriage be advanced say twenty-five years, so that any woman who marries a civil war veteran within fifty years of the close of the civil war may be pensioned when she becomes a widow.

"That this demand will be obeyed may be judged by the fact that such a bill passed the lower house in both the last congress and the one before it. It was also favorably reported for passage in the senate, where it died on the calendar without final action. It is predicted that it will certainly become a law at the next session of congress."

There seems to be a ray of hope, however, for our Uncle Sam cousins, in the

St Lawrence Sugar

Home Jam-Makers!

This hint may Save Your Jam.

It is not everyone who knows that no matter how fresh the berries are, how thoroughly the jam is cooked, nor how clean the jars are, preserves are absolutely sure to spoil if the sugar used contains organic matter—impurities—and many sugars do.

As chemical tests are unpractical, home jam-makers might profit by the experience of others, and insist on being supplied with St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar which has always, and for many years, given satisfaction.

It tests over 99.99% pure, and is refined exclusively from cane sugar.

IT'S WORTH THE WHILE OF THOSE MAKING JAMS OR JELLIES TO INSIST ON ST. LAWRENCE EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR.

Buying the Refinery Sealed Packages avoids mistakes and assures cleanliness and correct weights. Sold in 2lb. and 5lb. cartons, and 10, 20, 25 and 100lb. bags, and in three sizes of grain; fine, medium and coarse. Any good dealer can fill your order.

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For an Investment of only $15.00.

Do you know the fun of a "Shower Bath"? On nights this Summer when you've slowly parboiled all day in an office that seems like 117 in the fan breeze, wouldn't you like to go home and get under a nice cool shower that would put the starch back into you?

Wouldn't you like to have old friend shower waiting for you in the morning when you get out of bed—to wake you up to the fact that most days are pretty fine days if your blood is circulating right?

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can be installed in your home, by you, without the aid of a plumber. You just screw it to the wall above the bath tub. ***It is complete in every detail, including a waterproof splash curtain,*** which fully protects the walls and floor. The whole bath, including shower head, pipe, curtain, curtain ring, clips, etc., etc., ***sent to any address in Canada for $15.00.*** All tubing is of Brass heavily nickeled, the hose is of the highest grade rubber, the curtain of high grade duck, etc.

You probably want a Niagara Shower in your Home. Write to-day for booklet, or send us your order.

Every bath sold under our guarantee of satisfaction.

Kinzinger, Bruce & Co.,
DEPT. C. Limited
Niagara Falls, - Ontario

wide publicity which has been given the pension scandal throughout the country during the past few months. Many honest congressmen have not dared to vote against the pension bills knowing full well such a vote would mean their defeat at the next election. The public airing of the graft that has been pilfered from the United States government treasury for so many years, will, it is hoped, make it possible for some of these congressmen to express their honest views on future pension measures.

Little Sir

Continued from page 142.

John, in his anxiety, came abruptly on to the marsh. He remembered now that he hadn't gone near the dolls' house when he came out of the woods. He began running up and down looking for the beans but soon tired out with the camera things and thought it best to put them down in a safe dry place and go and reconnoitre.

A ten minute walk seems like an hour to a seven year old when some one is waiting anxiously for him at the other end of the line and so John when he at last found the white beans scattered about so plainly on the black leaf mould, thought he had walked at least an hour. But now that he had his bearings he could make up for lost time. He ran back to the tree where he had left his things like a dog with its new found scent. He saw the tree, at last, and then the black things under it. Oh, everything would be all right now.

But when he came up to them, everything was wrong again for the camera was gone. He looked all about in bewilderment and blinked hard to clear his vision but there was no mistake. The cloth cover was there with the plate satchel and tripod on top of it just as he had left them but there was no camera. He thought of the bird man sitting back there in the woods and waiting and trusting in him and a lump came into his throat.

Just then he heard a giggle coming from the dolls' house. It was only a stone's throw from where he stood and he had thought he was very far away from it when he put down those things. There was another giggle and another. He started toward the dolls' house, mechanically, at first and then with a great deal of purpose. He began to remember something that sent a chill to his heart. That was Patty's laugh but there was something unnatural about it. He came and stood in the opening of the dolls' house and looked in. There, on her knees in the middle of the grassy floor was Patty, holding the camera in her feverish little hands. The two plates were lying carelessly on the grass while she worked the slide back and forth and laughed and laughed and laughed.

For a moment John was stupified with horror. To think that anyone existed who could touch so sacred an object with such levity! It was something new and awful in his experience as if he had found a staring corpse in the innocent playhouse.

But he marched in and demanded the camera in a dominating voice that he had never dared to use with Patty before. He chucked the plates in the best way he could and told her as he did so what an awful thing she had done and that she didn't seem to know it either and just thought it was funny.

It must be admitted however that Patty did have very grave misgivings about the camera and if John had been anything else but a man he would have known the woman's laughing was hysterical; but he didn't know it and for the same reason he didn't know a blessed thing about her curiosity.

John started off and Patty began to cry hard with both little hands over her face.

"What will the bird man say, John? What will he do to me?"

John hesitated and Patty wailed in a weird minor key, "Tell me, tell me, tell me."

John told her it was so awful he just didn't know what he'd do. It would be something terrible sure.

And then Patty begged him not to tell the bird man. It was a happy thought and she even smiled through her tears.

John puckered his brow and thought a minute very hard. Girls must be helped and protected by men. He had heard that always. They were not made strong enough to stand severe punishment. Look at Patty there, crying, and crying outloud too like a baby and not a bit ashamed of it either. What did girls know about nerve and grit and "sitting tight" and all the things that kids had to brace up to? There sat Mary too, another girl stuck back there in the bushes and scared to death. She hadn't even winked, she was so scared.

John was convinced by his own logic.

"No siree, Patty, I won't tell on you," he pronounced with conviction.

He saw the sunshine leap back into her little face, streaked with dirt and tears and that was his reward. And then he left the dolls' house on the run, the emphatic words of his promise still ringing in his ears.

It was a very different little boy that picked his way back through the woods, his heart heavy, his arms weary with their load and eyes blinking back the tears to see the bean trail.

When the bird man saw him coming a long way off with all the parapher-

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W. P. HINTON, Asst. Pass Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

nalia he realized why he had been so long. He had not meant for John to bring anything but the camera itself.

He hurried smiling to meet him thinking what a brick the boy was, he had been in doubt so he just lugged the whole thing right along.

But as he came nearer to John his quick eye saw the protruding plates in the camera and read the story in his face.

To John the bird man looked like a giant, enraged, as he strode up and snatched away the camera.

"Who took those plates out of here?" he demanded.

No answer.

He took John roughly by the shoulder.

"Answer me, did you put those plates in this way ?"

"Yes, I did," said John stoutly.

The bird man released his hold of the boy and John, numb with grief, watched him in hypnotic fascination. His face underwent a series of changes from anger to astonishment and from astonishment to sadness and remained just sadness. He walked over to the log where he had been waiting for John and seated himself on it with wearied precision like an old man, he placed the camera very gingerly on the ground between his feet and hanging his arms down between his knees he carefully matched the fingers of his two hands together.

John stood there waiting. He didn't know what he was waiting for, in fact it had never occurred to him to move.

The bird man seeing him still there, roused from his stupor and said very gently, "Put the things down, John, and go back to the house."

Every one wondered what had happened to the bird man. It was as if the light of the house had gone out. At table he was silent and so the funny stories and interesting experiences ceased all around. They all realized now that it was only by reflection that they had been brilliant and now that the chief luminary of their little solar system had covered its light, they were glum.

Every one began to talk and conjecture about the bird man and the evidence accumulated like a rolling snowball. They told each other that he never took John with him any more on his trips and that he didn't even notice little Mary who had been such a favorite with him in his romping moods.

The ladies "in appropriate outing effects" whispered that it was a love affair and the suggestion immediately became a certainty.

John lost his appetite and fell into the habit of disappearing. Aunty Bun trotted after, reclaimed and tried to make him talk but he just filled up all the tighter and said nothing.

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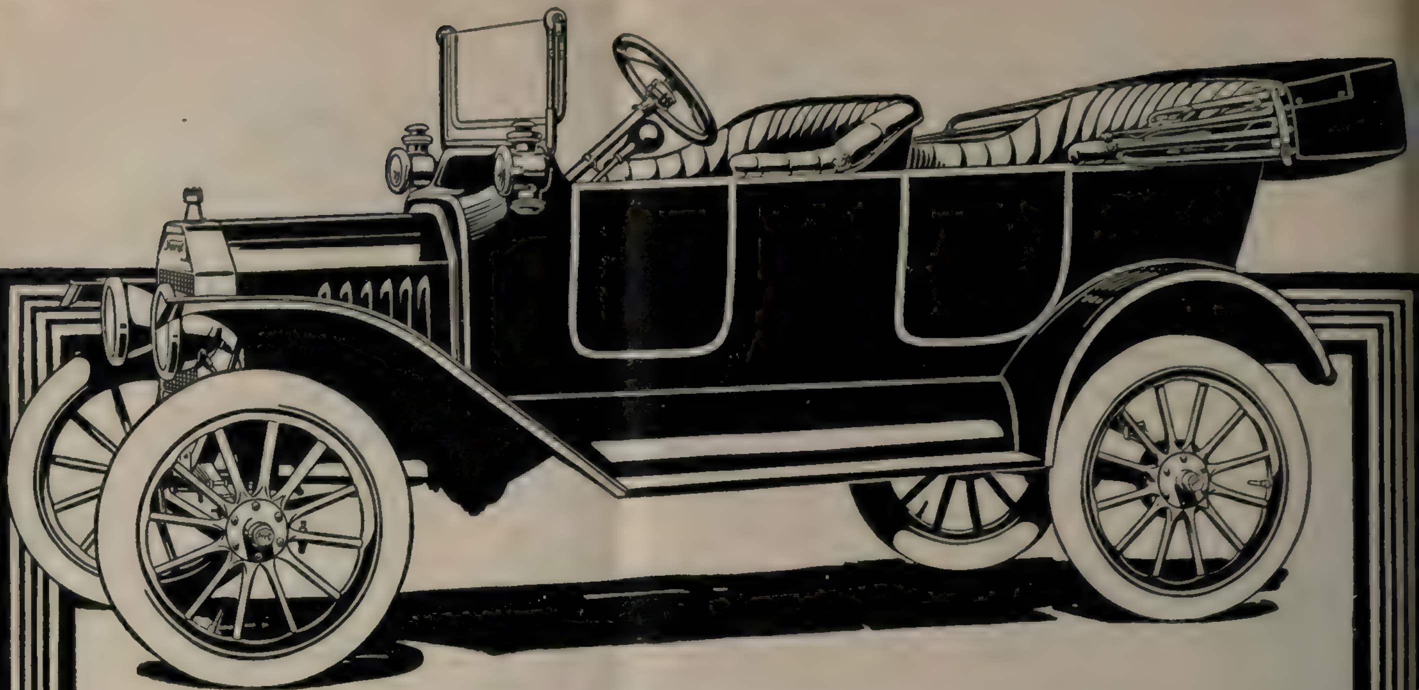

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Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Patty was peevish because John ouldn't play, Aunty Bun was worried ad the only happy person left on the rm was little Mary.

Aunty Bun was willing enough to fall to the general belief that the bird an was suffering from an unfortunate ve affair but that was just one thing e didn't have to worry about. What d concern her was the way he neglected John and she meant to speak to him out it. She was positive the bird an would never hurt the boy's feelgs intentionally.

Aunty Bun's few words came upon e bird man like a thunderclap. He alized for the first time that he had en acting strangely toward every one d causing them to wonder and coment and it certainly was far from his nerous nature to be peevish or to oil the general enjoyment by his own om. Aunty Bun had made him l like a schoolboy,—not by what she d said but because she had wakened n out of a dream. He walked out o the yard feeling foolish and very ch ashamed of himself.

The first object that met his eyes s little Mary pulling a toy sheep ng the grass by a string while it eered and teetered after her in drunk- obedience.

He caught her up to his shoulder in old way and said,

"You're just the girl I'm looking for. w hold tight," and away they went wn the long slope of the lawn.

"Oh! I dropped my seep, bird n," she said, wriggling to get down.

"No you don't, young lady. Now u just tell me if you like your bird n any more and I'll get the sheep. you don't then Mary won't have any le lamb at all."

'Well," said Mary, sticking to her e of the bargain, "Oor so cwoss."

'Oh, I'm cross, eh? What makes cross then, have you any ideas out that?"

'Well, I des spose oor cwoss wif tty cause she pulled oor camwa all ieces."

The bird man picked up the sheep y thoughtfully and gave it to Mary, she never guessed why he became nt again and why he patted her d when he set her down and said ood little Mary."

The bird man slept very little that ht and rose at day-break to look for n, the only early riser on the farm ides himself.

ohn was sitting on a little hummock tching the sunrise and listening to hallelujah chorus of the birds. He drawn up in a ball hugging his with his head resting on his knees the round curve of his back outd against the glowing horizon.

he bird man's first impulse was to up and put his arm around the tiny

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$375 Less Than Last Year

This 1916 Overland is essentially the same as our 1915 Overland—the famous Model 80 that sold for $1425. It is the largest four cylinder Overland that will be produced this season.

Specifications:

- *35 Horsepower motor*
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New catalogue is ready. Please address Dept. 3.

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New Models Now on Display at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

ball of humanity, but that wouldn't do. John raised his head and measured him with round-eyed solemnity.

The man had never thought of being embarrassed before Little Sir but he found himself awkwardly jingling the change in his pockets and wondering a little what to do next. And then too, he felt the deep injury he had done the child and the presumption of trying to repair it in a minute.

"Look here, John," he began bravely, "I find I've made a—" John rose to his feet looking like the baby owl of wisdom.

The bird man laid a hand on his shoulder and his face was very tender but he said very brusquely, "John, old man, I'm going to the woods this morning, will you be my scout ?"

"Sure," said John stoutly with only one little embarrassed corner of his mouth smiling.

"That's a bet then," said the bird man. "Shall we shake on it ?"

As Little Sir held out his hand, his face was very solemn and restrained but in his little pent-up heart a May-day riot of colors and love and life danced wild hornpipes on the green.

Lake Louise as seen from the verandah of the C. P. R. Chateau Hotel.

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C. E. E. USSHER,
Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL, QUE.

Winning the D. C. M.

Continued from page 145.

Thank goodness, in an action like this, you kind of lose your senses and cease to be your normal self. An elevation above all ordinary feeling comes over you and you feel as though you are rushing through air. There is so much to frighten you that you cease to be afraid. Then your senses gradually come back. That is why all infantry attacks should be carried through with one overwhelming rush.

Then I saw about 60 of the——— Regiment strolling down the road. We asked them where they were going. One man replied:

"We have stormed every trench and every bloomin' village in this muddy country. All our officers are shot, so we thought it about time some one else had a go."

I got back to the trenches, where I had left the battalion, and shortly afterward we were ordered to move forward to the left. This we did until almost opposite to Aubers. At 5.30 p.m., orders came that we were to storm a suburb of Aubers. I had not the least idea of how things were going, except that Neuve Chapelle had been taken.

Again we advanced across the open under every sort of infernal missile invented by Krupp & Co. for the destruction of mankind.

We crossed ground covered with dead and wounded, so I suppose some battalion had already attacked without success. We did not make much progress and just as it was growing dusk we received orders to entrench ourselves where we were. This we proceeded to do with alacrity.

Here we passed the night, but what a night!

Every gun, every machine gun, every rifle kept up an incessant fire. No one was aiming at anything in particular. It was just a great blaze off. As practice it was superb.

Flames from the bursting shells made a wonderful picture. And the din! Well, you would not have believed such a row possible.

Although we all tried to, sleep was out of the question. We just lay low under cover of our shelter trenches and waited for the dawn. Our men were still full of fight.

At 7 a.m., an order came round, battalion to advance on Aubers again.

I was in one of the rear trenches with one of the machine guns. My sergeant got up and fell back with a bullet in his leg. Then a soldier got up and received one bang through the heart. Then I was just climbing out of the trench when I felt a terrific blow.

I fell back. There was blood all over me. My men tore off my coat and bandaged me up and some stuck with me.

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley.

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C. M. July

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All day we were under a terrific fire from every sort of shell. They fell all around our trenches and when you are wounded this is not pleasant, let me tell you.

A soldier came limping in with a bullet in his leg. "I'm off to the dressing station," he said.

We told him it was too dangerous and advised him to wait until after dark. He insisted going on and had only moved about ten yards when a shell got a direct hit on him.

After dark some stretcher bearers came around and carried me back. We had only gone a short way when the Germans started lighting us up with their infernal Roman candles.

They then poured in volleys and the stretcher party had to make for cover, dragging me with them. Later they managed to get me away.

The days that separated me from England and this white peacefulness aren't very clear. Even the first week here was a series of dreams, through which Nurse Josephine's face used to loom, smiling and very pitiful because she *had* to wake me up to prevent my rousing the whole wing. Charge after charge swept across the endless mud-flats of my brain, and if I wasn't General French, at least I seemed to be responsible for megaphoning all the orders. She has told me since that I have a wonderful voice! These nightmare-battles are of constant occurrence in the hospital. All the new arrivals have them.

A man from Brandon in the next room came in just after me. He was at Neuve Chapelle too, but in the village itself. He says that his battalion captured the place at the bayonet point, which is generally grim business, in which instant and unconditional surrender is the only means by which a great deal of bloodshed can be prevented.

It looked as if an earthquake had struck the village, the chaos was so utter. The very lines of the streets were all but obliterated and hardly a stone remained upon a stone. It was indeed a scene of desolation into which the rifle brigade of the First Regiment to enter the village raced along.

"Of the church only the bare shell remained. The little churchyard was devastated, and its very dead plucked from the graves. Broken coffins and ancient bones were scattered amid the fresher dead slain that morning.

"Of all the once fair village but two things remained intact, the great crucifixes reared aloft, one in the church yard and the other over against the chateau.

"The din and confusion were indescribable. Through the pall of shell smoke Germans were seen on all sides, some emerging half dazed from cellars

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorous match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"
Non-Poisonous

Catches the Germ with the Fly.
Made in Canada by
THE O. & W. THUM CO.
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Dean Canoes are made on the close ribbed metallic joint construction.
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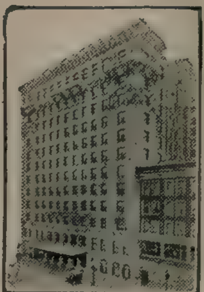

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and dugouts, their hands above their heads, others dodging around shattered houses, others firing from windows, from behind carts and behind overturned tombstones."

Question of Transportation

Continued from page 153.

He passes it on to the fellows at the post, or at the police barracks, or both. It soon filters out. The Indian, gossip and visitor that he is, carries it into the wilds. The breed, the guide, the hunter, the mail man, the stage driver, each does his duty along this line. As a result, to quote holy writ, "nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed." The tenderfoot cannot comprehend the news system of the North, and is continually in a flutter of surprise. For instance, there was the young Englishman we passsed at Allie Brick's. He was of the reticent order, had come out to revel in isolation, and was mad clear through. "A bloomin' nuisance, don't you know," he complained. "I could have sworn nobody in these parts was aware of my name even. Yet a few days back a voluble old dame, who keeps a place falsely called a "rest-house,"—regular fat one she is,—sat on the doorstep and told me who I was, where I hailed from, and —stuttering in his wrath—"how many shirts I had in my pack—actually, how many shirts —my word ! How do you explain it ?" We do not explain it at all. It is one of the unique conditions of the wilderness life.

It is after we have passed the government dredge at work deepening the river, construction camps of the Edmonton and Dunvegan railway, and road-making parties galore, that the driver of the bull team airs his views on transportation. The question being a vital one, and the settler the man most concerned with it, we quote him.

"What's needed is a decent road over which one can take his belongings. The country is a good one—if I didn't believe it, I'd still be back on my little Ontario fruit farm—but it's the devil's own place to get into." These emphatic words are the settler's, not ours. "The trail we've passed over is enough to make a man turn tail and hike for whence he came. There's a whole neighborhood of us—the only way to make the move. If I'd started out by my lonesome, ten to one my ambition to homestead on the plains of the Peace would by this time be buried in one of these cussed muskegs, drowned in an airhole, or had its back broken among the logs and stumps; and I'd be invaliding myself back to a good road community.

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But a company like ours can keep its courage up. One may be belating, but another will be singing. If one is down another is up in the air, I may feel like turning coward and dropping out, but Lord bless you, there's lots to make me come to the rack, hay or no hay, and laugh or jaw me till the fit passes. There's nothing makes you feel better than to know the neighbor from home is shoulder to shoulder with you.

"How did you happen to start out together?" we ask.

"We didn't happen, not by a long sight. We planned hard, and steady. It's a good many weeks since we hit the trail—we're getting on to the land of promise. High time, too. For the best results a man should be on his homestead ready for business by March—or earlier. Sorry we started? Not much, only we've an everlasting grouch at the trail. If the government wants settlers, as it makes out, why under heavens doesn't it give us a half decent road to travel? I read in a Winnipeg paper that the crying need of the north country was men to turn her furrows, but, believe me, the crying need number one is a highway for these men to come in on. The land route is rotten, simply rotten.

"It is the land route the settler must stick to." He continues, "The Northern Navigation Company offers an easy journey to the north—that's a nice boat of theirs goes winding up the Athabaska, and the six-seated light wagon they make the twenty mile portage in, isn't to be sniffed at. The lake boat "Midnight Sun," looks good to me, and I hear she has a captain to be proud of, also an engineer worth while. I'd like first rate to sail in her straight up the Lesser Slave to Grouard instead of circling all the way around by land. But these luxuries are for the tourists, and others of that ilk. They're not for the homesteader. One thing, he couldn't afford the passage money for a whole family; for another, he couldn't pay the freight on his furniture and farming implements; for yet another, his live stock couldn't be accommodated. He has to take every thing right along with him. In the north if you want what you have not got you are liable to keep right on wanting it. So the settler gets him a "pullman" on wheels or runners, as the case may be; loads it with the most precious of his possessions, the wife, the bairns; gathers his flocks and herds; says his prayer—to the patriarch's God if he is a Christian, to the gods of chance if he is pagan, and is up and away. It is this man the country wants, has to have. The sightseer, the trader, speculator, these go in for what they can bring back, but he goes in to plow and sow, to make good—and to stay. His youngsters will be native born and proud of it. And seeing that the country has to have him, and the sooner the better, the country should get busy and secure the attention of a live good roads commission. It's sure needed. Good-bye and good luck!"

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Before you buy a detachable Motor it will pay you to investigate the exclusive features, unique advantages and superior quality of the 1915 Model.

The Evinrude Detachable Motor
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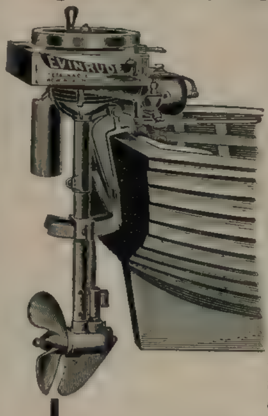

The automatic reverse (an exclusive Evinrude feature) is of tremendous advantage in manœuvering for a landing or passing other craft.

This wonderful little Motor can be attached to any rowboat or canoe in a minute. It develops a speed of from two to eight miles per hour. Is perfect in design, dependable, and so simple a child can operate it.

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flings lances of flame on every hand, we watch, for the last time, the breaking of camp. The suggestiveness of it fires the imagination. There is the clamor of voices, the lowing of oxen, the scrunch of steel shod runner on the frozen snow as the six shining bulls get down to work with sulky head shakings and rumbling protests; there go the black oxen, the red ones, the brindle, the spotted, the brown, the grizzly, staid old fellows bending to the yoke, frisky young ones despising it. There they go, around the bend, over the hill, on and on, the little houses swaying recklessly, the women waving from their doors. The men have no time for farewells, they are attending strictly to business. A procession of homeseekers—not adventurers, not amateurs, but seasoned farmers from an older province, men with the bark on. Good luck go with them!

To leave behind old associations, the comforts and conveniences of civilization, and trek to this, or any other new country is no light undertaking. One needs to be big enough to forget, strong enough to look ahead, young enough to take root easily.

The man who means to make a home in the north will refrain from criticism of the country if he wishes to be friends with the natives. They are patriotic, in their own way, excessively so, and their store of local pride is marked.

Mr. Cornwall, member of the legislation for Peace River District, illustrates this point with a joke upon himself. When Mr. Cornwall married, he took his bride on a six months' tour of his constituency. So impressed, was the lady with the country that when, a year or so later, a daughter came to the home, the new arrival was christened Peace. Naturally the Peace River natives were delighted, "Jim" Cornwall being one of themselves, the "big white brother," and their pride and boast. Just as naturally, other natives felt a trifle jealous. One old woman of the Smoky river for whom Mr. Cornwall had settled a cattle dispute and who called him her nephew, by way of grateful appreciation, cornered him on his next visit among them, and began:

"We hear the Good Spirit give you daughter of your own."

Mr. Cornwall confessed that such was the case.

"You call her by name of Peace, eh?" Again the big man of the legislature owned up. The Indian woman brooded, then brightened. "So," she said, "it is as it should be. Peace is fine river, Smoky fine river, too,—heap fine.

"Sure, the Smoky is all right," agreed Mr. Cornwall, glad to humor her, "I say so and I ought to know." "So"—the "so" of an Indian, long, drawn, subtle, carries a significance

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out of all proportion to the size of the word. "So, you promise me something, nephew ? By'n by come a son, maybe, and him you will call Smoky. It is true is it not ? Tell your wife her little daughter is Peace, her little chieftain will be Smoky. It is well.'

Here was a dilemma. He hated to hurt her local pride by refusing, hated to deceive her by seeming to agree. He flashed her the smile peculiar to him, open, friendly, confidential, and said, "A name must fit. We call our daughter Peace. She is a quiet, happy child, vexing no one, and allowing nothing to vex her. Peace is a proper name for her. "But Smoky"—the smile deepened, "well, you remember that my wife is even fairer than I. If the Great Spirit is good, and gives us a son some day, he's bound to be a tow head, not a bit the right complexion to carry the name of Smoky. What do you think, Auntie ?"

"That is no lie," and the old woman's smile answered his, "Smoky fine name for brown baby, not make right sound on baby white like milk, no, no. Call him Jim, that is name we like, eh ?" But James Jr., who arrived duly on the scene a year or so ago, has the nickname of "Smoky" all the same.

Children of Grand Pre

Continued from page 149.

of those gigantic and cataclysmic struggles by means of which the Indians accounted for the devastations of the glacial era. Gluskap was victorious though he had to throw the Five Islands, one after the other, at the wicked tail-flapper, who at last lay crushed beneath the final missile. Then Gluskap tore open the dam and the tides roared up to the last limit of the last beach and retreating, carried the bad Big Beaver with them!

When my dream-holiday was nearing its last chapter, I came back through Digby, where I tasted the famous "Digby chickens", small, delicate, plump herrings, and some of the town's cherries, great gypsy-red jewels, though alas, these were "canned," as the season was too far advanced to go gathering them off the trees as I should like to have done. As it was, I ate them in a deep dish, a gold-banded heirloom, heaped up with clotted cream, and anyone who would have sighed for Rector's or the College Inn in preference could have had every French-served table of them, for all o' me. I was in the real France; Acadian-made, Norman-kirtled, fiddle-tripping France. The last evening I wandered down to the shore, a little loneliness creeping over me as I realized that it would be the last night I'd watch the boys and men tackle the defunct monster with knives and hooks and hew him into suitable gobbets.

Last of all, I left the train at Weymouth, I and my suitcase and my Longfellow, and I zigzagged down through the district of Clare where the descendants of Evangeline's folk have strung their little white cottages for miles along the highway, an endless, changeless village street. Here is the Acadian speech; here are the narrow strip farms; for each landholder at his death divides his farm among his children, careful to leave each a bit o' road and a bit o' water. And as the family is often as long and as leisurely as the village street, this tends to subdivide the original acres until they become mere gay green little stripes in a vast blanket of ground-contentment. It is thoroughly characteristic of the Acadian that he doesn't think of migrating

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in order to better his condition any more than he thought of resisting the enforced migration of 1755. Filled with twentieth century ambition, the itch to turn a penny into a nickel and a nickel into a show, inclines us to look down on these folk "whose lives glide on like the rivers that water the woodlands." But sometimes I wonder whether it is not better to be content with a Norman cap and a spinning wheel, and love under a thatched roof, than to be crying for thirty-two hats—and the vote?

The Incarnations of G. J. Skaggs

Continued from page 165.

drove on board. They hears this razoo goin' on overhead an' they wakes up excited, an' begins to breathe out fire an' smoke, accordin' to their nachur when disturbed, an' that's all the' is to the alarm. George he's so het up by all these events that he gits mad an' grabs the emergency hose an' turns it down their throats until they almost blow up with their own steam, an' rolls over in agony, an' that's all fer them fer a month.

"While he's attendin' to this an' the saloon deck is clear, them rampagin' animiles makes a break fer the hatches, an' when George an' the boys gets back, they got a job on hand, if ever the' was one.

" 'I can't remember all about it, Bill,' he says to me, 'an' sometimes it seems jest like a rough house dream,' he says, 'but this I do get, clear. Hawt iern bars an' firin' pistols an' slashin' with the whips all fell down, the' was so many kinds of the sehere meat eaters an' blood drinkers. Fer a day an' a night we kinda kep' 'em partly awed by the power of the human eye, but when they gits over that an' begins nibblin' at me an' my fambly I jest has to give it up. Seems they was so wild with hunger,' he says, 'that we looked as good to them as any other kinda meat, an' the' was nawthin' to it but we must beat it fer the bridge while the' was any beatin' left.'

"They holds them there over three weeks, them animiles does, until they had et themselves full of each other an' laid down to sleep it off; an' George an' his family, as he tells it, tremblin' an' despairin', not able to do nawthin' but send out a carrier pigeon every hour an' watch it come home with its feet clean. The messroom is jest below them, an' they was able to get food up with a grapplin' iern night times, so they don't starve.

" 'It's lucky,' says George to me, "it's lucky we're in no danger from thurst, because it's rainin' like Niagara falls. He says it was all they could do to keep the water out of their eyes an' mouths. An' all this while, he says, them cramniverous creachers down on the main deck and in the hold is havin' a war of extermination, lunchin' off each other an' makin' the most awful noises y'ever heard, every minit of the twenty-four. An' the milder animiles, the hay eaters, when venturin' forth timidly in search of food, would bolt so much that most of 'em got blowed.

"The' was one blessin', though, he says. The snakes got seasick, all but one big boar constrictor, that choked himself to death tryin' to swallow a beheemawth of holy writ wrong end first; an the hawgs set to an' et him.

" 'I'm a poor man, Bill,' George says to me, 'but I'd a slipped a tenspot to

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10c a package

Smother raspberries with Corn Flakes; a layer of berries, then Corn Flakes and so on until dish is filled. Serve with cream and a little powdered sugar.

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

Made in Canada

anybody't coulda showed me a piece o' land five feet square that I coulda reached by jumpin'. I never did know how many specimens I lost in that there awful carnage,' he says, 'but I do know the' was more kinds of animiles in the world before the flood than the' was after, because all the weakest ones was took in by the strongest, which alone,' he says, 'survived to tell the mournful tale—an' they ain't tellin' it.'

"He says that several times now when he retires to private life fer a few days with a jug he sees some o' these here lost varieties come peerin' at 'im in the dark, reproachful, like they's sayin' to 'im:

" 'See what you done to us.'

"An' some of 'em, he says, is reel cute, but some is hawruble. An' he's never bin able to count up more'n a hundred an' seven different kinds, because, he says, about that time he gits confused, for they git busy eatin' each other like they has to hurry up an' git through by six o'clock, an' then he can't tell any more of 'em apart.

" 'I never felt such a relief in my life, ner any o' my lives, before ner sence," he says, 'as I done when one o' them homin' pigeons comes back with mud on its feet an' a leaf in its bill, fer then I know we're headed fer shore. The rain stopped about that time, but it was warm an' foggy,' he says, 'an' the lookout up forrard didn't sight land fer a hour or more.

"According to him, it was a flat table land, on top of a mountain, an' the water was dreenin' off an' recedin' so rapidly by evap'ration that before they'd made fast to a rocky pinnacle on the beach, the ship was stranded on a uptilt, an' he says he's willin' to bet a month's salary with anyone that'll pay his expenses out an' back that he can go there any day an' find it, an' prove the hull story.

" ''Tain't so vurry long ago,' he says, 'fer a man at's lived as long an' as many times as I have, an' I know what that boat's made of. I oughta,' he says, kinda defiant. But I don't take 'im on. I ain't strong fer sportn propositions anyway.'

"Well, anyhow. Here's where June, Angevine & Titus comes in. They useta be the oldest circus firm in the business—long before Mr. Barnum. Nobody knows how long they was goin', ner when they begun. That's where that sayin' come from about their leasin' Noah's menagerie, but they always did run a moral show, with the best printn money could buy, an' they was the most enterprisin' men I ever knew when it come to collectin' specimens of the animile kingdom.

"Accordin' to George J. Skaggs, they was camped on that mountain top, waitin' fer 'im. An' Lew June makes him a offer of a hundred thousan' shekels, in the coin of them times, fer the cargo as she stands, with the treasurer right there an' the cash in the wagon.

" 'No man ever looked so good to me, Bill,' he says, 'as Lew June an' his pardners did that day. How they come there I don't know an' I don't care, but they said there was a English manager on the lookout, by the name o' Wombwell, an' they'd beat him to the spot, with the money, thereby scorin' another triumph fer American enterprise long before America was invented. He says he was glad enough to let 'em have the hull aggregation, without countin' ner makin' a price per head.

" 'My dooty was done,' he says. 'I only made 'em give me a bond,' he says, 'that they'd give the animiles good an' sufficient care an' provender, an' closed the deal.'

" 'That is,' he says, 'all but one pair.' He'd fergot them two dragons. He says he found 'em dead asleep an' snorin' like a team o' sawmills when

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they was cleanin' ship before goin' down to the flat lands to begin poplatn the yearth as required, him an' his boys. Not knowin' what else to do with 'em, an' not needn no dragons fer no immejit purpose, he routed 'em out an' cut 'em lose. He'd had enough of animiles fer one lifetime, he says, an' never wanted to set eyes on another.

"The last he seen of them dragons, he says, they was headed for China, flyin', an' leavin' a trail o' fire an' smoke.

"'If I'd a knew,' he says, 'what trouble I was layin' up fer myself in the future when I done that,' he says. 'I'd a—I don't know what I'd of done,' he says, 'but I think I'd of lashed their tails in a direct course fer the north pole er the moon. But you couldn't of told me then,' he says, 'that I was goin' to have to be born again as Emperer of the Flowery Kingdom an' go through all that sudsy, dragony experience of runnin' all the laundries in the world, an' keepin' a private zoo.'

"He told me all about that too, an' it was jest as nutty as his Noah spiel.

"Say! Some people has a way of mixin' up fact an' 'magination so't yain't quite sure which you're listnin to. George is the King Nut, an' a bonehead, an' some of the bones has fetched loose. But he's got me goin' on this born again gag, an' certainly I do wish the Old Man would play up some of his ideas in the show's printn. It'd hand a wallop to these here press agents, anyhow."

Mothers of Men

By Theresa Virginia Beard

Blest be the Ancient Mothers, the Spartan Dames of yore
Who looked on Death and smiling sent forth their sons to war.
Shame on the wailing women who magnify their pain
And weigh it in the balance against a Nation's gain.

So long as Might enthronéd flings Right the scoffer's gibe,
So long as Peace is offered to Honor as a bribe,
God give us valiant women to draw our bucklers tight,
Return our Ancient Mothers who armed their sons for fight.

Arise! ye loyal women and pay your sacred toll,
Shrink not the living sacrifice to save a country's soul.
"Peace, peace," proclaimed the Angels, who knew God's perfect plan;
"Not peace,—a sword I bring you," spake He Who walked with man.

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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
AUGUST

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

BY BETTY D. THORNLEY

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

THE girl in the blue chiffon—and not much of it—had just finished telling the right hand box that he couldn't stop loving her now. Though why he was ever fool enough to begin it, considering the undiscriminating nimble use she made of the blue slippers and the still bluer eyes under their black velvet fillet, the gallery gods alone knew.

Clifton, sole occupant of a long white bench in the "peanuts" scowled and sighed. Through all the hairbreadthness of Telegraph Helen he had mulled over his own thoughts, though his eyes were on the screen. Pauline had plunged perilously off into the darkness once again, without waking him. But the blue vaudeville girl with her shrill, vociferations re honey's keeping it up were too much for any man's concentration, no matter what his inner woes might be.

So Clifton took his swagger stick, pasted back the cold stare that usually masked his thoughts, and sought the aisle, just when the two gum-chewesses on the outside were finally of the opinion that they had really attracted the handsome soldier's attention. It was raining. You knew subconsciously that if you were in the country it would smell warm and moist and earthy and memoryful. As it was, the only good the rain did in the hard stone town, was to make a wet sidewalk across which the lights in the Quick Lunch over the road stretched long beckoning fingers.

"Coffee ?" said Clifton to himself, "I think so. Precautionary measures are in order—after last night."

The drink disposed of, he started uptown again, alone as usual. A private with an Oxford education is apt to be alone. There are generally reasons.

He turned quickly off Duchess Street—three blocks of shine one way and four the other—and got under the dripping trees of a residential avenue, the better to walk without interruption.

"One more hope gone," he thought, swinging steadily through the darkness, "well, what could you expect ? I wasn't slated for success I fancy, and yet somehow or other, I haven't the common sense to lie still when I'm down. I can't get it through my head that I won't make good some time, somewhere. I come to Canada—and fail as usual. I try the States—and fail again.

"War breaks out. 'Here,' I say to myself, 'Robert Elmseley Fitzgerald Clifton, here is your God-given opportunity to break even. Your life is no good to you. And it's worse than that to your friends. Enlist, man! Stop a bit of shrapnel that was meant for the captain. Earn your grave, if you never earned anything else.'

"Nothing doing.

"If they'd slip a fellow into khaki, cheer him off at the station and let him die while he was clean and ready—but not they. The Battalion isn't fit for the Front yet. Or it isn't up to strength. Or there aren't transports. Or Sam Hughes and Kitchener don't see eye to eye. Anyhow, we're left six months — six slow, heartrending months in this merry little sink of iniquity. And in the meantime Robert E. F. Clifton goes to the devil as per usual, and no questions asked."

For a block or two he walked on in the paralysis of his bitter conclusion.

They had moved into summer camp, had the old Umptysteenth, instead of going to the Front as they had expected. The long white streets were laid out on the hill, the twenty or so regimental mascots had barked themselves joyfully into new quarters, and the married men had thanked heaven for the delay. The old easy-going discipline of the last months was to be tightened. That very day the sentries had been served with ball cartridge, and were to "shoot to kill" any man breaking into the lines after Lights Out.

Young Findlater of the *Screech* had made a fine lemon-colored yarn out of the "cordon of death" that now surrounded the Heights. It might have a good effect perhaps on prowlers of a certain description. And then again it mightn't. A two dollar bill would draw some folks

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through every trench in Flanders and on across the Carpathians.

As Clifton turned into the street that ran due north to the Camp he heard the Tatoo, clear and pure and high across the drizzling night. The music of an organ is elaborate, decorative, full-blown with ornateness; the piano is hard, tinkle-minded, mechanical; the violin is passion-swept and yearning. But the bugle is above all things on earth a still, white flame of sound—sheer soul. No wonder they choose the bugle to hurl a column into the teeth of the guns. And to play Last Post over the pitiful remains of it.

A huge distaste for the uproarious tents surged over Clifton. To live, ten in a round little circle fourteen feet in diameter, is hard on anybody. But to the man with the Oxford education—and the reasons—it's sometimes straight hell.

As he came to the track and the last row of houses fronting the fields, he swerved abruptly, walked a few steps out over the grass and sat down on a bunch of railroad ties.

"Damn their ball cartridge," he said bitterly, "I only wish they would shoot me. I'll stay here till I hear Lights Out, and then, when I get good and ready, I'll go in."

Which was just the sort of fool trick that Bob Clifton had been doing since he left school. And hitherto he had always come in for the full returns that such performances merit. But this time the solemn Fate that broods over khaki-men had ordained something different.

Another fifteen minutes passed. And Last Post shivered its unfinished call into the night.

Fifteen more. And there was the wail of Lights Out, with the long drawn note of utter sadness at the end that means that the bugle doesn't know what comes after.

A moment or two he waited, motionless, his cap off to catch the vagrant little night breeze that had stolen in from somewhere with the rising of the moon. Then he turned, slowly, and started across the field.

"Soldier, oh mister soldier!" he heard behind him, "Wait a minute, please, please wait!"

Startled by the almost-agony in the voice, he stopped.

And so she came hurrying to him over the wet grass, a little figure of blurred outlines at first, with a rough coat clutched across her throat. When she was close to him he saw that her hair was all loose around her face, and she had the biggest sea-green-greyest eyes in the world.

"I've been watching you from my window back there," she panted, jerking her head toward the straggling houses, "and of course I thought you knew about how you'd get shot if you came in late. But you didn't go. And I waited and waited. And then, all of a sudden, after the call, you got up and went. And of course I *had* to run out to tell you!"

A desire to laugh almost overwhelmed Clifton. So the child had read the *Screech* had she—and had taken it for gospel truth? But one more glance down into the serious grey eyes took all the laugh out of him.

"How'll you get in now?" she breathed, "even after I've told you? What'll you do? Could I go ahead and tell them you're coming—they wouldn't take me for a German, you know—only before that I'd have to go back and get—get dressed."

For the first time she appeared to realize her loosened curls, and the realization, getting mixed up with her concern for the soldier-man whom she had held up, made her a very alluring little bit of femininity. It was the blush perhaps that caused Clifton suddenly to realize that she wasn't the child for whom he had taken her.

"See here," he said, his voice hesitant over the best way of breaking the truth, "it was awfully good of you to tell me. And now that I know, I believe I can get in all right. Only first you must let me see you back to the road."

"You're sure?" said the girl, "it would be awful if there was any mistake. I couldn't work to-morrow for worrying unless—unless I was sure. But I s'pose if I didn't hear a shot—" her eyes widened with the horror of it, "and yet I guess you don't feel like that—not like I do, I mean, if you've been brave enough to enlist."

The big grey eyes carried such a deep and withal utterly instinctive admiration, that a queer little responsive tingle tightened around the man's heart. This kid out of nowhere with the curls blowing across her face, looked as if she *cared*. Well, didn't she? Hadn't she run out into the night for him?

"What's your name, kiddie?" he asked, "and where do you 'work'? You don't look old enough to do anything."

She laughed, a real ripple of high-keyed amusement, that lit up her sombre eyes and threw out a hidden little dimple. The inimitable sort of laugh that's born, not made.

"Old enough? Gee, I'm nineteen! And I've worked, one way and another since I was—oh, about eight and a half. I'm at the Snapcorn factory now, and my name's Cynthia. Anything more?"

"Yes," he said, "where's the factory, Cynthia, and when do you get out? I'd like to take you to dinner."

A sudden cloud ripped itself down across the grey eyes and turned the laughing mouth into a straight line. She looked years older, and as wary as a wild animal.

Clifton saw that he had startled her. He had startled himself, to tell the truth.

"Kiddie," he said quickly, "I—I beg your pardon. But you mustn't misunderstand. Your coming out here to warn me, and our talk just now sorta made me think I'd known you a long time. If—If there's any more conventional way of meeting you, I want to do it. Do you get me?"

She gave him a long look that began at the "Canada" on his shoulder straps and went clear into the soul of him. He could never get away from the idea that he hadn't had to tell her anything about himself—good or bad—after that first look.

He returned it as intently. He even drew himself up a little, knowing, in some occult way, that whatever the verdict was, it would be final—and incalculably important.

Then she put out her hand.

"You're all right," she said quietly, "an' we get out at six."

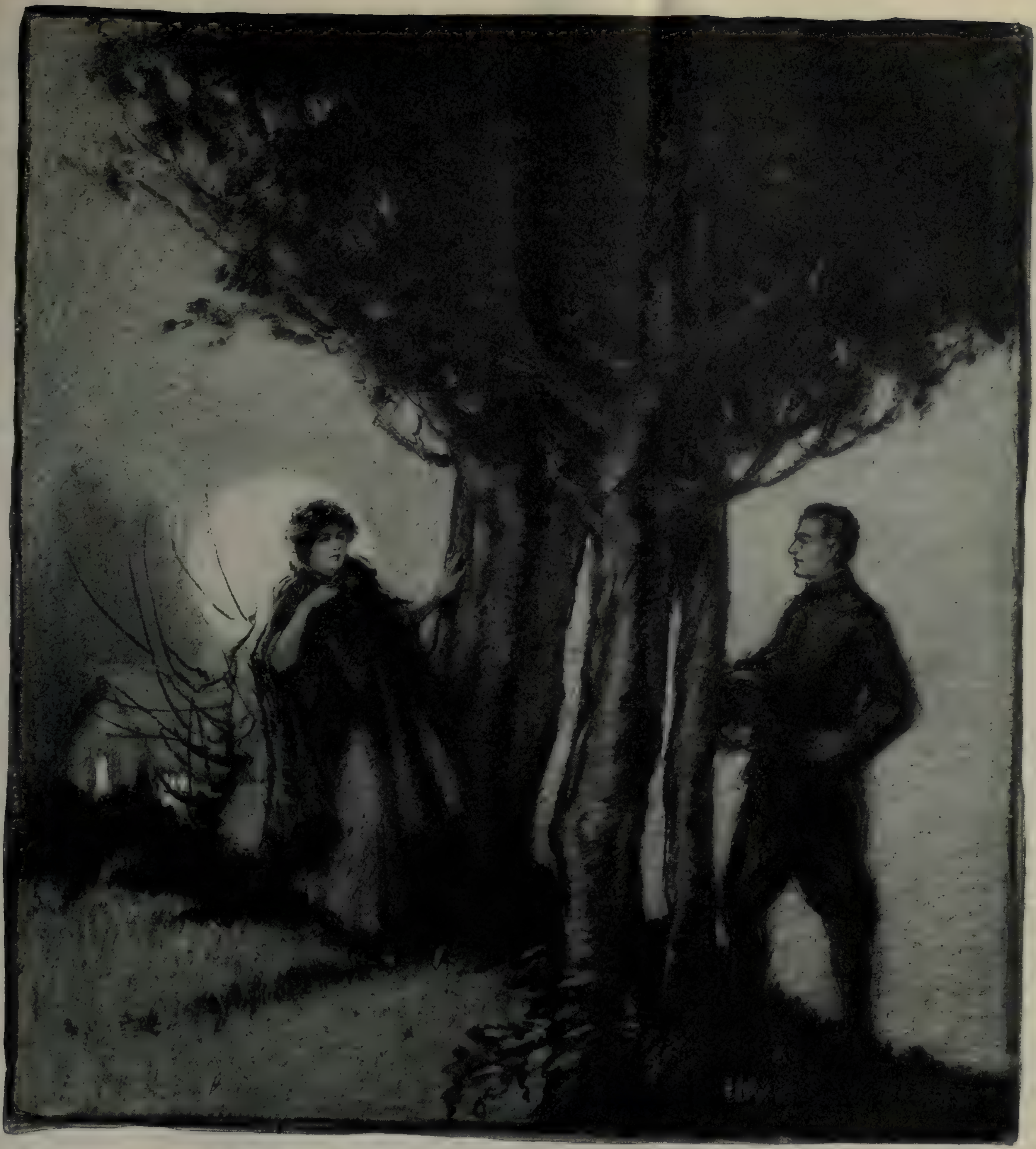
Not until after he had retired to toss in his own little segment of tent that night, did Clifton realize that he didn't know her last name. And he hadn't told her any of the four of his!

Viewed by the sober light of day, to the tune of a sprightly five-thirty reveille, Private Clifton was amazed beyond all earthly measure at what had happened to him. He, R. E. F. Clifton, Oxford, reasons and all, as aforesaid—had made a six o'clock main-street on-the-corner date with a girl who said she worked in a candy factory. And he could hardly wait for the time to come!

The plunge forward and the concomitant pull back became all the stronger as he smoked one cigarette after the other, waiting for the Snapcornettes to issue from their labors.

"Confound it!" he said to himself at last, "what if she is a factory girl? What if she has a Birmingham accent? She's the only human being in years that's cared a hoot whether I lived or died. She's the only thing I've met in this town that doesn't look down on the khaki—or try to make money out of it—unless it has a rank badge. And as for the mater and all the rest of them—well—the old lady wouldn't speak to me either now. So what's the odds?"

He had wondered if he'd know her when all those distracting brown curls were wastefully screwed up under some sort of a fool 1915 hat. But the minute he spotted the girl in the worn blue suit with her little air of restless-eyed breathlessness, he didn't need a second glance to send him across the street.



"COULD I GO AHEAD AND TELL THEM YOU'RE COMING—THEY WOULDN'T TAKE ME FOR A GERMAN, YOU KNOW—ONLY I'D HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET—GET DRESSED"

"Oh I've wondered and wondered if you'd come," said Cynthia, "and then I sorta wondered and wondered if I'd dreamt you and you couldn't even if you wanted to. And then one of the girls told me that it wasn't true about the soldiers getting shot—"

There was an eager, almost imploring look in her eyes that seemed to ask, "Did you know, mister soldier ? And did you think me, oh such a little fool?"

Clifton saw that he couldn't deceive her now. And he didn't want to.

"No it wasn't true, that is not exactly, Cynthia," he said. "But you needn't think you didn't do anything. You held me back from something a damn sight worse than getting a bullet through me."

"*I*—helped *you ?*" queried the girl. Again the unconsciousness of her admiration gave him a strange pleasure. "How could I ?"

He had never been a communicative man. Training added to temperament and topped off with misfortune, had made him a soul without confidants. But now, walking into the sunset along the common-place main street of this common-place little town, he had an uncontrollable impulse to talk. This little scrap of a girl in blue was so friendly, so sympathetic, and withal so not of his own world, so much the sprite at the crossroads between dusk and dark, that he found himself un-locking all sorts of old dust-covered boxes and turning over the queer beginnings of everything—sorta thinking out loud.

She wasn't just a girl of nineteen. She was a woman of Nineteen-Fifteen. She knew the world, not through reading Robert Chambers but through earning her living. Brown curls and grey eyes that were made to say wistfully, "I love you," don't have an easy time staying good enough to allow of kneeling down each night by a little white bed, to commend to God a still-white soul.

He could tell her things he could never have told his sister. She took them mostly without comment. Men were like that, in her experience. You grieved over them, you prayed for them, you kept on hoping and hoping—but you couldn't get shocked at them any more than you could at an earthquake or a thunderstorm.

"Anyhow—there you have it, kiddie—the diary of a failure," he said with a little smile as they finished their dessert. "I presume you can't make much of it—and I'm damned if I know why I told you. What do you think?"

Cynthia pulled on the worn little white cotton gloves that she washed out under the tap each night.

"I think you've never had half a chance, mister soldier," she said gravely, "and you need somebody to take care of you."

It was such an unexpected sort of answer, as if a little gutter-kitten had risen up and pitied a pedigreed wolf-hound.

"I—I think you're too hard on yourself in some ways. I mean—" she hesitated. Words were not her natural means of expression. "I mean I sorta think you've been through a lot—but it's only been going through it—and—and—you're coming out sometime. I believe you're coming out now—volunteering and all, you know. Why—why," she burst out, "you've the best heart! You know you have! Only you got started wrong somehow and then they jumped on you and you couldn't forgive yourself an' you didn't get onto the way to come back. Every time you started over and made a little slip, you threw up the sponge. But I think that was because——"

"Because I didn't have anybody in my corner to care whether I made good or not?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Maybe they did care—your mother and all those. But they didn't get it across. See?"

"Cynthia," he said suddenly, "you and I are going to the movies or we'll have half the restaurant looking at us. They don't see Madonna weeping over the naughty world every day."

Continued on page 241.

The Diet of Shrapnel

"I was about to crawl over the rear parapet when I heard a shell tearing through the air. I dived back into the trench and it exploded about five feet from me, a piece of casing cutting straight across my back. At the same time two of the men back of me were thrown on top of me, dead, followed by a pile of mud. Finally by pulling up my shirt I managed to put a bandage round my back to stop the flow of blood. Then I took a couple of cigarettes to smoke while I lay there waiting for death.

By Will D. Eaton

Illustrated from Photograph

THIS is a story of the great battle of Ypres, told by a soldier in the Canadian contingent, the last man left alive in a trench at a bloody salient near St. Julien, where the French had broken and let the Germans through. The Canadians were sent in there and beat the Germans back. It was an astounding feat of arms. One of the men who came through wrote about it to his mother, with no thought of its reaching other eyes. That is why it is so vivid. His name is Philip Sampson.

In the time of Charles II. there came to the colony of Virginia a Philip Aylett, to live upon an estate granted him by royal charter in recognition of services rendered Charles I. An Aylett lives now on that same estate, some thirty miles from Richmond.

In the colonial days of Virginia the cavalier families, all of them gentlefolk of England, intermarried. Thus a mistress Aylett, became the wife of Captain Dandridge, brother of Martha Washington; and another became the wife of Patrick Henry.

The mother of Philip Sampson is an Aylett. The Sampsons are Scots. The Ayletts are a fighting race. The Sampsons are sailors. When England entered the war last August, this young man—he is not yet twenty-two, crossed the international boundary at once, and enlisted at Toronto in the Queen's Own Rifles. At Valcartier, when it was learned that the Montreal Royal Rifles were to go first, he contrived an exchange to that regiment, and was sent over to Salisbury Plain, a private in No. 2 Company, 14th battalion, 3rd infantry brigade of the first Canadian Overseas Contingent. The brigade was sent into France in February and has been in almost continuous action ever since.

His mother, Mrs. Page Waller Eaton, consented freely to his enlistment, though he is her only son. Early in May she received a telegram from the adjutant-general at Ottawa, advising her that he had been seriously wounded. A second wire informed her that he was in hospital at Taplow, near London.

Late that month, she received two letters. The first was written at Boulogne and was brief. "We had been fighting three days practically without food, toward the last without water," he wrote "and quite without sleep. I was wounded by what we fellows call a coal-box—a shrapnel wound in the right arm and across the back. It knocked me out. When I came to life again I was lying in mud, with two dead men on top of me. Every man in the trench was dead, but me. My mate was killed beside me."

His mate, as he calls him, was a young man named Shanks, of an excellent family in Scotland, who had come out to Montreal to live. Shanks was shot through the head about three hours before Philip got his. "I never was so sorry to lose anyone in all my life," he says. "I managed to get his watch, which I will take up to his people in Glasgow as soon as I am well enough, which they tell me will not be for a couple of months."

The second letter, mailed several days later in England, came only a day behind the first. It is a straight story, stark and unadorned, but for that reason impressive. The writer has a gift of narration. He was a newspaper man when the call of the blood drew him to the army. He is too interested in describing what he saw to waste time telling any more of what he did than is necessary to make the picture clear. His letters show war as soldiers see it, concerning themselves not at all with such things as go to make official dispatches, but very intimately with the thoughts and acts of the men around them, and the burden and the duty of these heavy days.

Philip Sampson, the twenty-two year old American boy who joined the colors to fight for the British Empire at the outbreak of the war

The second letter is given in full, save for those passages which are personal to his mother:

"I am going to try to give you an idea of what happened during those never to be forgotten days of hell at Ypres.

"Since I intend this to be a letter full of news I may as well start with what happened on landing in France, February tenth, for I have been unable to write much news before. We were confined to form letters, as you know. We sailed from Bristol to St. Nazare, entrained, passed through Mance and came through to Hazebrouck, detrained, marched to Flete, from there to Armentieres, to Sur-La-Salle, then to Laventie, to Estair, to Cassell, to Ypres. Of course, we made quite a few stops in between at the trenches. What happened from time to time I will write you as best I can.

"We were on the left during the battle of Neuve Chapelle, and our orders having been to keep the enemy as busy as possible while our right made the attack, we kept up a heavy rifle fire all day, and waited orders to advance, but no order came. So we remained in the trench. We had lost quite a few of our men.

It was at this point of the line that we had a most damnable post, called the listening post. Two men had to crawl out over our barb wire entanglements and up to the enemy, to lie flat for two hours until two others would relieve the first two. When going, if a star shell went up, you had to drop—if going over the barb wire, drop on it till the few shots had passed by, for shots generally followed a star shell. After one arrived at this lonely post, his duty was to listen and watch for movements in the trench—you can hear them talking, quite plainly. The most unpleasant part of this post is that you are open to fire from both trenches. If the enemy starts to advance you fire five shots rapidly and then beat it back the best way possible.

"So much for the time spent prior to reaching the last and greatest battlefield of all.

"On leaving Cassell on April 17th, we marched about nine miles, went into billets for the night, and got up at four the next morning. We packed up, marched within about three miles of Ypres, lay in a field until four in the afternoon, then marched six miles through Ypres and halted waiting for darkness to settle, and then marched to the trenches, where we were to relieve the French troops.

"On arriving at the trenches we were told we would have no trouble with the enemy, for they (the French) had lost only a few men during the five months they had been there. We could not understand how this was possible, for the enemy was only seventy-five yards away at this point, and about twenty yards a little to the right. But it was raining and very dark, so we decided to wait until daylight, when we could look the ground over for ourselves—and a rare sight did we find.

"The parapets were not thick enough to stop a bullet. They had used their own and the German dead to build them up in part. We lost more men the very first day than they said they had lost during those five months. Looking over the parapets one could see the bodies of a hundred or more men who had fallen five months before. We could of course see that to set things right would mean working hard night and day while we were there. Sand bags were filled by day and put in place at night. We had no sleep worth speaking of during our stay of five days and nights in those trenches. It was only possible to get out at night to get water, and then we only got one bottleful, with which we had to make tea for breakfast and supper and still have drinking water. It was very hot by day, with a cold frost at night, and the odor from those bodies was something unbelievable. It would puzzle a Sahara camel driver to make a pint of water last twenty-four hours, but we had to do it.

"It was in one of these trenches that I had another close call. A piece of my hat was shot away.

"To give you an idea of how thin the parapets were: One of our fellows stooped to pick up something, when a bullet came through and hit him in the thigh. Another was hit in the head the same way. Our engineers managed to bury some of the bodies between the trenches, but there was so much work to be done on the parapets that we could not be bothered with the bodies at first.

"At the end of five days we were relieved by the 13th and 15th battalions of our brigade, and came out for what we believed to be four days' rest, for we had worked hard to earn it. Our company arrived at the town of St. Julien at about twelve o'clock, and went into some of the ruined houses and had some tea, the cook wagon having come up. I managed to get to sleep about four in the morning and slept until six, when we got up for breakfast—for no fires could be lighted after daybreak; nor could anyone go out for fear of being seen by the enemy's aircraft, which would mean being shelled. I forgot to mention that our company was now in reserve, the battalion having gone to their billets in Ypres.

"There was rifle inspection about eleven o'clock and dinner about twelve, of bread and jam, so this left us anxious for darkness to fall, for there was a big dinner to come and the prospect of a good night's sleep, which would have been the first in six days. This never came, for it was on this as I have said 'never to be forgotten afternoon of April 23rd' at about four o'clock, that hell broke bounds to visit us at Ypres.

"The French troops began to drift in by twos and threes, down to the village—some wounded, some scared to death. We asked them where they were going and what the trouble was, and they said they were going for rations and there was nothing the matter. The number of wounded made it impossible to believe this. A little later we learned that the whole line had given way.

"Just then came an order to rush more ammunition up to the trenches. Eleven men besides myself were chosen to do this. By that time shells were falling by the dozen, and as we neared the trenches which were occupied by the 15th battalion, shells and shot grew thicker. We reached there without accident, and soon after were ordered back to join our Company, but they had moved up to check the Germans, where the French had let them through. The shells by this time were falling seven at a time and about ten feet apart. No chance at all to dodge them. Two of our men dropped. After wandering about for a while we found our company at the left of the Highlanders—what was left of it. The Major of our regiment had been hit, and so had Captain Knobley, and Captain Stacie had been killed.

"Only two of our company's officers were left, and how many men I was unable to find out. The gas up to the present time had nearly strangled and blinded us. Tears were streaming down our cheeks from its effects, but we stuck it out.

"On learning that four big guns had been captured by the Germans, our men attacked, and the guns were swung around and blazed shrapnel into them at about two hundred yards, causing them to turn and run like rabts. We then retired to St. Julien dug ourselves in.

lls fell thick all night. No sleep and no eats. A party of six was sent back for ammunition. I was one. I managed to get into our billet and got some cigarettes that my mate's people had sent me, and also my water bottle, which had been forgotten in the first rush. Loaded up with ammunition, we made our way back to the trench.

"There was not much rifle fire the next day, but an ungodly shelling was kept up. We could see the enemy and our men attacking them on the far left. Many, many fell. The gas and the shelling were kept up with increasing force Friday night. Early Saturday morning it began to get almost more than we could bear. About four-thirty in the morning they came on in thousands. We waited until they were about a hundred yards away. Then hell did break loose.

"Our men mounted the parapet with fixed bayonets, and with the help of our machine guns gave them all they wanted. They turned and ran, then shelled for a while, and tried again about eight o'clock, but were met in the same way, falling back with heavy losses. About ten-thirty came their last attack, and it met with no better success than the first. Finally they gave it up and started in to shell us and kept at it until no one was left. By this time our officers were all gone, including the sergeants.

"Things had become worse when they succeeded in placing a machine gun in a farm house to one side. With the help of this they were able to work on us from the rear, but we soon pulled the front parapet down and built one at the back.

"About one o'clock their shells began to fall on the trench six or seven at a time, about six feet apart. Nearly all our men were either dead or wounded, when an order came down to work our way out from the right. There were about ten men in front of me, and four in back. The Germans happened to see us retiring, and shell after shell followed us up the trench. Listen to the tick of a watch and you will get an idea of the speed with which they came.. I was about to crawl over the rear parapet when I heard a shell tearing through the air toward me. Looking up I could see the black speck, and I dived back into the trench just in time. It exploded only about five feet from me, a piece of the casing hitting me in the right arm and cutting straight across my back, missing the spine by a fraction of an inch. At the same time two of the men back of me were thrown on top of me, dead, followed by a pile of mud. I contrived to throw this off, and took off my overcoat and tunic (that is, what was left of them, for they were blown full of holes), pulled up my shirt and managed to put a bandage round my back to stop the flow of blood. Then I took out a couple of cigarettes to smoke while I lay waiting for death, for I did not then believe it possible I could get out alive.

"The cigarettes gone and I still living, I looked over the front parapet to see the enemy were coming up only some fifty yards away, firing like mad. Then for the first time I realized that unless I made some attempt to get away I would be bayonetted, for they kill the wounded and spare none.

"I started to crawl. Shots spit up the ground all around me for twenty yards. I made for some buildings, and once among these ruins I was able to make better time crawling.

"It was horrible. An arm here, a leg, then a head, then two halves of a body—Oh! I hate to think of it, for the picture is one one does not want to recall.

"On I went for nigh onto a half mile. Then I got to my feet and walked a mile to a field dressing station, where I was given first aid. The medicine made me faint, but I was brought to in a few minutes.

"As the shells were falling pretty thick I decided that after fighting with death for two miles I was not going to wait for him there. So I started to walk to Ypres, five miles away—a walk I shall not forget.

"At Ypres the big shells were falling thick. One had to keep dodging behind walls to escape flying bricks and pieces of shells. I went on through Ypres. Hundreds of houses shot to pieces was the sight that met one's eyes. Many children also had been killed.

"About three miles beyond Ypres I came to another dressing station. My back was then washed and dressed, and I was sent on down to Baileuille and spent the night there. Next day I was put aboard a train and sent to Boulogne and was there several days and then shipped to England. I am at present at the Duchess of Connaught's hospital on the Astor estate at Cliveden, near London. A more beautiful place I have never seen. Nobody could be kinder than the people here."

. . . .

This story of an American boy of ancient British strain, might have been told by many another Yankee soldier in the British ranks. It throws strange light on the German attitude of contempt for the British fighting quality, and the blunder that counted on support from public sentiment in the United States. The traditions and ideals that animate all who speak the English language are being realized in this war. Above the clouds a vision is forming, the vision of a vast empire

Continued on page 239.

Nobody

EVER BEEN IN LOVE? OF COURSE YOU HAVE. MAYBE WITH A FACE, A PERSONALITY OR A CHARACTER—BUT IT'S DIFFERENT TO BE IN LOVE WITH ONLY A VOICE, A LAUGHING, SOMETIMES SOBBING, ALWAYS TANTALIZING VOICE

By Sara Josephine Bayles

Illustrated by F. V. Williams

IN its niche in the tiny hallway, the telephone bell began to ring violently. It broke the dark silence of the place, and brought Miller, who was smoking in the dusk, out of his reverie with an angry start. He rose, half felt his way across the room toward the hall, and the light leaped out suddenly as he reached the electric button at the door.

The hall, like every other room in Miller's snug quarters, was furnished with every convenience, not excepting the inevitable telephone, whose bell was at the moment punishing itself with a deafening clatter. Miller took down the receiver and gazed meditatively at the wall-paper.

"Hello," he said.

"Is this —— East?"

"Yes."

"Is this Mr. William Lindlay Miller?"

"It is," said Miller, and his eyes lost their meditative stare. The voice was a woman's, and it was unusually sweet, with a soft magnetic quality that provoked an instant interest. At her next words Miller stiffened with surprise.

"It's really Billy! Billy Miller! Isn't it funny how easy it is to get you on the wire? Until now you've always seemed so far away—so absolutely unattainable." Miller frowned.

"Who is this?" he demanded sharply.

The voice rippled a little. "Of course you'd ask that, but I can't tell you because I'm no one you ever saw or even heard of. If we do unconventional things, we must be careful. Call me 'Nobody—Nobody of Nowhere'."

There was a silence. Miller said nothing, because he was trying to think of something non-committal and could not.

Then—"What are you doing?" said the voice, guardedly.

"Looking up the number of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum."

"Nonsense!" There was another ripple of laughter. "Is any one there with you?"

"Only a dog, but he's very intelligent. Would you care to speak to him?"

"No; I'm coming around. I shall be there in a few moments. Good-by."

There was an unmistakable click. Miller grasped the telephone excitedly.

"What!" he shouted: "Here, Central, don't cut me off. I want that party again. Be quick. You can't! Blame it, you—oh!"

Miller slammed the receiver into the rack. He sat down on a chair, and a brindled terrier came and sat in front of him, and thumped a stubby tail on the rug.

"Here's a mess," said Miller, with a wry smile. "Fritz, a lady is coming to see us—an anonymous and uninvited lady. But she had a pretty voice."

He went back into the smoking-room, where he straightened the magazines on the table and stacked the couch cushions in stiff man-fashion.

At eleven o'clock he threw all the cushions at the innocent Fritz, and cast himself upon the couch in disgust. The evening had been uneventful, and he could only conclude that some one had been trying to make a stupid and pointless joke. It was some comfort to remember that they had obtained very little satisfaction over the wire.

On the third day after, which was a Sunday, Lokari, Miller's Japanese, woke him from his morning doze with a summons to the telephone. Miller went in his bathrobe, yawning.

"Hello," he said, crossly.

"Good morning, Billy."

Billy jumped.

"Of course you won't recognize me."

"I believe I've heard your voice once before."

"Oh, that is nice of you to remember. One's mind is often cloudy on Sunday morning, too. What do you think?"

"I believe you're a woman, so I'd best not tell you what I think," said Billy. "I suppose all this is some kind of a joke on me."

Then the voice suddenly became so troubled, so earnest and so eloquent that Billy leaned, with a quickened pulse, nearer the instrument.

"Oh, please don't think that," it pleaded. "If there is any joke about this, it is all on me and it's a very miserable joke at best. I can't tell you what it is, and please don't try to guess. Did you wait for me the other night?"

"I was home all the evening," said Billy, cautiously.

"And who came?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody at all."

There was a pause. "I said I was nobody," reminded the voice, gently.

Billy hung up with a slam and went back to bed. He tried to sleep, but could not. "I said I was nobody," repeated the voice, insistently. "Stuff!" growled Billy, and turned on his other side.

This was the beginning of Billy Miller's courtship—a siege laid to his heart by an intangible, bodiless voice that said the most amazing things, and then clicked off into silence. It rang up every two or three days, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening, and very often in Billy's absence, as Lokari could have testified.

At first Billy was annoyed, later he became resigned, and then interested, so that at last he found himself listening eagerly for the telephone bell, and he cursed certain male friends who called him up and aroused vain expectations. He had relinquished the joke theory. It did not seem probable that any one would persist in a joke for six weeks, when there was no satisfaction to be gained. The owner of the voice told him that she had wanted to know him and could find no other way. Billy began to believe her, but he was not a vain man, and wondered. He knew that these things happened to matinee idols and popular concert pianists, but he had never been anything more noted than the captain of a college football team four years before. There was no reason why a woman should seek him out with such a blatantly flattering statement. He felt the force of the flattery, though he succumbed less to that than to the personality in the soft feminine voice.

At the end of three months Billy was in love. It was maddening to make love to an inanimate instrument of wood and metal, and he rebelled fiercely. During some thirty odd telephonic interviews he had discovered nothing concerning the unknown but that she had cared enough for him to make him care ten times as much for her. At this stage in the affair he began to realize, in a measure, his utter helplessness. The girl held every trump and the key to the whole situation, which was her own identity. She guarded that with the utmost care, and Billy did not succeed in gaining the smallest clue. Sometimes he wrestled wordily with "Central," and found that her call had come from one of the hotels on the avenue, or a public telephone in one of the department stores, but this

BILLY WATCHED THE GIRL, SAW HER HESITATE AND THEN CROSS THE LOBBY

knowledge did not help him at all. He felt that his position was ludicrous. She knew how he looked, knew where he lived, knew everything about him. He knew her voice—and that was all. He grew nervous and restless. He often flushed and started when a woman touched him in a crowd or when he met the eyes of some girl passing along the street.

"I saw you to-day," she told him once as he stood glaring helplessly into the receiver. "You came out of your club and drove south in a cab. It was about four o'clock."

"Just about that," said Billy, with a miserable laugh. "Where were you?"

"Crossing the avenue half a block above."

"Will you be there to-morrow at the same hour?"

She gave the negative he expected: "You know I can't."

"I know you won't," he said bitterly.

Their interviews had of late lost the more impersonal tone that had existed in the beginning. There had been a time when the theatres, current events and even the weather had furnished a topic for conversation. Billy put such subjects aside now with angry impatience. He argued hotly for his rights, and at times there was something that sounded like tears in the voice at the other end of the wire. Then the affair came to a crisis suddenly one day in mid-summer, almost a year after that first night when Billy had waited in vain for his unknown guest.

She had laughingly reproached him for not recognizing her in passing.

"It was on Main," she said. "The girl was very pretty."

"What girl?"

"The girl with whom you were walking."

"My cousin," said Billy, bluntly.

"She was too pretty for a cousin. I hated her." The voice lost its softness and rang a little hard.

"I hate her, too—at times. I hate everybody these days because they're everywhere and you're nowhere."

"Of course; because I'm nobody—Nobody of Nowhere."

"Will you ever be Somebody of Somewhere?"

"No, never."

"Do you mean that"? he asked, earnestly.

"Every letter of it, so please don't argue."

"I can't," he said, hopelessly. "You're too unreasonable and illogical."

"I'm not trying to be logical. I'm following my own instincts. I'll try to explain those, but you won't understand, because you're a man. Five years ago, when you were in college, I saw you for the first time. Some one told me your name and—and things about you. After that I saw you a number of times, in different places. I wanted to know you, but I couldn't think of any way until one night this wicked old telephone tempted me. I was afraid at first and I thought and thought, and considered just what chance there was of my ever meeting you in the natural course of events. I decided that there was about one chance in a hundred, so I rang up your phone number and forfeited that chance. But ringing you up was an admission and I can't deny what it implied. Oh, Billy, can't you understand? I've made advances which only a man can make with any decency, and considering everything, I shall never, never meet you face to face and say: 'This is I'."

"You will," said Billy suddenly. "You'll meet me to-morrow at Dawson's Art Galleries."

"Not to-morrow or ever."

"I have something to tell you."

"You must tell everything over the wire. I can't meet you."

"Very well. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Then it's just this: You'll have to consider me some in this affair. Perhaps you never anticipated the present situation. You saw me; and you cared enough for what you saw to make advances which, as you say, no girl should make. Well, I've only heard you; but I care enough now to be ready, as soon as you will let me, to make the most serious advances a man can make. Do you understand?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then I'll put it plainer. I've seen hundreds of girls, but I never wished to marry them. It's only since I've talked to you that I've cared to think what marriage might mean. I don't know who you are, where you are or what you are, but I'm staking everything on what I believe you to be. Now, will you meet me to-morrow?"

"I can't," said the voice, faintly.

"To-morrow," repeated Billy.

"I can't—I can't."

"You must," he cried, striking the phone passionately.

"Dear Billy, no, no, no." There was something that sounded like a sob and then silence. Billy dashed the receiver at the instrument in helpless rage.

"Curse the foul fiend that ever invented this thing," he choked. "I'll break it to pieces. I'll have it taken out. I—I—here, get out of there," and he turned suddenly and kicked the howling Fritz into the bedroom.

Billy's nerves were, for the moment, beyond his control. He pulled himself together with an effort, put on his coat and hat, and went out into the street. But at every step he felt that those unknown eyes might be following him, and once, when a girl looked at him overlong, he turned and half spoke.

The following afternoon he went to Dawson's Galleries. Why he went he could not have told, except that he was moved as the drowning man is moved to grasp a straw. There he saw a girl in a big black hat, whose glance was softly impersonal. Billy looked at her and wondered. There was another woman who returned boldly his bright, questioning gaze—a tall, lean person with prominent eyes, and Billy shuddered as he turned away.

"She can't be like that," he protested, inwardly. "It isn't possible," and he thrilled suddenly at the memory of the voice with the sob in it. "Dear Billy, no, no, no." "I'd stake my life on that voice," he thought, and looked again at the girl in the black hat. Suddenly he threw back his head and walked across to where she stood, before a large painting. He leaned forward and looked keenly into her face.

"So you came, after all," he said.

The girl retreated in genuine surprise. There was nothing in her clear brown eyes but startled displeasure.

"You're mistaken, I think," she said, and turned her shoulder upon him.

Billy muttered an apology as he walked away. He left the gallery with hot cheeks.

"It wasn't her voice," he told himself, "and I'll never try that again."

Late that night he left his club, where he had dined and spent the evening at cards. The mission clock in his hall struck twelve as he closed his own door and hung his coat and hat upon the rack. His eye fell upon the telephone book lying on a table under the instrument, and the sight of it brought back all his trouble with a rush. He took it up, ruffling thin closely lettered pages with an unhappy frown.

"I'd call up every number in the book, if it would do any good," he said, thoughtfully, and was about to put it down again when the bell began to vibrate close to his ear. He reached quickly for the receiver. He thought it too late to be she, but her voice came over the wire, clear and eager, and his face softened visibly.

"Billy!"

"Hello! I didn't suppose it could be you so late."

"I know it must be midnight, but I—I wanted to speak to you."

"I wish you'd want to do something more than speak. I went to Dawson's this afternoon. Were you there?"

"No."

"I believe you're the cruelest girl in the world."

"Oh, no; I never meant to be cruel. I've been thinking things over ever since our talk last evening."

"Are you going to meet me?"

"No; I rang up to say good-by."

"What?"

"Good-by, with a capital G, Billy—ofr always."

"Without my ever knowing anything more about you?"

"I can't help it. I'm sorry—sorry, that I ever called you up. I never thought that you'd take me seriously like this. But after what you said last night, we can't go on."

"But you can't end it now after a whole year of—of——"

"Of what? Of nothing at all. You don't care for a mere voice. You'll soon forget all of it."

"I won't," he cried, savagely. "It isn't your voice I love. I know your whole personality. I can tell when you're sad or happy, or sick or well. You care, too. You said so. But if you ring off for always now I'll believe forever that you did this for a vile joke or a vulgar bet."

"You can't think that," she said, gently, "when you remember some of the things I have said."

"Then I'll forget them."

"Very well; I suppose that is best. Be a man and say 'good-by,' Billy."

"No."

"Good-by."

"I'll find you if I have to dig up every paving stone in this blasted town."

"Good-by."

"I tell you I won't say 'good-by.' "

There was no answer. He leaned tensely against the telephone, listening.

"Dear," he cried, suddenly.

Only the whirring of the wires sounded in his ears. He stood erect and hung up the receiver, with a white face. In the small dark smoking room he began to pace the rug with nervous steps. He could not believe that she had rung off for the last time, yet he felt a chill fear that she had really done so. He flung himself upon the couch by the window, and looked down upon the countless roof tops below, and the thousands of lights twinkling far up and down the river.

. . . .

Billy Miller was courted no more over the telephone. The clear, girlish voice that had been a friend to him for so long departed as mysteriously as it had come. Three weeks passed, and to Billy each week was an eternity in which his soul hungered for the vibrations of a small bell. Socially, he was much in demand. He went to the theatres, to dinners, to receptions, and everywhere his bright dark eyes searched a sea of strange faces, and he returned home dissatisfied and perplexed.

One afternoon, he stood in the lobby of one of the big hotels, where he had come to meet a friend. He leaned against a pillar, looking idly up the wide marble staircase. It was late in the afternoon, and the place was thronged with richly dressed men and women continually passing from parlors to tea-room, and from the tea-room to the entrance doors.

A slender figure came down the staircase, and paused at the bottom—the figure of a graceful, well-gowned girl, whose eyes, shining luminous through her heavy white veil, rested upon Billy. He saw her hesitate a moment, then, with a fluttering gesture she crossed the lobby, passing so close that she touched his hand. Billy's fingers closed over something. He opened them and discovered a square of white pasteboard, engraved in letters that flashed a woman's name upon his consciousness. It was not a name that he had ever known, but he felt that every drop of blood in his body rushed to his head at sight of the single word written across in pencil—"Nobody."

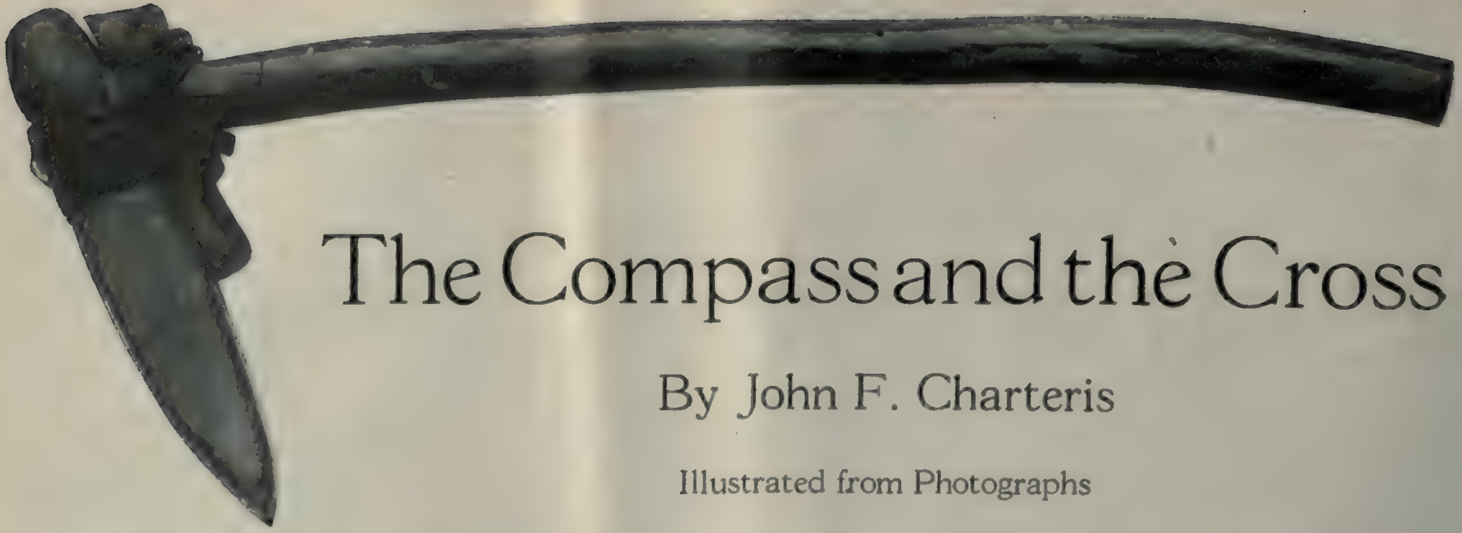
He made a rush for the revolving doors through which she had gone. The attendant reeled aside as he flung himself against the brass bar and it yielded, precipitating him down the steps.

An electric hansom stood against the curb. A girl, who had just entered it, leaned forward with a slight inclination of her head. He stepped in beside her, the doors closed, and the cab started forward in the crush of moving vehicles.

For a moment Billy sat motionless, while the lights along the avenue blurred red before his eyes. His heart beat fast and he heard the girl beside him catch her breath with a nervous sob. He twisted abruptly, caught both her hands in one of his hand, leaning forward, raised her veil. The electric light fell full on her wide, pleading eyes and trembling lips. With a low, satisfied laugh he leaned nearer.

"Thank God, you can't ring off," he said.

"FRITZ, AN ANONYMOUS LADY IS COMING TO SEE US—AN UNINVITED LADY; BUT SHE HAD A PRETTY VOICE"



The Compass and the Cross

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated from Photographs

ONCE upon a time in the far-gone days of powdered wigs and piety and patches, the continent of North America belonged to a woman. And she wasn't a queen, nor an empress, neither was she the Youngest Princess in the fairy tale you think I'm telling you.

She was just a lady in waiting at the court of Louis XIII. and her name was Madame de Guercheville.

Of course she was beautiful. Otherwise she wouldn't have received even a county town. What you don't expect me to say, but what is nevertheless the truth, is that nobody in all the court ever denied that she was as good as she was fair. The beads of her rosary were more precious to her than the King's crown jewels would have been, and the one desire of the loving little heart that fluttered so passionately behind her big Spanish fan, was the conversion of heretics and heathen and humans generally, to the creed so ardently preached by her friends the Jesuits.

To begin with, this rosy-fingered religionist had listened in awe and delight to the tales of Poutrincourt and the young Biencourt as they told of Acadia (now Nova Scotia), that wonderland of soft light, full forest, sounding waters and friendly red men, that France had so carelessly annexed and so causelessly forgotten, behind the grey mists of the Atlantic.

The venture was one of conquest, military, financial and religious, the latter aspect represented by Champlain, that intrepid warrior with his lace ruffles and his long vision and his love of souls. But alas, Huguenot heretics of St. Malo held stock in the settlement at Port Royal, and how could one expect *la sainte Vierge* to bless the labors of the good Father La Fléche and his associates under such circumstances?

So the little lady who loved souls, counted her coins, sold part of her jewels and bought out the St. Malo merchants, turning over her interests to the Jesuits in order that the conversion of the old Chief Membertou might be followed up with other and more far-reaching conquests.

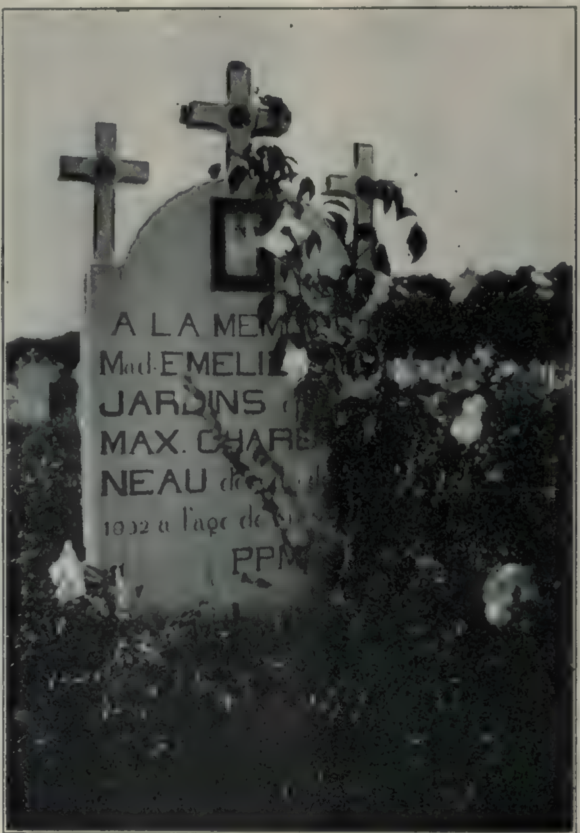
In process of time the King heard of the self-denial of his young subject and, since it cost him nothing but pen and ink to be gracious, in 1612 he gave her, with much flourish, no less a grant than the whole territory of America from Florida to the North Pole! The Dutch trading post on the Hudson and the little English settlements at Jamestown in Virginia and Pemaquid in Maine were carelessly included—a fact of which they rested in happy ignorance. The only reason Louis didn't add South America like a gay pendant swung to the bottom of his gift, was because he didn't know it was there!

The following spring saw the black robed deputies of Madame reach La Hêve where they erected a cross bearing the scutcheon of their liege lady; and the long era of white-hot devotion, of fearless unbelievable missionary effort, of wars between the fierce Iroquois and the pliant Huron, was begun.

And all the tender, wonderful stories of it centre around a town that was to be built thirty years later, the crown and epitomizing of the faith and sorrows of pious France. The child of an uncalculating devotion that yet saw clearly enough to select the natural vortex of the great currents of trade later to be set flowing through Canada, Montreal was from the first destined to a fate apart, glorious, unescapeable.

The first glimpse we have of the city occurred three-quarters of a century before the little lady in waiting owned its site-to-be.

Jacques Cartier, that bluff mariner of uncertain morals, had sailed up the vast river St. Lawrence to the lovely island, guarded by a mountain, in whose green depths lay the village of Hochelaga, a Huron town of half a hundred big bark houses, each a hundred and fifty feet long by forty or forty five feet in width. Down the the streets of this



TO-DAY THE INFLUENCE OF THE LITTLE LADY WHO LOVED SOULS IS MARKED BY MANY WHITE STONES peaceful settlement he had walked, surrounded by dancing and adoring Indians who displayed their maize fields, their mountain fastnesses, their homes and their little ones with childlike faith in their wonderful White Brother, who returned their kindness by capturing five of the chiefs and carrying them away to France. Needless to say, the neighborhood of Montreal-to-be was no longer healthy for Cartier who, in his subsequent voyage, remained down-river at Quebec.

When Champlain came to Canada in 1603, the future Dominion entertained an angel, not altogether unawares. Champlain's was a restless and a romantic spirit; intrepid, devout, cultured, humane. Visions of flowery Cathay, sure to be found if one sailed westward far enough, vied in his mind with the sight of the unchristianized red man, at his own rough-hewn doorstep. Leaving his friend De Monts in Acadia, with his "mingled company of thieves and gentlemen," Champlain pushed on to Quebec. There he planted a palisade, a battery, a garden, and love in the souls of all who met him. After which he paddled still further into the magic west till he saw the site of Hochelaga. The green town had been swept from the earth in one of the sudden devastating raids of some hostile tribe, but Champlain saw the wonder, the beauty and the strategic value of the situation, and, prophetwise, dreamed of Montreal-to-be.

But those were the days of the fur trade, when the Indian parted with his beaver skins for beads and rifles if he were sober, and for nothing at all if he had looked upon the brandy, so alluring to his savage taste and so perilous to his unseasoned head. Champlain tried to regulate and legislate, but the trader was deaf to the law and blind to the Cross, and in one year twenty thousand beaver skins were sent over to France and heaven alone knows how many crazed Indians set out on a longer and more fateful journey.

Meantime, Madame de Guercheville's blackrobed legatees, who by this time had reached Canada in considerable numbers, were making the most of their opportunities where the trader had not corrupted the savage in advance of them, and the tale of their missions to the Hurons blazes with unforgettable glory, brightest when Iroquois conquest quenched the work of years in the heroic blood of its founders.

In such times, Maisonneuve, a pious and gallant gentleman of Champagne, sailed from France with three ships and half a hundred settlers to found a new town, a consecrated, holy-named city, the dream of Champlain and of Madame de Guercheville alike, that should rise where green Hochelaga stood, and undo if possible all the hard lessons taught the savages by French rum and roguery.

De Montmagny, the prudent governor of Quebec, cautioned delay.

"But no!" cried Maisonneuve, "to Ville Marie (Montreal) I will go though every tree on the Island were an Iroquois!"

And in that spirit the site was dedicated on October 14th, 1641, although it was too late in the season to build, and the colonists were forced to winter at Quebec.

The first buds saw the religionists at work. Palisades were put up, a hospital was erected with the money given by Madame de Bullion, a pious widow of France; and Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, an intrepid young religious of Troyes was placed in charge.

Pere Barthelemy Vimont who had consecrated the ground by a solemn mass, told everyone that the new town was in reality but a grain of mustard seed, but so pious and so full of faith were the hands that had sown it, that doubtless heaven had great designs and foresaw a vast tree to grow in the shadow of the green mountain. And who can say that the tonsure was not then encircling the head of a prophet, when we realize that the present Montreal with its more than 600,000 inhabitants, is a city far larger than the huddled, historic Paris of Vimont's day?

But just as still, birchbarked Hochelaga had waited for Cartier; just as the lonely mountain where it had once stood had appealed to the eyes of Champlain on the sunset river and to the heart of Madame de Guercheville looking westward from the gay court; just as Ville Marie had finally been consecrated, built, gloried in and died for, so history was preparing another site for another wondertown, far to the west.

THE SPIRIT OF CHAMPLAIN AND THE OLD ORDER STILL HOVERS ABOUT THE MONASTERIES OF THE NEW WORLD

The obsession of a passage to Cathay had not died with Champlain's attempts to ascend the Ottawa, and while Adam Daulac and his heroic sixteen Frenchmen held the Long Sault Rapids against seven hundred Iroquois invaders, for the protection of the three thousand whites who made up the total population of New France, Nicollet was paddling westward through the Strait of Michilimachinac, wearing his mandarin robe blessed by the Father at Montreal who fully expected him to return with merchandise of China piled about him. Nicholas Perrot too, a skilled and daring explorer, went commissioned by the Governor of New France to call all the western tribes to a conference, the better to carry on trade, exploration, conversion and other activities centering at Quebec and Montreal.

It was while on this mission that Perrot camped overnight at the head village of the Miami tribe on Lake Michigan and sailed away again in the pearl-dawn, ignorant that he could have written "Chicago" in his diary if he had only lived a few hundred years later.

On his return to civilization, Joliet the merchant explorer and the untiring and unterrified priest, Father Marquette, were commissioned to seek out the mighty river Méchasebé or Mississippi of whose existence the Indians had told Perrot.

They too pushed their intrepid canoes down the shingle of the St. Lawrence and paddled tirelessly up the reaches of the great Ottawa, according to the route adopted by the Hurons, who used this river and a tributary, made a short portage, crossed a little lake, and thus found an easy passage to Georgian Bay. Terror of the Iroquois to the south had prevented their exploring Lake Ontario and of the very existence of Lake Erie they knew nothing.

From the eastern end of Georgian Bay to Sault Ste Marie used to take the Indian braves seventeen days of paddling, hugging the grim shores where tradition assured them their more civilized forefathers had mined copper far in the earth. To-day, the swift Canadian Pacific steamers do the trip in nineteen hours of such smooth travelling that the tired old priest who formerly took passage with the red men, would sleep through the whole trip without turning over to say a rosary, if only he could be transported back through the year-to feel the wonder of it.

DOWN SUCH HAZARDOUS STREAMS DID THE INTREPID EXPLORERS PUSH THEIR CANOES

In the neck of the Strait that joins mighty Huron to mightier Michigan the forest-clad island of Michilimachinac floats between still lake and stiller sky. Here, the guides told the awed Frenchmen, the great Dancing Spirits make their home, sallying forth in the hushed dawn. Could they have seen one of our modern ore freighters sea-serpenting its way across the dim vistas, carrying mayhap a million dollars' worth of that copper of which eight hundred similarly-bound vessels bear half the world's supply, they would have credited the Hurons' tale above the miracle they would have thought of as taking place in their own eyeballs.

As it began to chill for the winter of 1674-5, after a fruitless trip down the Father of Waters, the little band of Frenchmen and Indians drew in to the hospitable Miami shore once more, where the braves still remembered Perrot. The wonderful old priest stretched his cramped limbs with his friend Joliet and together they wended their way along the banks of the Portage River—now the Chicago—which flowed into Lake Michigan five blocks south of where it does to-day, at about the point now occupied by the Art Institute. The two Frenchmen, however, had to trust to their eyes for the finish of its course, for the land for many a rod was dreary marsh which no one would dream of reclaiming for hundreds of years to come.

During the long winter, Marquette lived in a trader's hut at Chicago, only to pass out with the ice-floes, into some gentle spring beyond the ken of the Indians who loved him.

"He is gone," they said, "but his spirit is still with us."

And many a time, forgetful of the theology of the man they adored, they would invoke the spirit of Marquette to still the mad storms of the Lakes he had so fearlessly travelled, crucifix in hand.

And now the rose-light of romance once more rises among the church tapers, and the young La Salle gallops on to the stage of New France, which by this time extended to the head of Lake Superior and the foot of Lake Michigan.

Leaving Montreal, which represented to him the palisaded comfort of the effete east, he paddled away into the wilderness, lived among the Indians for the sheer love of daring and what-next-ness, discovered the Ohio River while on a search for the still unfindable Cathay, came home to found a settlement on the west end of Montreal Island, restlessly turned from it to tear down Fort Frontenac (now Kingston), and erect a stronger in its place, and finally, in 1679, built the *Griffin* in which he and his lieutenant Tonti sailed away to write their names below Marquette's in the birchbark equivalent of a visitors' book that the Miamis kept for the Chicago of the future. In undertaking this trip La Salle became the father of all the immense Great Lakes navigation system of to-day. The Soo, then a mission founded by Marquette, now takes its place ahead of Suez as a port of call for the world's trade that passes through its locks to the value of seven hundred million dollars a year.

The *Griffin* carried furs on her return trip, but to-day grain, to the tune of seventy million bushels a year, most of it under the British flag, heads the cargo list, with lumber, iron ore, and coal crowding in behind. A ten thousand ton leviathan of the Great Lakes can be built to-day almost as quickly as carpenters can put up an eight-roomed house, the record time being fifty three days from keel-laying to launching. It has been estimated that this Lake traffic saves each citizen of the United States, some six dollars a year.

But to the mind of La Salle, the importance of Chicago, of Montreal, of the Lakes themselves, rested largely in their relation to beaver skins. Under the protection of his friend Governor Frontenac, the energetic trader monopolized the industry. A beaver skin was worth about ten dollars to the Frenchman. He would give a gun for ten skins, a pound of powder for two skins and eight pounds of shot for the same. An axe, six knives, a pound of glass beads, a pound of tobacco, could each be secured for a single skin, while a comb and a looking

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Opening a New Account

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT IT
IS NOT ALWAYS EASY FOR A MAN
TO PLAY THE GAME AND AT THE
SAME TIME HOLD HIS JOB

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

THE rickety old barn with a tobacco advertisement on it was a milestone to Mr. Teescroft. He knew at once that the next stop would be St. Luke's Crossing. Yet, as a matter of fact, his mind was not on his surroundings; it was on a letter in his pocket. He did not even need to read it over again to know what was in it; he had it by heart.

"If you cannot do business with Hicks of the Red Store now that Moore & Webster are making a change in their representative in your territory, you will please report here the end of the week, bringing your samples with you."

Mr. Teescroft sighed. He felt a little old.

It had been a full year since he had last dropped off at the Crossing. He had no one there to call on except Hicks and he had rather given up hope of ever getting his goods into the Red Store. But recently, Hicks had written the house for some information; this time, there seemed to be a fighting chance. Mr. Teescroft wondered vaguely who his new competitor was to be.

"Hullo, Teesy; getting off here?" boomed a voice behind him.

Mr. Teescroft turned to confront Big Larry Donovan.

"You bet," he said. He was not fond of Big Larry.

He paused on the depot platform to speak to a friend and then followed Big Larry to the hotel. Watching Larry half a block ahead, he was speculating as to why he did not like him.

Deep in his psychological study, it was not until he had almost bumped into him that Mr. Teescroft saw he had come up with Larry himself, and that that genial soul was deep in conversation with a lady. Big Larry was a ladies' man. Mr. Teescroft bowed in his own peculiar, stilted fashion and, although he was in no haste, hurried past.

"Why, it's Mr. Teescroft," said the lady, suddenly.

Mr. Teescroft stopped and regarded her doubtfully. Larry laughed.

"He doesn't know you, Jenny."

"Bless my soul," responded Mr. Teescroft questioningly, "it isn't Jenny Hicks, is it?"

"Have I grown as ugly as all that?" asked Miss Jenny, demurely.

"I—you—," stuttered Mr. Teescroft. "You were only a little girl a year ago, you know. And now you're clean grown up."

"She's some chicken, all right, all right," agreed Mr. Donovan in no uncertain tones, whereat Jenny smiled upon him for the compliment.

Mr. Teescroft thought the expression rather vulgar. "How's your pa?" he asked, leading the conversation toward more decorous ground.

Assuring him that her father enjoyed the best of health, Jenny offered to accompany him to the Red Store. Mr. Teescroft unhesitatingly accepted.

"Jenny, just you watch Teesey," admonished Larry, in mock disgust. "He's a regular lady-killer." He lifted his hat and turned down a side street.

"See you later," he called back.

The idea of Mr. Teescroft being a lady-killer was so obviously absurd that even he himself could see it.

"You're not a flirt, are you?" asked Jenny, gravely, as they walked on.

"Of course not." Mr. Teescroft felt his reply was very feeble. He felt certain Big Larry would have had a more appropriate piece of repartee to offer.

The walk to the Red Store was rather silent. Inwardly, Mr. Teescroft fumed at his lack of conversational abilities. A year ago, Jenny had been merely a little girl in pigtails. He recollected he had given her a bag of chocolates. Now, her hair was in a "bun" and her skirt reached her boot tops. She had grown into Miss Jenny. Mr. Teescroft could not find anything to talk about that seemed to fit the altered situation.

They turned into Main Street in time to see Big Larry hurrying into the Red Store. He had evidently gone up a parallel street.

"Larry doesn't sell you father anything, does he?" asked Mr. Teescroft, in surprise.

"Only since he's been working for Moore & Webster," said Jenny, without interest.

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Teescroft. He quickened his pace. He recognized that Larry had stolen a march on him.

In the Red Store, Larry had Mr. Hicks back in the private office. Mr. Hicks was lighting one of Big Larry's perfectos and Larry had his order pad spread out. The etiquette of the road demanded Mr. Teescroft should not interrupt. But it did not demand that he should go out immediately. He was privileged to stand around long enough for the proprietor to see him. With his job in the balance, it was quite essential to Mr. Teescroft that Mr. Hicks should see him.

Trivial details, however, have sometimes swayed destiny. Standing as Mr. Teescroft and Jenny were, with their backs to the window, her father could not see who they were. He came forward with his best customers' smile.

Then he saw who it was. "Oh!" he grunted shortly in mild disgust. "Nothin' doin'. I've placed my order."

"But you wrote our house," urged Mr. Teescroft, searching for the letter. "Now, maybe when you're not so busy—" He was trying to save the day.

"Nothin' doin'—nothin' doin', young feller." Mr. Hicks was on the point of turning his back when he noticed Jenny. "Hey, you kid, ain't I told you you ain't to have nothin' to do with them drummers. Now, you hike upstairs an' stay there."

Jenny tossed her head but made for the stair. Mr. Teescroft was overcome by the insult. She was already as far as the cheese counter before he could find words.

"But, Mr. Hicks," he ejaculated at last, "Miss Jenny—"

"Miss Jenny!" Mr. Hicks shot the words out with the accent heavily on the 'Miss.'

"Yes," stammered Mr. Teescroft. "I—we—Mr. Hicks—"

Mr. Hicks had been regarding Jenny. She really was growing up. He advanced threateningly.

"You get out o' here," he ordered. "An' stay out. I don't do no buyin' from the likes o' you." He aimed a violent kick at Mr. Teescroft's sample case. The tip of Jenny's nose through a crack in the stair door caught his eye. "Hey, didn't I tell you to get on upstairs?"

Poor Mr. Teescroft was hardly what might be called a valiant man. Moreover, it was never a paying proposition to quarrel with a customer; the customer is always right. Making discretion the better part of valor, he walked out. Mr. Hicks grumbled to himself at the gay Lotharios who infested the road. Larry, pencil poised, remained discreetly silent.

Despite his apparent composure, Mr. Teescroft was far from composed. There had been just enough go wrong lately to irritate his firm. They would certainly decapitate him as surely as they had written it. Out of a job! Mr. Teescroft shuddered. He was not as young as he had been.

It was supper time before Larry Donovan joined him at the hotel. Big Larry was frankly sympathetic.

"He hates to see Jenny talking to any of the boys on the road, Teesy," he condoled; "but he should have told you. He forgot you didn't know. Jenny and I are some friendly, too; but you bet I wouldn't walk into the Red Store with her. It 'ud hurt business."

"It's no matter," said Mr. Teescroft. He wondered how deliberately Larry had planned it.

"Of course, it's all right as long as he doesn't catch you," Larry voiced his opinion, a point of view with which Mr. Teescroft's Presbyterian morals did not entirely agree, though he left the statement unanswered.

After supper, Mr. Teescroft wandered idly out on the hotel veranda. Through the open window over his shoulder, he could see Big Larry preparing his mail. Mr. Teescroft sighed; he had no order to write. He wondered if he might not just as well go in himself. He decided he would see it through and work right up to the last minute. He would at least go down with flying colors.

"I say, Teesy!" Larry's voice floated out through the window along with a flood of grey cigar smoke. "What are you going to do to-night?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"What do you say if we take a run down to the lake?"

"Well—" began Mr. Teescroft, doubtfully.

"Well, what?"

"Sure; I'll go," interposed Mr. Teescroft, hastily. "Sure!"

"All right; just a second while I finish my mail."

Mr. Teescroft was not fond of the lake. He had only been down there once—a year ago—but the impression he had received had not made him enthusiastic about going again. It was not the lake that Mr. Teescroft disliked; it was the crowd that went there he found so objectionable. He did not care for that class. The management of the inter-urban railway which ran from the city, through the Crossing and to the beach, in pursuit of the elusive dividend, had built a big Casino dance hall and it was mildly hinted the place was wide open.

It was dusk when they arrived. The car had been crowded and, as he started up the boardwalk, Mr. Teescroft felt warm.

"O you," laughed a voice at his elbow.

Mr. Teescroft turned. The girl returned his gaze with a look of scarcely veiled boldness. She was pretty. Larry laughed.

"Chicken!" he chuckled. "Didn't I say you were a lady-killer?"

"Er—yes," replied Mr. Teescroft. Then, in a sudden burst of repartee, he added: "She won't be a very reliable hen, though," whereupon Larry laughed again.

"Dance?" asked Larry. He was buying his ticket.

Mr. Teescroft shook his head.

"Well, you can sit outside and smoke and watch through the windows."

"I don't smoke," corrected Mr. Teescroft.

"That won't prevent you watching anyhow." Larry laughed and the man behind him at the wicket laughed with him.

"Hasn't the old sport got any vices at all?" asked the ticket seller.

"No petty ones," Larry flippantly assured him.

Mr. Teescroft walked around the broad veranda and seated himself near the steps that led down to the promenade along the water front. From here, he could watch the dance floor. If the truth must be told, he felt just the shadow of a regret that he did not dance. After all, it is an innocent diversion. Yet, after he had inspected the class of women on the floor, he was not so sure of its extreme innocence.

Between dances the crowd surged out through the doorway near him. Now and then, some girl, dropped by her escort as they came out, would find a seat near Mr. Teescroft. Occasionally he received a half tentative smile. Under such circumstances, he remained very impassive. It was not that he would have refused to smile back—for what harm is there in a mere smile—but at such moments, try as he might, he simply lost the power to make the muscles of his face coordinate.

It struck Mr. Teescroft that the back of the man who had just walked down the steps was vaguely familiar. It looked just a little like Hicks of the Red Store. Still, that was unlikely. He dismissed the idea as absurd.

"Duckey, I'm most a regular Sahara desert," complained a voice at his elbow. "How'd you like to set 'em up?"

There was no mistaking her class. Even Mr. Teescroft recognized it.

"Sure," he assented, after a barely perceptible hesitation. "Shall we go in?"

If the dance hall held a mixed crowd, the refreshment room seemed to hold only one. His companion ordered a rickey; Mr. Teescroft called for a lemonade.

"Sticking to the soft stuff?"

Mr. Teescroft smiled. "I have a friend with me and it's my turn to see we get home all right." For him, the banter was extraordinarily playful.

"Of course you're kidding." She looked at him narrowly. "I've noticed you half a dozen times this evening. You don't kick in. What did you come for?"

"I'm blest if I know." He admitted it very candidly.

"Do you like it?"

"HE HADN'T OUGHT TO BRING A KID LIKE THAT HERE," THE WOMAN WAS SAYING

"BUT YOU WROTE OUR HOUSE," URGED MR. TEESCROFT TRYING TO SAVE THE DAY. "NOW, MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE NOT SO BUSY —"

Mr. Teescroft shook his head. "Do you?" He tinkled the spoon against his lemonade glass.

The woman laughed. Mr. Teescroft did not smile in reply. He leaned across the table and repeated the question. "Really," he insisted; "really, I mean."

She laughed again, but her mirth was forced. "You're a funny one," she commented. "Say, ain't that a damn shame?" She was pointing across the room and Mr. Teescroft's eye followed her finger.

Seated in the far corner of the room was Big Larry Donovan—and with him was Jenny Hicks!

They had not noticed Mr. Teescroft. Two cocktails stood on the table between them. Mr. Teescroft felt ill. Why, only a year before, he had been taking her candies in a paper bag. It was nauseating.

"He hadn't ought to bring a kid like that here," the woman was saying. "Why, she ain't had on long skirts more 'n six months. I want to tell you, them's the kind of fellows what puts a girl on the bum."

"I—I fancy you are quite right." Mr. Teescroft bit the words out almost savagely. He was amazed at his own tone. "I think I'll go over and speak to Larry. Er—he's the fellow I came with, you know."

"If you're goin', you'd better hike before they drink them cocktails," admonished the woman, shortly.

Mr. Teescroft pushed back his chair. The noise attracted Larry's attention. He smiled and spoke to Jenny. She glanced over and Mr. Teescroft bowed. Jenny allowed her gaze to drift idly over Mr. Teescroft's companion; then, tilting her nose, she turned her head carelessly away and resumed her conversation with Larry. Mr. Teescroft flushed.

"Cut!" his companion laughed mirthlessly. "Well, if that's the way she feels about it—" She did not finish her sentence.

Mr. Teescroft was not paying attention to her. He was thinking that perhaps, after all, it was none of his business. Jenny had already caused him difficulties enough over nothing. In a way, she was responsible for the loss of his position. And then Mr. Teescroft flushed a dull, rosy red; he suddenly felt very much ashamed of himself.

The curtains between the dance hall and the refreshment room parted in the breeze. Mr. Teescroft glanced toward the opening and grew rigid. He seized his hat.

"Sit still," he cried sharply, to the woman. "I'll be back later."

Jenny saw him coming, but gave no sign of recognition. Nothing daunted, Mr. Teescroft pulled out the other chair and dropped into it.

"I'm sorry, to be rude, Miss Jenny," he said; "but I think that Providence must have brought me here."

Jenny sniffed and turned her head away. She was plainly doubtful that Providence had anything to do with it.

"Miss Jenny!" Larry was smiling. Mr. Teescroft leaned over to her almost pleadingly. "Miss Jenny! Your pa's outside looking for you. I saw him just now through the curtains. I figure he's pretty hot."

"Holy cats!" Larry jumped to his feet.

"So I thought I would come over here and be a kind of a chaperone," added Mr. Teescroft mildly.

"I thought maybe it 'ud look better if the three of us were here. Perhaps I'd better get rid of these things."

He deposited the untouched cocktails on the shelf under the table. His companion from across the room was regarding him with an odd expression.

"Excuse me a moment." Larry suddenly started across the room.

Jenny made no response. She did turn toward Mr. Teescroft, however.

Larry had seated himself in the chair which Mr. Teescroft had vacated but a moment before. When Mr. Hicks entered the room, he was stirring Mr. Teescroft's half empty glass of lemonade. His alibi was perfect.

Mr. Hicks headed straight for Jenny. A waiter, scenting trouble, had borne down upon them.

"Perhaps, if the lady and gentleman are through, they'll accompany you outside, sir." The waiter meaningly pushed in before Mr. Hicks. He was not unused to scenes. Jenny rose. Her father motioned toward the door and she started out. Mr. Hicks stood waiting for Mr. Teescroft. Then, dropping third into the procession, he followed them out.

Jenny led the way toward the car. Her father, in the rear, took a fresh grip on his black thorn.

"Well, sir!" They were out of earshot. He snapped the words off.

"O pa, it wasn't Mr. Teescroft's fault," cried Jenny. "He was just—"

Mr. Teescroft raised his hand sharply and Jenny stopped. Hicks was Larry's customer.

"I suppose I shouldn't have persuaded Miss Jenny to come," he said. "But I assure you it was merely innocent recreation and—and— I would suggest you do not court notoriety by making a scene. The least said will be soonest mended." He knew it sounded like impudence.

Mr. Hicks glared at Mr. Teescroft. Then he looked at the black thorn. He seemed to feel he was being defrauded out of his rights. His gaze wandered to the crowd on the veranda of the Casino. The people there were watching a man and woman struggling. The man was apparently trying to get away from her. He did not want his daughter's name dragged into anything and hesitated.

"Young feller," growled Mr. Hicks, "you just make yourself scarce around here. If I meet you at the Crossing some time when Jenny isn't with me, it won't be healthy for you."

"But, pa, I tell you Mr. Teescroft didn't have anything to do with it." Jennie's tone was indignant.

"Your pa is quite right, Miss Jenny," interrupted Mr. Teescroft. "I had no business being here at all and, if I may say it, neither had you."

The commotion on the veranda attracted their attention. The woman with whom he had been sitting in the refreshment room was vainly trying to drag Big Larry down the steps after her. The crowd laughed.

"A fine bit o' advice from the likes o' you," sneered Hicks. "You keep away; that's all I got to say to you."

In his anger, he raised his voice. The woman on the veranda heard him.

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The Yellowstone of the North

By Edward Cave

Illustrated from Photographs

JASPER PARK WAS AS RICH IN MEN AS IN MOUNTAINS, BUT THE MOUNTAINS WERE MORE NUMEROUS

BEING new, Jasper Park, Canada's youngest national forest and game reservation and public playground, is as yet totally different from other national parks on this continent. The stage has yet to be fully set for the tourists.

When I visited it, two or three roads had been built, some trails cut, a few cottages erected, but the tourist's room and bath had not even been thought of. Streets have since been opened, houses moved, and a government building of stone erected.

The transcontinental trains of the Grand Trunk Pacific now pass through the Park and the demand for tourist accommodation led the railway to arrange this summer for the erection of a tent city at Jasper. The ultimate thought is to build a great modern hotel in the Park, but in the meantime there are summer tents for sleeping and marquees in which meals are served.

Also, you will cast about for many a day before you meet up with better guides, saddle and pack outfits, and camping equipment, than you will find awaiting you in this earnest, hopeful, good-intentioned little hamlet of Jasper. The time may come when the art of separating the tourist from his money will be as highly developed here as anywhere, but Jasper is yet too young and frank and open-handed to do anything but take you to its heart.

Of course nobody would think of going all the way to northwestern Alberta to spend a vacation if there were not special reasons for doing so. These reasons are there beyond question, very solidly fixed in the landscape and bound to delight the tourist. I refer to the natural beauties and wonders of this Yellowstone of the North. I found them to come up to the specifications, and since the only available specifications were those detailed in the railroad literature and the reports of a commendably zealous government commissioner of parks, this is saying something. But I do not intend to catalogue and tag or attempt to describe scenery, not against such competition. If anyone gains any kind of impression of what Jasper Park is like from my feeble remarks herein remarked, it is due to no attempt of mine to do the park poetic justice. My real purpose in this article is to relate some new discoveries I made in the Park and touch upon some other features which the railroad people and the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada have overlooked.

To begin with, I found Jasper Park to be just as rich in men as in mountains. There are vastly more mountains, to be sure. The Park contains five thousand square miles of them, interspersed with wonderful valleys, rivers and lakes—some of the finest scenery in the whole Rocky Mountain range. Yet to me the most interesting exhibits were the guides. I am confident I shall sometime, somewhere, see another mountain

MOUNT ROBSON—WHICH IS NOT IN THE PARK, BUT ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA LINE TO THE WEST OF IT AND IS THE GREAT GRAND-DADDY OF ALL THE MOUNTAINS OF THE DISTRICT

just as impressive as Mount Robson—which is not in the Park, but on the British Columbia line to the west of it and is the great granddaddy of all the mountains of the district, altitude 13,700 feet.

I expect some day to gaze upon another lake as beautiful as Maligne Lake, but nowhere shall I ever see a sight to equal "Jack" Otto shoeing a bronco, or "Runt" Moore getting a shave—and these are regularly to be seen in the Park.

As a boy I early became familiar with encounters between men and horses, or perhaps I should say between man and horse. For many years I cherished the memory of seeing a heavy farm-wagon neckyoke as lightly wielded in the hand of man and as niftily applied to and toward the kicking end of man's friend, the horse, as if it had been but a whipstock. But I saw Jack Otto use a fence post in precisely the same sprightly manner, and with much more effect. Jack is a bigger man than was my hero, to be sure. Nevertheless, though lacking in dash and having no noticeable advantage as to power of voice or ready command of invective, he also displayed a much grander rage, and he succeeded in nailing on all four horseshoes, single handed and without resorting to the mean advantage of hog-tying his adversary.

In the Spring of the year Jack hunts grizzly bears, if he finds the time away from horse-shoeing and other work incidental to getting ready for the guiding season. He showed me his rifle, and at the time it seemed to me he had used excellent judgment in the selection of his arm. But I have since come to the conclusion that he ought to use the jawbone of an ass—if he could get a sufficiently tough one.

Mr. Moore, much reduced in size compared to Jack, also hunts bears. Whether it is his army carbine or his repeating shotgun loaded with ball cartridges that he uses I am not sure. And I do not care, so long as he manages to keep on coming back from his hunts in need of a shave. To see him come into the Jasper pool hall and barber shop, just in off the trail, in his moleskin knickerbockers and his fringed buckskin shirt, toss his tall stetson aside, whip off his pink silk neckerchief, and step into the barber's chair with exactly that same peculiar grace of manner one can see any day in the leading barber shops at Princeton, where it is acquired, is one of the finest sights in the Park. But finer still it is to see him rise in righteous wrath, seize the razor from the unwilling hands of Jasper's official barber—a barber, by the way, who has made much more money out of proving up homesteads than from barbering—and sickle his jaw over with the pale cast of a civilized shave.

I hope someone with influence will petition the Canadian government to conserve Mr. Otto and Mr. Moore. There are also some other things in Jasper Park that are not catalogued along with the scenic beauties and natural wonders, which nevertheless are quite remarkable.

There are not enough trees in the Park, and they should grow larger. One day I had this very thoroughly impressed upon me, although I had noticed the discrepancy before. The timber growth is for the most part comparatively spindly spruces, jack-pines, willows and poplars, very few attaining telegraph-pole proportions, except in the river valleys. This, of course, is common to the eastern slope of the Rockies, especially up here in the country of "never a law of God nor man," Jasper Park being just a little "north of fifty-three." On this particular day I had walked some three or four miles out from the haunts of men all by myself, carrying nothing more deadly than a camera, and stayed rather late in the evening. I would not have stayed so late had I not been up on a mountain, where I had climbed for practice for a hunting trip. But up there it was still broad day when dusk was creeping into the valley below, and besides my Eastern eyes underestimated the distance I had to go to get back to the trail. The consequence was that when I did get down to the trail and nicely started along it across an old burning, or a brule, as they say in some parts of Canada, every black stump began to be extraordinary suggestive of something I had especially good reasons for not wishing to meet. It was then that I realized how miserably small and sparse the standing timber was. I may say in passing that the rifle in my room in the hotel all nicely sealed by the fire ranger, was selected primarily for its ability to discourage any inquisitive grizzly bear of a desire to make a close acquaintance with me.

There are some grizzlies in the Park, also bears of the same family lacking the popular grizzled cr silver-tip effect, but in no manner suffering any warp of personality on account of this, being in every way just as affable, condescending and easy to be spoken to as any orthodox member of the species. Also there are black bears, moose, elk—according to the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada in 1910, but not since mentioned in his reports or heard of by the writer—blacktail deer, bighorn sheep, Rocky Mountain goats, beaver and various other fur-bearing animals. The only big game I saw within the Park borders was a bunch of fourteen sheep. However, I did not travel far in the Park, and moreover, the whole region was hunted hard so recently by Indians and others bent upon making a last slaughter before the Government game and fire wardens were on the ground, that the game has not yet learned that the Park is now a sanctuary. By the time the Grand Trunk Pacific's hotel, which is to be built on a hill overlooking Fiddle Creek Canon near Miette Hot Springs and strategetically placed to provide the best view of Roche Miette, or Sheep Mountain, is ready for the tourists, there will be a delegation of bears on hand, and other game will have adopted the usual national park conventions of their kind.

Miette Hot Springs is some thirty miles east of Jasper, and will be its strong rival when the tourist travel begins, having a better array of natural wonders and the prospect of a railroad hotel. Jasper, on its part, is the first railroad divisional point west of Edmonton and the outfitting place for Maligne Lake, some thirty-five miles southeast by two different trails, a round trip over which should satisfy the most exacting pleasure seeker. It also has at its back door, almost, some of the prettiest lakes in the Park, on all of which the Government is building log bungalows to rent to vacationists. It would be hard to find a more ideal place to bungaloaf away a long vacation than on the shore of Pyramid Lake, at the foot of Pyramid Mountain, some three miles by a good road from the station at Jasper. Old Pyramid is some mountain, rising about six thousand feet pretty much straight up from the level of the lake, having an altitude of 9,700 feet, and being dolled up with all the glad colors exhibited by the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas in Colorado.

Of course the Athabaska River itself is no mean attraction. Ford it on a horse sometime with Jack Otto, and if Jack transfers that big black wallet from his hip pocket to a higher altitude, you will not soon forget your experience. The Athabaska has a color all its own, a wonderful blue-green, not at all like the dull gray of the Saskatchewan and the Fraser, and it is cold as Greenland's icy mountains. Jasper Lake and Brule Lake, through which it flows, in the Park, are likewise blue-green, and majestically chilly in appearance.

There are, of course, literally no end of things in the Park to make you feel queer. Take Medicine Lake, for example. I infer this lake takes its name from the fact that once upon a time some Indian gazed upon it and got off that hoary old platitude about bad medicine. The Maligne River, from Maligne Lake, flows into this lake with volume enough to drown a horse. Big mountains on both sides of it drain their snows into it. And yet, with no visible outlet it is nevertheless going dry. At least a third of its former bottom was exposed when I visited it, and the surface of the lake was at least fifty feet below high-water mark. Following the trail on down the valley toward the Athabaska, one crosses and recrosses the former outlet of the lake many times—or perhaps I should say the dry bed of a former overflow. And finally, some eight or nine miles from the lake, behold! A wonderful deep gorge, so narrow at the top that one might almost leap across it in some places, much wider far below, and down there in the dark mystery of the crooked fault, the Maligne River once more hurrying to the Arctic! The Maligne should be called the Underground River.

I think the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada made no mistake when he stated in his first report that, in his belief, this park would eventually outstrip all others in the Dominion of Canada in importance. It will, and moreover it will hustle the Yellowstone; in fact, at the present time many people would find it more attractive, for although it has no Old Faithful, nor even the tiniest squirt of a geyser, and is lacking in some other natural curiosities, it is as yet unspoiled. It is pretty much the same sort of park, I imagine, as the Yellowstone was before it became popular—with the exception of having an awkward shortage of grizzly-proof trees, and a better assortment of mountains.

The War Bride

By Ernest H. A. Home

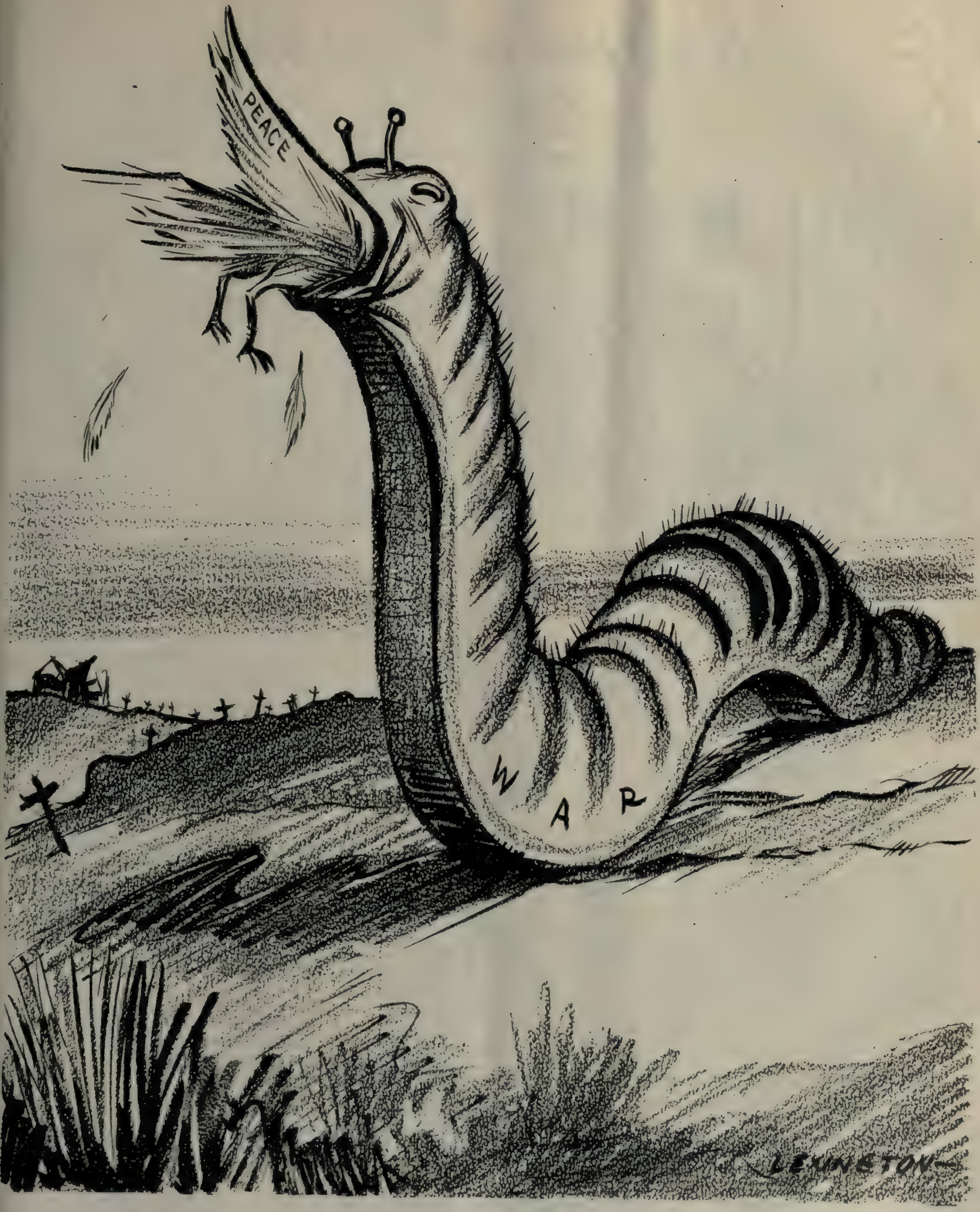
Desolate now and bowed,
  She goes her way—
Marie, so happy and so proud
  But for a day.

Joyous were yester hours,
  And now—O God,
Turning Thy fairest flowers
  Beneath the sod.

Letters of blood that dance;
  His name—their own:
"Child, but to die for France!"—
  The worst is known.

O, for the breasts that sob,
  The tears that come,
Oh for the hearts that throb
  As throbs the drum.

Desolate now and bowed,
  She goes her way—
She who was glad and proud
  Just for a day.



THE TOO EARLY BIRD

A Flyer in Politics

By Arthur B. Watt

Illustrated by W. M. Stickney

RHODA AND HER BROTHER WERE NOT AT THE HOTEL AT WHICH THEY ALL WERE TO MEET, AND A SEARCH OF OTHER REGISTERS PROVED FRUITLESS

I.

IF you were not interested in real estate, Spirit Lodge was no place for you.

The man who organized a Browning Club gave it up in despair. What chance was there for elucidating Sordello's story when the members would insist on dragging into the discussion the question as to whether old Simpson was justified in paying $150,000 for the corner of Main and First ?

The young ministers who were sent there caused their church superiors constant worry. Soon after their arrival they all became so busy in securing a few choice lots near a new street car line that they were disposed to overlook their proper function, that of protecting the options of their parishioners in the world to come.

If a man talked to you about, "this great country of ours," you always knew that he was leading up to a proposition to have you purchase a warehouse site or a residential subdivision.

Spirit Lodge lived on hope and the money that it could lure from the outside investor. But if anybody dared to suggest within its limits that it was a boom town, he was told that he hadn't any vision and that his proper place was back in the cent belt.

II.

William Brown of the real estate firm of Brown and Anderson had come to western Canada with the first rush and, as the saying was, had distinctly made good. After a few weeks behind the counter in a dry-goods store, his old line in the East, he had the astuteness to see that that was no place for a young man of his ambitions. He made a neat turnover on the investment of his small capital in the flurry which followed the arrival of the Canadian Northern steel and this enabled him to launch out on his own account. He did well both for himself and for those who bought property through him.

But he was beginning to think that it was time for him to take a broader view of life. Even the task of calling around each evening at the Hotel Arlington to trace, if possible, from the register the arrival of foreign capital within the civic boundaries, often lost its attractiveness.

Brown had just been over there and made an appointment for ten in the morning that promised well. It was with Sir Alpheus Newton, Bart. He had clipped the report of the interview which the Winnipeg paper had published a week before. This distinguished Englishman, a prominent figure in the commercial and political life of the old land, had told the newspaperman that he was taking a tour through the West for the purpose of making large investments on behalf of himself and certain associates. They were dissatisfied with conditions at home and were waking up at last to the great possibilities which Canada offered.

Brown was quite sure that the subdivision that he had the handling of, within the two-mile circle from the post office, would appeal to Sir Alpheus.

But this was all in the day's work. There was a time when he would have stayed up half the night rehearsing the talk that he was to give so important a prospect. To-night, however, he pondered over larger problems of personal destiny.

Crops had been good, the money market was firm, the immigration returns were never better. All that Spirit Lodge required, to give it a real boom, was the building of a railway to the north. How often had the local editors told their readers that "remarkable though its growth has been already, it is with the opening up to the rush of settlement of our great hinterland to the north that the city's big development will come."

When that happened, Brown was going to realize the dreams that had led him to abandon his ten-dollar-a-week job in the East, that had given him courage when the pickings were hard in the early years of his sojourn on the prairies, and that, with an expanding inventory of acreage close in, and well-situated town lots, took on new persistence and freshness.

Once in the old clerking days, the member for the county had come to town for the annual fair. He was a man who was making a big reputation for himself even then. Now his name was in everybody's mouth. With him came his young wife. She had beauty and charm and it was said that her social power had been a factor of no small importance, along with her husband's wealth and ability, in making him what he was. Yet he had started from nothing.

Every time Brown came across the politician's name in the newspapers, he asked himself why such a career should not be open to himself. It was true that the local party organization, with which he had allied himself, gave him nothing but hack work to do at election time. Nor did the social leaders recognize him.

"But wait till I make my clean-up," he argued, "and I'll make up for lost time. Cecil Rhodes knew what he was doing when he gave himself up to fortune-building as a preliminary to a political career. Money gives power and without it there is no use in attempting to be a figure in the world."

III.

Sir Alpheus proved a most affable gentleman. He was intensely interested in the glowing descriptions that Brown gave him of the possibilities of Spirit Lodge and the great territory that lay beyond it.

"What indeed," he exclaimed, "do they know of England who only England know? It is surely the expansion of the dominions beyond the seas that will enlarge the British outlook."

He would be delighted to go out to Idlewyld after lunch. Might he bring his sister along?

On time to the minute Brown drove his car up to the Arlington. In the corridor Sir Alpheus and his sister were waiting.

No wonder the townspeople craned their necks, Brown thought, as he and his party drove through the streets. Here are a man and woman who really do amount to something and there are none of your superior airs about them.

Miss Newton reminded him very strongly of the beautiful daughter of the Duke, who was in the habit of entertaining the King each year during one of the race meetings. He had always looked for her eagerly in the groups of country-house parties that appeared in the English illustrated papers. He often wondered if she were really the splendid looking girl that her photographs made her out. At any rate Miss Newton was all and more than he had ever pictured Lady Sybil to be.

Never had Brown discoursed on the attractions of Idlewyld with more eloquence or to a more responsive audience.

Such a view as one had from the river-front lots! The municipality had agreed to extend the driveway right along the bank. The houses were beginning to spring up in the brush only a few hundred yards away. Then there were the street car lines. Sir Alpheus referred to them as tramways and Brown was not long in following suit. They would have to be built in this direction in the very near future to serve the spreading population and the other civic utilities were bound to come sooner still.

Miss Newton was astounded to find so charming a place for a home in a new country. Sir Alpheus was certain that his syndicate would take up the offer and arranged for a month's option.

IV.

Brown, on returning to his office, lost no time in getting down his lists to see what other proposition he could put before his new client. As he was glancing over them, the telephone rang. It was Sir Alpheus.

"My sister and I," he said, "are afraid that we took all your kindness too much as a matter of course. The outing was a most delightful one and we are really grateful to you for it. We have been wondering if you could possibly find time to come and dine with us at the hotel to-night. It would give us a chance to have a further talk with you and we are more than interested in what you were telling us."

There was no hesitancy about Brown's reply. Before dinner was over, he felt that he had known his host all his life. Later, as they sat upstairs, he found himself opening up his heart to them.

They had the story of his early struggles, of the business success that had come slowly but surely, of all that he believed the future held in store for him. And then he branched off and told how his ambitions went far beyond the mere acquiring of wealth. It was after all only a means to an end and it was a poor creature who made it the big thing of his life. He was candid enough to tell how he had lacked appreciation on the part of the people of Spirit Lodge. But his time was coming.

"Of course it is," broke in Sir Alpheus. "But do you think that you are wise to wait for those among whom you have made your money to understand that you are something besides a money-

THEY HAD THE STORY OF HIS EARLY STRUGGLES, OF THE FINAL SUCCESS THAT HAD COME SLOWLY BUT SURELY, AND OF HIS HOPES FOR THE FUTURE maker ? Unlike most familiar sayings, that about a prophet being not without honor, save in his own country, is borne out by the facts of every-day life."

"Why," he added a moment later, "don't you break into politics across the water ? We need colonials to help us. They make excellent candidates. Both parties have found that out. You've noticed that all Canadians who have gone over there have done well. Of course, it takes some money to run for parliament, but not so much as you might think."

Brown was sure that it was a trifle too large an undertaking for him to think of just then. Possibly he might be able to take it into consideration a little later. But Sir Alpheus was the very soul of optimism.

"Let's get down to the brass tacks," he said, "and see if we cannot manage this. I'm on the central executive of our party and I know that there is a constituency about to fall vacant in which we want a candidate who can talk up the colonies. There'll be no harm done, if I send a cable saying that a young and successful Canadian might be induced to come over and stand for the seat. I'm going down south for a few weeks to look over some property there and perhaps by the time I get back we'll have heard what the committee thinks of the matter."

V.

Long after the last night-hawk had made his way home, Brown bent over a mass of figures. He was trying to determine what he could realize if he disposed of all his speculative holdings on short notice. All told, he at last concluded, he had not enough as yet to warrant his accepting Sir Alpheus' suggestion. Some day the chance might come again, but in the meanwhile there was nothing to do but wait as patiently as possible.

He knew that it was not right for him to complain of a town that had already done so much for him. But he would like to see values advance just a trifle faster. When he entered the British parliament, he did not want to have any worries as to whether members paid themselves salaries or not.

The ordinary run of business interested him very little the next morning. But he strolled around to the Arlington as a matter of habit. He met Miss Newton at the entrance, starting on a shopping tour. She was none too well and had decided that she might better stop over in Spirit Lodge rather than go with her brother down south and have to spend the time in stuffy little hotels, while he went about his business.

The clerks in the stores opened their eyes when a modish young lady stepped up to their counters with Brown in attendance. Those who came around to his office by appointment declared that it was the first time that they had ever known him to fail to keep a business engagement. One of his callers, when, in the early afternoon, he saw Brown's car headed in the direction of St. Anthony and its owner engaged in earnest conversation with his sole passenger, shook his head and muttered that you could never tell when you had sized up a man properly.

BUT TO-NIGHT HE PONDERED OVER LARGER PROBLEMS OF PERSONAL DESTINY

VI.

A week later the newspapers came out with a liberal display of job-type across their front pages. A dispatch from the capital announced that the government had decided to guarantee the bonds of a railway projected into the north country from Spirit Lodge. Construction was to start immediately, anticipating the passage of the necessary bill at the approaching session of the Legislature. There was a large ministerial majority and any government measure went through like clockwork.

"Spirit Lodge," ran the editorial in the *Star*, "has at last come into its own. The empire of the north is to lay its wealth at the city's feet. The hope of long years is to become an actuality and on the banks of the Red Man's river, where there now stands a flourishing city of ten thousand souls, we shall in another ten years, see one of at least one hundred thousand, which must eventually become one of the great centres of the continent."

There had been many startling changes in property values in the past, but never before any like those which now occurred. There was no difficulty in selling out at prices away beyond those which had hitherto prevailed. The trouble was to secure anybody who was willing to let go his holdings. If prices were high now, would they not be much higher when the railway building was actually under way ?

The only dealer on a large scale who figured as a seller in the various sensational transactions which marked the early days of the great boom, was Brown. No one could understand it. He did not need the money and he must know that bigger things still were in store.

Sir Alpheus returned several days before he was expected. He found Brown talking to his sister up in the Arlington reception room.

"I couldn't stand being away any longer," he declared, "with all this excitement up here. Everywhere I went the talk was all of Spirit Lodge. At Clearwater I mentioned to a man that I had a month's option on Idlewyld and he offered me $20,000 cash for it. I don't know whether I was wise or not, but I closed with him."

"You could have done better," said Brown, "but after all one does not pick up $20,000 every day, so under the circumstances you were probably wise to jump at the chance."

"And what news have you for me here ?" enquired the baronet. "Your kindness to Rhoda is, of course, something that I can never thank you enough for. She wrote and told me

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In the Forefront

SAMUEL CARTER, ONTARIO'S SCRAPPIEST MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT; J. L. WELLER, THE CANADIAN GOETHALS; MAJOR SAUNDERS, OF EDMONTON, WHO STANDS FOR COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

The Man Who Wouldn't be Run Over

By Don Hunt

AFTER all, the most dramatic thing about this continent of America, underlying all the drama of the pioneer activities and all the drama of the melting pot, is the question which every one if he is given to thinking at all, must ask himself either on his own behalf or for his ancestors—why did we come here? For none of us were on this continent to begin with. Why did we come?

Of course, the only exception to this question is in the case of the North American Indians. With them, the query isn't "Why did we come?" but, "How did we get here?" Most of us, however, are not Indians, and neither is Mr. Samuel Carter an Indian. He is a radical manufacturer and public man living in the city of Guelph, and representing the constituency of South Wellington in the Ontario Legislature. Mr. Carter comes from England, and when you ask him the dramatic question of why he came to this part of the world, you find that you have opened up a story, significant and progressive.

There are two main reasons why Mr. Carter is a citizen of Ontario to-day, and not still living in the knitting districts of the country of his birth. For one thing, he neither wanted to be run over himself nor to see other people like him run over; in the second place, he was a passionate temperance man. From these causes he came to America thirty-four years ago; for these causes he is still fighting to-day, and, as we shall see, the two ideas, the two ambitions, merge, with him, into one compelling motive and driving force.

First, about getting run over.

To understand that, we shall have to go back a wee bit in our story, back indeed to the days of the Chartists. "Sam" Carter himself wasn't alive in the times of those turbulent people, for he is only fifty-five years of age, but when he was nine, and began to work in the knitting mills of the little industrial village near Nottingham, where he had been born, he had as co-laborers, quite a group of older men who had taken part in the Chartist agitations, and while they were eating their dinners out of the tin pails or resting after their work, they would talk about the excitement of those days, and reaffirm their belief in radical doctrines. Young Carter was thus brought up on the strong wine of radicalism.

His own father was by no means a reactionary. He had been arrested for conspiracy simply because he talked with some of his friends in a wood. The landed and capitalistic classes thought it bad enough for workmen to talk to each other at all; as for conversation in a wood—didn't all the stories both of Grimm and Mother Goose prove that woods were haunts of mystery and of crime? Not only had Carter's father made good his claim of being a radical by being arrested in a forest—he was also interested in the Rochedale Co-operative Society, which, begun seventy years ago, now has between 2,000 and 3,000 branches in England, had a good one in Ghent, Belgium, and has eight or ten branches in Canada, with our friend Carter as the president of the one in Guelph.

Yes, the Carters were a radical family, and with their radical associates were constantly chafing under the disabilities imposed upon them in feudal England. Take the question of votes in elections. The grown-up men-folk of the Carters had one vote each—that sounds fair enough, but the land owners had six votes each! And the rich men were not content even with this lead.

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SAMUEL CARTER, M.P.P. FOR SOUTH WELLINGTON, ONTARIO

Our Canadian Goethals

Who Is Building the New Fifty Million Dollar Welland Ship Canal.

By W. A. Craick.

WERE it not that the arts of peace are so obscured just now by the smoke of war, there would be a large place in the public eye for the man who is building the new Welland Ship Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario. This big undertaking,—one of the largest and most important public works ever attempted in Canada,—falls but little short in point of size, engineering interest and commercial value, of the famous Panama Canal itself, and its creator and promoter deserves to take rank as a constructive genius with General Goethals. Yet who knows his name? Who is familiar with his record?

W. J. Locke, a contemporary English novelist, has created a number of heroes, whose whimsical personalities are probably familiar to a good many readers of current fiction. Marcus Ordeyne, the Beloved Vagabond and Septimus are all characters of an odd, unconventional type, careless in dress, erratic, absorbed and yet most charming in disposition and lovable in nature. If a composite being could be formed from the material suggested by these creations of Locke, with the more strikingly eccentric characteristics toned down, one would have a fair approximation to John Laing Weller, the genius behind the New Welland.

J. L. WELLER. THE MAN WHO IS ERECTING A MONUMENT TO THE GLORY OF HIS NAME

In the thirties, forties and fifties of last century, the name of Weller was quite as famous, comparatively speaking, as are the names of any of Canada's present-day railway magnates. Did not "Bill" Weller of Cobourg own and control the biggest transportation system of the day, the stage-line that linked Montreal and Toronto with an equipment of good, old-time coaches and spanking horse-flesh? Until the Grand Trunk Railway completed the first steam road between the two cities, the stage-coach proprietor was a famous figure along the St. Lawrence and the North Shore of Lake Ontario. Then in a night the old system was wiped out and the once notable personality of William Weller was eclipsed by the advent of the new generation of steam railway operators.

The man who is bringing fresh distinction to the Weller name by his epoch-making work on the Niagara Peninsula, is the youngest son of this old-time proprietor of stage-coaches. An older brother, Charles Alexander Weller, won some local fame as Judge of the County Court of Peterboro, and another brother, W. H. Weller of Cobourg, was at one time Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Canada. J. L., or "the Chief" as he is generally called in St. Catharines where he makes his headquarters, was born in Cobourg in 1862, and in early life turned his thoughts towards a military career. He attended the Royal Military College, completing his course at Kingston just about the time the North West Rebellion of 1885 was brewing. In the brief and glorious campaign of that spring he took an active part.

Then began his long and valuable association with the canal system of Canada which culminated a couple of years ago with his appointment as engineer of construction of the new Ship Canal. His first work was in connection with the building of the Murray canal between Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte. Then he was transferred to the Cornwall Canal on the St. Lawrence. Later, when improvements and enlargements were undertaken at the Lake Ontario entrance of the Welland Canal at Port Dalhousie, he was placed in charge. This provided him with a stepping-stone to the post of superintendent of the present canal, a position he filled with ability until he was called upon to take charge of the preparations for the construction of the new waterway.

The Welland Ship Canal is in a very real sense a one-man job. J. L. Weller, while an exceedingly modest fellow and one who dislikes intensely, anything savoring of self-advertising, is yet possessed of a good deal of personal pride. In anything he attempts, he loves to excel. He tackled the problem of the location of the new canal and he went about the preparation of the plans for its construction with the intention of demonstrating that it was not too difficult a thing for him to handle. Nor was it. He succeeded in discovering a route that would shorten the distance between the two lakes and at the same time enable him to provide adequately for the enormous locks and storage reservoirs which will be a feature of the new project.

The canal, as planned by Mr. Weller, is to be twenty-five miles in length, as against 27½ miles in the present canal. It will have seven locks, instead of twenty-six, of which three will be double so as to admit of ships going up and down at the same time. These locks are to be 800 feet long by 80 feet wide, with a depth of 30 feet. Their most striking feature will be a new style of gate, unique in canal construction, and invented by Mr. Weller himself. Instead of consisting of two leaves mitring in the centre when closed, these gates will be but single leaves, turning right across the ends of the locks. When it is mentioned that the lock gates on the

Panama Canal weigh only 730 tons, against 1,100 tons in the proposed Welland gates, it is apparent that in some respects at least the latter undertaking surpasses the former. The Panama locks are, of course, larger, being 1000 feet in length by 110 feet in width, with a depth of 41⅛ feet, but their lift is only 28⅓ feet, as against 46½ feet on the Welland Canal.

The remarkable genius of J. L. Weller was never shown to greater advantage than when the contracts were let for the first three sections of the new canal. Eighteen million dollars was the sum involved. When it came to comparisons, it was found that this amount was actually within two per cent. of the estimate he had placed on the work and two per cent. on the right side at that. When in public works estimates are almost invariably exceeded, it speaks volumes for this engineer's ability that he was able to strike so close to the actual amount. Nor will he permit contract-

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Major B. J. Saunders

Who foresaw the German peril and urged compulsory military training

By May L. Armitage

WHILE Canada lay secure in her dream of prosperity and peace, while the West was cramming each acre full of golden grain, and the East straining every nerve to handle it, when such a thing as a war cloud was regarded by the heedless many as the merest fanatical fiction of the dreamer, the few, and among them, one of the outstanding figures of the West and the present war, Major Bryce Johnston Saunders, of Edmonton, Alberta, saw what was coming and sounded his note of warning in the most practical way possible, in an appeal for compulsory military training for all classes of Canadian young men, when arriving at a certain age.

In the August number of "Canadian Defence," the official journal of the Canadian Defence League, Major Saunders expressed himself in no uncertain terms, calling upon the country to come out of its fool's paradise, and buckle to preparations for the war that surely was swelling to a menace.

THE SCOTCH BLOOD IN BRYCE JOHNSTON SAUNDERS' VEINS CALLED FOR ACTION, AND INTO ACTION HE WENT

Major Saunders knew whereof he spoke, for was he not one of the first volunteers in the Rebellion of '85, his medal and clasp testifying to his bravery under fire. The Major was a carefree popular McGill student at the outbreak of the Rebellion, just ready in fact to enter on his final exams. in civil engineering; but what were exams. with active service beckoning! The Scotch blood in Bryce Johnston Saunders' veins called for action, and into action he went as Lieutenant, D. L. S., Intelligence Corps. He had the sorrow of seeing his best friend and companion, young Kippen fall, and returned to Montreal saddened and matured by a touch of actual warfare.

Montreal did her best to spoil the McGill boys upon their return. They were feted and banquetted, and lunched and dined, and last but not least, were granted full pass certificates and diplomas for the finals they had missed, the degree of B.A.Sc. being conferred on Major Saunders.

Every one in Edmonton says "Colonel" Saunders when speaking of "B. J.," for, though he was first gazetted captain of "A" squadron of the Canadian Mounted Rifles in 1906 and major of the Alberta Mounted Rifles in 1908, he was also gazetted Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers (now the 7th Battalion of the Canadian Overseas Expeditionary Forces, a unit in itself) in 1910. The term "Colonel" seems to stick, though "Major" is probably the proper prefix at present, for with this rank he left Valcartier, Quebec, with the First Canadian Contingent as Paymaster of the 9th Infantry Battalion.

Major Saunders was Commissioner of the City of Edmonton at the time the call came, but that made no difference, just as in the old college days it made no difference; he was one of the very first to offer his services, recognizing the inestimable value and the crying need of officers and trained men.

The only thing that kept Major Saunders from the South African War was that they would not take him—he being a married man—and had there been any other wars in the interval when they would have taken him, you could have counted on his being there.

Major Saunders had the signal honor of being one of the four Canadian officers, chosen by the Canadian High Commissioner's Office to attend the funeral of the late King Edward VII., as representative of the Canadian forces. This was one of his many trips to the old land, and at that time he probably had little thought of being needed in actual military service in the near future.

About two years ago Major Saunders was made Commissioner of Canadian Defence for Edmonton and District, and his correspondence with the late George M. Elliott, Secretary of the League, goes to show how deep an interest he took in matters pertaining to his country's safeguarding and the objects of the League, viz., the maintaining of Canadian nationality and the keeping of British connection.

It would be hard to find a more patriotic family as a whole in the West than the B. J. Saunders' one. Mrs. Saunders is an ardent United Empire Loyalist, and treasures her papers showing she is a true Britisher above everything else. She is organizing secretary for the West, of the United Empire Loyalist Association, and it is largely owing to her efforts that Edmonton boasts such a flourishing branch.

Mrs. Saunders is also organizing secretary of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire for Alberta, and since the outbreak of the war has organized no less than nine new Chapters in Edmonton alone, every one of them working with the greatest en-

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The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder. hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blueish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut; had imagined a picture wherein the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along, but Dr. Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"I don't know who that can be," said I.

The listlessness of a moment before had disappeared from Jeffrey's attitude. He stood erect and tense. His eyes were bright and his lips curved into a hard smile.

"Let him in," he said softly.

My office-boy had gone long ago, springing the catch of the outer door behind him, so that it was there that I went to admit my visitor. He was the man we had just been talking about.

"Oh, Dr. Crow," said I. "Won't you come in?"

He stepped into the outer office. "I tried to get you at your house," he said, "and they told me I might find you here. I'm sorry to call at such an hour, but it's important."

His face and his manner were grave and rather oppressive. The only fault I had found with him on the occasion of our other interview had been his smile, which he turned on rather too often and suddenly. There was no trace of that smile now.

"I had a note yesterday from Mr. Jeffrey," he went on, "stating that he had sent us the portrait of Miss Claire Meredith, and asking for an appointment with Miss Meredith herself. I made that appointment and waited in all the afternoon. But Mr. Jeffrey didn't keep it. His note was urgent, and I hoped that possibly you might give me some information about him."

"My impression is," said I, "that Mr. Jeffrey did keep the appointment. But he's here in my office at this moment. Won't you come in and talk with him?"

His face was perfectly expressionless for a full five seconds. He didn't move in the direction of the inner door I indicated. But, at the end of that time, he said in a rather level voice: "I'm glad he's here. I'd like to talk with him very much."

Jeffrey turned away from the window as we came into the room. His manner, to a casual stranger, would have seemed languid, almost indifferent. But my close knowledge of him gave me one or two signs that betrayed the real truth—the slightly narrowed, almost rigid eyelids, and the hardly perceptible quiver of his sensitive nostrils.

"Dr. Crow was under the impression," said I, when they had greeted each other, "that you hadn't kept your appointment with Miss Meredith today. I told him I thought you had."

"Oh, yes," said Jeffrey in a matter-of-fact tone, "I went up on the night boat to be there bright and early. I had a very pleasant visit with her this morning."

"It was for Miss Meredith's town house that I made the appointment," said Crow. "It never occurred to me that you would go to Beech Hill."

"I don't think either of us mentioned her town house in our exchange of notes," said Jeffrey. "I went to Beech Hill as a matter of course. But I take it from your explanation that you didn't intend me to see Miss Meredith after all."

Crow shook his head. "The misapprehension has rather forced my hand," he said with a sort of rueful frankness. "I am obliged to confess that I didn't intend you to see her. Miss Meredith had been in town, but the state of her health forced me to send her to Beech Hill. I intended to keep the appointment you had made for her and explain matters to you."

"Perhaps," said Jeffrey silkily, "you will explain them now. But I'll say in the meantime, for your reassurance, that I had the pleasantest sort of visit with Miss Meredith, and my impression is that she enjoyed it as much as I did. I can't believe that her having seen me will have any deleterious results."

We were all seated by that time, and Jeffrey passed around his cigarettes. There was a rather long silence before Crow began to talk. But even before he had said a word his manner made, on me at least, a strong impression in his favor. There was no pretense about him. He seemed like a man approaching a difficult subject with the serious, candid intention of getting to the bottom of it.

"The ethics of a doctor's profession," he began at last, "are often very puzzling. We are under oath to do certain things and to refrain from doing certain other things. And the fact that that oath has been binding for a good many centuries is proof enough of its validity. And yet I am going to break it now in one of its important particulars.

"I am forbidden to talk about a patient; I am sworn to treat a patient's confidential communications, voluntary or otherwise, as sacred. I cannot be compelled to testify in a court of law any more than a priest can be compelled to violate the secrets of the confessional. And yet this case is so exceptional that I really feel compelled to do it.

"I am sure," he went on, after another moment of silence, "that I needn't say anything more than this to insure your treating what I have to tell you as sacredly confidential."

"Certainly," said I.

Jeffrey nodded.

"I want to begin by saying that as a small boy, on my occasional visits to Beech Hill, I was always rather a favorite of Miss Meredith's. She liked me much better than her brother did. For no better reason, I believe"—he smiled in a sober sort of way—"than because I was a harum-scarum sort of youngster—a sort of black lamb, if you like.

"She quarreled with my parents, however, as she did with pretty nearly everybody in those days; and I was genuinely surprised, three years ago, when she returned from Paris, after Claire's death, that she should have sent for me to come to make her a visit at Beech Hill.

"We spent a week-end together, there being no other visitor; and on my preparing to go back to town, she proposed that I give up my practise, such as it was, and come and live with her. She said frankly that she had in mind making me her heir; she had tried me out, and she believed we should get on together. She wanted some one, she said, to stand between her and the world, and she'd rather have me than a paid secretary.

"She offered me a good deal more independence than that sort of position usually carries—a whole wing of the house to myself, and all the time I wanted for my laboratory work.

"I think I have told you both that she was, at that time, far from well, and that she needed some one with a medical training to look after her. That statement was true, but it was very far within the truth. The fact was that she was not only nervously upset, suffering from the shock of Claire's death, but that her mind was—permanently or temporarily, I couldn't tell which—deranged.

"I think you will see the difficulty of my position. The greater part of the time she was as sane as you or I. One course that was open to me was to take her before a commissioner in lunacy, have her declared insane, and have a conservator appointed for her estate.

"Such a course would certainly have cleared my skirts of any charge of self-interest or unprofessional conduct, and it would benefit a number of distant collateral heirs—all of whom hated her, none of whom would live with her, all of whom were merely waiting for her death—to get what they regarded as their share of her property.

"On the other hand, the ordeal of facing the commission and of being adjudged insane, to a person who was sane enough nine-tenths of the time to fully appreciate the horror of it, would undoubtedly be worse for her—would tend to perpetuate the insanity which I hoped to cure.

"The course I decided upon was, I frankly admit, in accordance with my own selfish interests. But I believed,

AFTER HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY PHONE CALLS, I SUCCEEDED IN MAKING AN APPOINTMENT.

honestly and sincerely, that it accorded with her best interests, too."

"I have no difficulty believing that," said I, "and I do really appreciate the difficulties of your situation."

"Not yet, you don't," he said. "I thought they were difficult enough at the beginning, but that was nothing to what happened within the first week of my attendance upon her."

He paused there and drew a long, rather unsteady breath. "I'll try not to harrow you with details," he said. "But what happened was that Miss Meredith had a violent maniacal outbreak, during which she said positively that she had killed her niece."

I didn't dare look at Jeffrey. I felt, rather than saw, the sudden relaxation of his body in the chair that told me, who knew him so well, the intensity with which his mind had been waiting for Crow's next words.

"I tried as best I could to get details. But all I could get, beyond the bare assertion 'I killed her! I know she is dead! I killed her myself!' was the apparently senseless statement, 'I killed her with a pin.'

"I confess I didn't know what to do. I had never gone back on her own unsupported statement that Claire had died of smallpox, and I was still inclined to think it likely that that was true. But, of course, I couldn't let it go at that. I communicated with friends in Paris, and asked them to get the official version of Claire Meredith's death.

"When Miss Meredith herself had recovered from the attack and was superficially sane again, I made an effort to bring up the subject and get some details from her. But it was evident that that wouldn't do. For some reason or other, Claire's death was so intimately associated with the source of her delusions that any approach to the subject seemed to bring them back.

"But, after what seemed an interminable while, I got word from Paris. The girl had died during a serious epidemic of the disease, having been taken, as soon as it was diagnosed in her case, out of Miss Meredith's care altogether and conveyed to the pest-house. There wasn't the faintest irregularity about it, nor, so far as I could see, any opportunity for any irregularity. My friends had a copy of the death certificate made and sent to me.

"That was a great relief, of course; but it left me still in the dark as to what I was most anxious to get at—namely, the source of Miss Meredith's delusion. She rarely mentioned Claire. Though, from occasional remarks she dropped, I gathered that they had not got on well together, and that the antipathy between them had grown with the years.

"Miss Meredith's attitude toward her loss has always struck me as being one of remorse rather than of regret—as if, in her sanest moments, she still felt herself responsible for Claire's death. For some reason or other, that was the thing that was preying on her mind, and I felt that I must discover the source of the delusion in order to remove it.

"It was by the merest chance in the world that I did discover it. I was turning over the contents of her strong-box one day, in a search for some papers she had directed me to find, when I came upon a photograph of Claire—a print from the same plate, evidently"—he turned to Jeffrey—"as the one you used for the portrait. That picture gave me the clue. It was marked, spotted all over, with pin-pricks."

I heard a little catch in Jeffrey's slow, even breathing, and he sat up with a sudden look of illumination.

"That's very interesting," he said. It was his first remark since Crow had begun his story. "It must have seemed strange to come upon an evidence of Salem witchcraft here in the beginning of the twentieth century."

"You're rather wonderful," said Crow, "to get it all in a minute like that. It took me three solid days to figure it out, and I had heard of one or two other modern cases that might have given me a precedent."

"You will have to explain it to me," said I.

"Why, she must have gone on hating her niece for years in her cold, repressed Meredith way. I know that during the time they lived in Paris she was amusing herself with new religions—some of the pseudo mysticism that is cropping up everywhere in Europe and America, and is making life such a cinch for a lot of these fake East Indian Brahmins. The eccentric streak that is so characteristic in her family happened to take that form.

"She had a photograph taken of her niece, and began making pin-pricks in it, with the idea of exercising a malign influence on the girl—possibly even with the idea that the effect of it would be fatal. The idea was horrifying to me, until I came to the conclusion that the act itself had been a part of her delusion. Or perhaps she did it in a wholly experimental and incredulous way, without any serious belief that it could do her niece any harm. But you will understand in a moment how the coincidence of the malady that did overtake Claire must have affected her. The marks of smallpox must have seemed perfectly definite correspondents to the pin-pricks in the photograph. The fact that the doctors called it smallpox—even the fact that there was an epidemic of it in the city at the time—didn't at all relieve her own interior conviction that she and no one else was responsible for Claire's death.

"The moment I discovered where the seat of the delusion was, I set to work to removing it. I brought Miss Meredith into town, took her about with me wherever I thought it was safe; in a word, did everything I could to divert her mind.

"Meanwhile I had sent to the photographer in Paris who had made the photograph and asked him for another print. When it came back I took it to Beech Hill and substituted it for the pin-pricked one in Miss Meredith's box. I began talking about Claire, and finally succeeded in getting Miss Meredith to talk about her in a more or less normal way.

"Finally I said I thought it would be an excellent plan to have Claire's portrait painted. I remarked that I had come upon an excellent photograph of her in Miss Meredith's box, and that I thought a skilful portrait-painter like yourself"—he nodded toward Jeffrey—"would be able to produce a satisfactory portrait from it.

"Of course the idea that I had found out what she regarded as her fatal secret excited my patient exceedingly. I had taken her to Beech Hill for the purpose of making the suggestion, and against her vigorous protest I went to the box, got out the photograph, and showed it to her. Of course she was greatly excited to find it was not defaced.

'But the result of the experiment was as I had anticipated. She knew she had been ill, had been suffering from delusions, and she simply placed this among them and dismissed it as nothing worse than a long nightmare. She seemed to me to be on the road to a complete recovery.

"And then something happened I couldn't possibly have foreseen—something that has gone far to undo all that I tried to accomplish in the way of effecting a cure.

"By some means or other which I never have fathomed, a pair of spiritualists learned or guessed that Miss Meredith might be made their prey. They got into communication with her—a thing that Miss Meredith's greatly improved health made it much easier for them to do than it would have been three months before—and persuaded her to come to a séance.

"They got hold of some woman, I don't know where, who bore a rather surprising likeness to Miss Meredith's dead niece. They even succeeded in tricking her out in a gown similar to the one Claire had worn when she had her photograph taken, and they showed Miss Meredith a materialization vivid and lifelike enough to upset the mind that had so recently regained its balance.

"There were circumstances which

made it impossible for me to appeal to the police, so I did the only thing that seemed left for me to do. I found out the woman who had impersonated Claire at the séance and after heaven knows how many phone calls—for she was a busy lady and a very beautiful one—succeeded in making an appointment, and bribed her with a good round sum to disappear. And since then I have made some progress toward effecting a second cure."

"You were lucky to get rid of the impostor as easily as that," said Jeffrey. "Those people generally stick like leeches. They go away with one bribe only to come back for another."

"I've an idea that fate took a hand in that game," said Dr. Crow soberly. "I believe the young woman met with foul play. Certainly the pictures the papers published of the girl who was found in the ice a few months ago bore a striking resemblance to her. I'd have been glad to give the police a hint that would lead toward her identification, if the circumstances had not made it impossible. But I think you will see that my hands were tied in that matter pretty completely."

"Yes, I can see that."

Crow rose from his chair. "I hope you can see, too," he said, "the reason why my dealings with you have not been as frank and direct as I could wish them to be. I honestly meant, when I made that appointment with you for this afternoon, to tell you something of these circumstances, though not as much as I have told you this evening. On the whole, I am not sorry that you forced my hand.

"I have had to make a great many difficult decisions within the last three years without consulting anybody, and I have had to carry around more secrets inside of my head than any man could find pleasant. It has been a great relief to take you into my confidence."

Jeffrey rose, too. "Well," he said, "if anything more turns up come to us again. If there is anything we can do, call on us. My friend Drew, here, has more common sense than any man I know. And I myself come across with a lucky guess occasionally. It has been a very interesting story, and we are both greatly indebted to you for telling it to us. We have a problem of our own on hand which it may help us to solve."

Crow nodded and said good night to Jeffrey. I was already in the doorway, in the act of showing him out.

"By the way," said Jeffrey, and Crow stopped short. Perhaps he had said it a little too casually, for I myself had the feeling something was coming. "There's that photograph you gave me to paint from. I must return that. I'd forgotten it. Shall I send it to Beech Hill or to Miss Meredith's town address?"

"Why, you may as well send it direct to Beech Hill," said Crow

"I'll attend to it at once," said Jeffrey, "and then I sha'n't have anything more on my mind. There's nothing else, is there?"

"I think not," said Crow, "and you can congratulate yourself on a very successful outcome. The portrait was really wonderful. Good night again."

He looked, as he stood there facing Jeffrey, holding out his hand to him, like a man who has just got rid of some long crushing oppression, who had just dropped a load off his shoulders and was standing up straight and drawing deep, comfortable breaths for the first time in a long while.

HIS FACE WAS PERFECTLY EXPRESSIONLESS FOR A FULL FIVE SECONDS.

I didn't wonder at that. I could see that his secret knowledge of Miss Meredith's condition, his uncertainty, the puzzling coincidence of his own selfish interests with those of his patient, must have driven him nearly distracted.

So it was with real cordiality, when he had followed me to the outer door, which I held open for him, that I extended my hand to him. He didn't seem to see my hand—didn't move his own to meet it, and at that I looked into his face. It had changed somehow in the last five seconds.

There was a look almost of panic in his eyes. He made an imperceptible move as if to brush by me and go back into the inner office. But he checked it.

Then, with what seemed a supreme effort, he recovered his former manner, shook hands hastily, and walked swiftly away down the corridor to the elevator.

I found Jeffrey pacing up and down, his eyes shining with excitement.

"We've got the right trail at last, Drew," he said excitedly. "We've got it at last."

He took another turn across the room, tugging with both hands at his hair, a he was wont to do in moments of excitement. Then he stopped and stood facing me.

"Are you game, Drew? Will you see it through with me?"

"See what through?" said I. "It's all explained now, isn't it? What is there for us to do?"

"We've got to outguess him," said Jeffrey thoughtfully. "Will he bring her back to town, or will he leave her at Beech Hill? He meant to bring her back to town, but will he do it now? Perhaps he's brought her already—sent for her as soon as they wired him I had been there."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I demanded.

He paid no attention to my question, but started walking up and down again.

"He'll see it," said Jeffrey. "He's sure to see it. He may catch on any minute."

I remembered the sudden change that had come over Crow's face just before he left me.

"I don't in the least know what you mean," said I, "but, Jeffrey, I believe he has seen it."

He wheeled and faced me, his eyes eager with the question he did not need to ask.

"Just before he left me, there in the outer office, his face changed and a queer look came into it. I thought for a moment he was coming back into this room. It was as if he'd forgotten something important. And then he changed his mind and went away."

"He sees then," said Jeffrey. "Well, I'm not sorry. On the whole, I'd rather play the hand that way."

"But what do you mean?" I cried.

"He had forgotten something," said Jeffrey soberly. "Oh, there's no time to talk now. We've got to move quick. We've got to go to Beech Hill to-night. We're going to commit a burglary, Drew. Are you game?"

To be continued.

The Road of the Lost Citizens

WHEREIN IS TRACED THE REASON FOR THE CAPTAINCY OF GREGORY, WHO IS HIGHLAND SCOTCH, VIA VERMONT, VIA NOVA SCOTIA, PER OX-TEAM

By Hilary E. Bendle

WHEN Dorothy yawns herself into her pink boudoir cap, her pinker-still slippers and her Fuji-blue and cherry-blossom-pinkest-of-all Jap kimono, she's a martyr to patriotism. Eight o'clock used to be Dorothy's get-up-ing hour, and not then unless Selma and the coffee were unusually prompt.

But nowadays, it's chill reveille, borne over ten blocks of Canadian dawn, that catches her by a reluctant pink ear, and pries her out of her white bed—to grey knitting!

"Gregory's as lazy as I am," says Dorrie, winking her eyes open over the War Summary, "but captains *have* to get up. There's the dear knows what an' all of drill to dig into every day. I never let my brother get ahead of me yet, and I never will. All the dear boys just *gotta* have more socks and if I do say it myself, I'm a ten-talent knitter. Besides there's never time enough at the Red Cross to do half the work I want to."

There's only one thing she'll take her eyes off British socks and Belgian shocks, to behold, and that's the progress of the anti-absinthe, vanish-vodka whisk-the-whiskey campaign. For Dorothy you must know, is a temperance crank of the crankiest crankness.

And yet—her chiefest single treasure, reverently dusted and given the place of honor among all her den nicknacks is a Rum Flask!

And that's the Story.

Dorothy, you see, is Irish. That is, the fastest-talking three quarters of her is Irish. The other quarter is Highland Scotch, via Vermont to Nova Scotia, and thence to Ontario.

In other words, Dorothy's great-great-great-grandfather on her mother's side was a United Empire Loyalist.

In America they may have forgotten just what that means, but in Canadian parlance, it's the same thing as stating that your ancestors came over in the Mayflower, only more so. And when Dorothy put reverent brown eyes on Grandmother's collection of heirlooms that trekked northward along with the family in 1783, she drew the old leather-covered, time-stained, glossy-sided rum bottle.

Dorothy has as many relatives south of the imaginary four-thousand-mile line as she has north of it. And she loves them just as much. The rum bottle doesn't make her think herself a royalist and her cousin Betty Bostonette, a rebel. She wasn't a bit pugnacious when the megaphone man that took the two of them through the suburbs of Toronto, pointed out the 1812 defences. She knew that she and Betty, handholding in the twentieth century rubberneck coach, were a far better fortification.

John Bull has the happy faculty of forgetting. So has Uncle Sam. There are no forts on Mason and Dixon's line. Only on Decoration Day do the Blue and Grey Veterans recall their Civil War. Buried far deeper with the mould of years is the War of Independence. But war burrows far and unearths skeletons.

Directly after every great war, whether in America or Europe, the United States has made new jobs for the census man. Doubtless this will prove true when the present war is over. But for a short time after the Revolutionary War it began to look as if the original Thirteen Colonies would lose more citizens than they would add as a result of the combat.

When England signed the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, she thought that it included sufficient protection for those of the Colonists who had remained loyal to her. For there was a clause in the treaty that pledged Congress to commend these loyalists, or Tories, to the "kind consideration" of the various States. But the respective State governments were in a more or less chaotic condition. No move was made to restore to the Tories their property that had been confiscated. On the other hand laws were passed depriving them of the right to hold office.

Peace should sheathe the sword and throw the vitriol out of the fountain pen. But there are many who recall how unpleasant it was for a "Yankee" to live in Dixie or for a "Rebel" to dwell in the North just after the Civil War. The conditions were even harder for the Tories. They were ostracised socially. Our stern forefathers had firm convictions and practiced harsh treatment. Scourging, ducking, tar and feathering, proscription and banishment were inflicted on the "traitors," varying with the degree of aid they had given England.

"THERE'S THE DEAR KNOWS WHAT AN' ALL OF DRILL FOR THE CAPTAIN-BOY TO DIG INTO," SAYS DORRIE, WINKING HER EYES OPEN OVER THE WAR SUMMARY

Dorothy's great-great-great-grandfather in his wide-flapping frockcoat of blue damask lined with velvet, white satin waistcoat, black satin tight knee breeches, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers with huge buckles covering the whole instep, wasn't the sort of man to take meekly any remarks derogatory to his King, his two sons who had died fighting, or his own eagle-nosed and dictatorial self. From what has come down to us great-great didn't have a good time of it, and the prouder we are of civilization, the less we want to read of what was done to him. To be sure, the treatment meted out was not countenanced by such men as Washington, Hamilton, Jay and Greene, but a peeved proletariat can find many ways of taking its sweet revenge surreptitiously.

At length the Loyalists agreed that expatriation would be safe-and-saner than this life under a new flag—the stars and stripes—since the stripes were applied here and now to the Loyalist's back and the stars were presumably not to be set in his crown this side of the other world. England was a long way off and she had troubles enough of her own in those days, but by and by she remembered great-great in his blue damask and misery, and she decided to find a home for him and his friends in the vast whispering wilderness to the north, known as Canada. Some were to go to Nova Scotia, some to New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island while the New York Loyalists would be aided to carve their way into the still more trackless wa tes of Ontario. All would receive grants of land according to their rank and standing, and the Canadian Government was instructed to play manna-distributor until they could raise crops of their own.

It was in the year of 1783 that the greatest exodus took place. The Loyalists of the Atlantic coast gathered n the seaport towns, where ships were provided. Those dwelling inland met at Niagara, Sackett's Harbor, Oswego, and the foot of Lake Champlain. These divided into two main streams, one noving eastward to the Maritime Provinces, the other going westward to the egion north of the Lakes.

Longfellow made famous the expulion of the Acadians from Canada in his poem, "Evangeline," but the story of he United Empire Loyalists is similar o it—only multiplied a hundred fold. Neither poet nor novelist has made use of it, and perhaps that is one reason why its intensely romantic features are known by so few. Here were aristoratic old Royalist officers of New York reduced from opulence to such a deree of beggary that they had neither lothing nor food nor money to pay for hip's passage. They were crowded with their families, and such of their household goods as had escaped raid and fire, on Government transports and foul fishing schooners bound for Halifax or Fundy Bay. Family plate, old laces, heirlooms—everything had gone for food.

"NOBODY EVER HAS TIME ENOUGH AT THE RED CROSS TO DO HALF THE WORK THEY WANT TO," LITTLE SISTER AVERS

In St. John, New Brunswick, the 18th day of May is celebrated as the natal day of that city, for it was on that date in 1783 that the landing of the first Loyalists took place. Five thousand came that memorable summer. Others in great numbers landed at Halifax. This city of five thousand quartered them in churches, barracks and hastily-constructed shacks.

Those of the Loyalists who went directly into what is now Ontario had a long and hard journey. Though they could go part of the way by canoe, they had to travel hundreds of miles on horseback or on foot, carrying the "lares et penates" that had been spared from their old homes. South of the lakes lay deep morass and almost impenetrable forests, full of hostile Indians, while the white people along the route were embittered by the war.

More strenuous still was the long migration from the South. Rich old planters of Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas and Georgia, who had been used to slaves by the score, jumbled their families together with fine chippendales and heavy walnut furniture in rude wagons, came up the Old Cumberland road to the Ohio River, and across from the Ohio to the southern townships of Quebec, to Niagara, Kingston, Toronto, modern Hamilton, and west as far as what is now known as London, Ontario.

When the Loyalist arrived, the usual method was to proceed to the Government Land Agent and draw lots for the land that had been granted him. After which great-great had to permanently pigeon hole the blue damask in favor of snuff-color, bottle-green or claret. Thenceforward he built shanties—logs, one story high, plastered with clay for mortar, and carrying but one small window, through which great Aunt Eleanor's pet moose used to put his nose in later days.

England had set aside $15,000,000 to provide the Loyalists with everything that their situation rendered necessary—food and clothes for three years, or until they were able to provide for themselves; besides seed for sowing, and implements of husbandry. Each family received an axe, a hoe and a spade; a plow and a cow were alloted to two families; a whip and cross-cut saw to every fourth family.

You can imagine a little of the ensuing struggle. A man may be an officer and a gentleman and a fine old head into the bargain, but that will only add variety and richness to what he says when he hits his thumb, if he hasn't been taught how to handle a hammer. Among the Loyalist names in Canada, many are found that duplicate those of the blue-blood families in the United States to-day. They had never done the work of the pioneer. But they had to do it now.

Indian corn and wild rice were the grains chiefly used. At first they were crushed between stones or with an axe. Later on the "hominy block" was designed. A hard-wood stump was hollowed out on top by fire, in this hollow the grain was poured and then pounded by a large wooden rammer or a stone. Some of the Loyalist cabins had no furniture but a bed, made of four poles with strips of basswood bark woven between them.

As in all new countries the citizens banded together to help one another. There were "sugarings off" held in the maple woods every spring for the season's supply of homemade sugar. "Harvest homes," "quilting bees," "log rollings" and "barn raisings" combined social and economic features. Everything was homemade at first; sugar, soap—tea was brewed from dry leaves gathered in the woods—coffee was made from burnt peas ground up. This was the period of the superannuation of even the snuff-colored coat.

The mother of Dorothy's grandmother grew up to the sound of the spinning wheel, and homespun was no mere name for a rough commercial weave. Save the products of their own looms, the settlers could get nothing but Yankee calico at eight and ten shillings a yard, brought by the occasional pedlar from the south, and the best-gowned bride in the countryside was content with a wedding dress of book muslin at eighteen shillings. The poor even wore tanned deerskins.

By 1788 the United States had lost about 30,000 citizens to Canada. This is known in Canadian histories as the "Hungry Year," throughout the Lake Region. In 1787, just when they were being thrown on their own resources by the Government, the stubborn soil with which they were not on extra good terms at the best, rebelled against the Loyalists and the crops failed on all sides. There was plenty of game, pigeons and wild turkey being especially numerous, but the wherewithal to purchase shot and powder was lacking. Hungry men and boys would fish all day with rude contrivances, and usually with "fisherman's luck." Wild roots were dug for food, and nuts were collected. Men sold their farms for a little flour or coarse bran. In one settlement, a beef-bone was passed from house to house, that each household might boil it a little while and so get a flavor for the pot of unsalted bran soup.

Fortunately a bountiful harvest was reaped that fall. In the future the Loyalists made provision for years of unsuitable seasons. Also they found that most of the blame for crop failures was due to their inexperience, rather than to nature. The stubborn energy of these pioneers, which had made them

Continued on page 256.

Making a Man of Him

By Gordon Johnston

Illustrated by V. L. Barnes

THE JAM TIGHTENED AT EVERY BREATH

THERE was a gleam in Murphy's eye that anybody but a fool would have flagged as a danger signal. Brandon was not a fool. He was the common garden variety of idiot. Instead of pocketing the merited rebuke the lumber boss had administered he arose unsteadily to his feet and hurled an unspeakable name at Murphy followed by his half emptied glass. The next moment Brandon was hurtling through the air, a writhing, whirling mass of arms and legs. Hitting the rough log wall with the thud of a sack of flour he fell sprawling in the laps of the loggers seated on the low bench.

The big boss took a hitch in his belt, opened the door and walked out. That was Murphy's way. Never in the lumber camps had he been known to strike a man. Of Herculean strength his blow—had he ever used one—might have felled an ox. In fact that was the reason of his manner of battle. He was afraid of himself. Whenever there was a rough argument and Murphy in it, all one had to do was to sit by and wait for his antagonist to be catapulted through the upper atmosphere. He never disappointed.

Early in his reign the crowd, discovering his mode of warfare, induced Larsen, a giant Swede, to enter the lists. Larsen weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds of bone and meat and they loaded him with pig iron, bringing him with ballast up to three hundred and ten. Then they sent him to give the Hibernian an argument. Larsen did—to the delight of the crowd and the joy of the camp bonesetter.

But Brandon was a different proposition, vitally different. The wild son of one of the stockholders, he had been sent up to the woods by his father in an effort to make a man of him. His own local city's gay white way wept at his departure and made bets that he would be back in a week. Only Brandon Sr. had perfect confidence in the big Irishman's ability to bring about the desired reformation.

Nor was his trust misplaced. If there was anybody on earth who could cure a "fresh kid" that man was Murphy. The method might be strenuous, but he would need no postgraduate trimmings.

It was impossible for Brandon to forget who he was or to lose the idea that he came into this vale of sin to do as he liked. He might—in other camps or other vales. But there was only one boss in Twenty-two and you didn't need a lantern to find him. Things usually went as Murphy wished them to, or someone paid the doctor.

The argument that had brought about Brandon's fight was trivial. In fact if there had not been an audience it is possible the boss might have ignored the officious youngster. But there must be no suspicion in the men's minds or taint of favoritism. Brandon was an ass to presume on the strength of his family. In that camp there was only one family, and it called Adam "pop."

Young Brandon had received his second pay envelope and, unable to resist the old tempter, started with others of the outfit to impoverish himself before Monday morning. He had succeeded fairly well in the little saloon on the edge of the camp when the big boss strolled into the place. There was nothing in Murphy's manner to bring about a quarrel. Unlike the majority of out-of-door men, his voice was as gentle as that of a soft-spoken colleen of his own country. Stranger than that, he said little. One might talk with him or at him for hours and get only an amused smile or a frown of interest. Words were golden with Murphy and he treasured them with a miser's greed. As he closed the door behind him his blue eyes scanned the heavy smelling crowd.

"Finish your boozing before sundown, boys," he said, "and get a good sleep. We'll have a run to-morrow."

Some of the men nodded and others sent him a cheery, "Aye, aye."

But not Brandon. He resented what he deemed the interference of the boss. It was impeaching his liberty. Murphy might do the ordering on week days, but Sunday was any man's day. Larsen, the Swede, nudged him to shut up. So did Scotty Griggs. Wise counsel was wasted. The rank whiskey of the camp made Brandon eloquent. One word followed another until he found himself as described. Larsen picked him up and set him on a corner of the bench.

"You tam fool," he grunted, manipulating Brandon's injured shoulder, "don't you know that Murphy?" Larsen was speaking from experience.

"Yes," returned the Wild One with an unpleasant leer, "but I'll know him better 'fore long." Then a little flash of humor curled his lip,

"He's some cannon, bo, isn't he ?"

The Swede thought he was. So did the bartender who at that moment was arising from behind the bar like Undine from her bath.

"The next time you have a tete a tete with the boss," grinned Happy Jack Salter, "do it by 'phone."

The crowd laughed. Brandon did not join them. His humor had left him and a frown swept over his face.

"Matt," he called to the bartender, "put me up a quart."

The dispenser of liquids, rubbing the flask with his dirty apron, laid it on the bar. Brandon passed over his money and pocketed the bottle. Receiving his change, he turned and without speaking left the cabin. Limping across the melting snow he lurched into the bunk house and dug out his kit from beneath his bunk. Groping among the tumbled clothes, he drew out a revolver. After a great swallow from the flask he crossed to the window and stood staring across the white waste at the little cabin under the pines. The grim light in his bloodshot eyes boded ill for someone.

Murphy paced his narrow cabin. Outside, the impenetrable darkness was like velvet. It was the season of a late moon. Twice he had started for the door only to pause and turn back on the threshold. Wearily he flung himself on the blanket covered couch and stared at the little oil lamp on the table.

The altercation with Brandon had unnerved him as nothing ever had since one night nearly thirty years ago in the old country. Try as he might it was impossible to banish the haunting memory. Somehow or other the long forgotten event and the happening of the day seemed strangely of one kin. Murphy was genuinely fond of Brandon as he had been of that other—the companion of his youth. And somehow they were alike—very much alike. The wild streak was there in all its recklessness. But Brandon was here and where was that other——? Only God knew, though the prayers of the big boss had followed him all the years begging forgiveness.

They had been lads together—inseparable chums in the vales of Wicklow. Blood-brothers were never closer. Laughing Terry Dugan was wild—wild as the birds of those old hills, with a jest for everyone and a smile for the colleens.

He could hear old Mrs. Dugan now saying: "Take care of Terry, John avic, for you're stronger than he, and the lad's a bit wild."

Murphy had taken care of him, in trouble and out of trouble. And when Terry took to drinking, time and again he had carried him home in his arms from the grog shop of Padrig Malone and put him to bed as he would a child. And then that night—the night when he lost his reason—when they both lost their reason, Murphy had put the wild lad to bed after an evening of carousing. Passing the thatched hut later he heard the sound of a commotion within. Pushing his way in he met a sight that sent the blood rushing into his brain with all the fury of madness. Terry—laughing Terry, that wouldn't hurt a bird by the roadside—had his old mother by the throat and was raining blows on her upturned face. The lad had gone mad.

And so had Murphy. With a hoarse cry he sprang across the floor and sent his big fist crashing against Terry's head. The insane fingers released their deathly grip on the poor throat and the next moment he lay white and still on the mud floor. Murphy fell on his knees and begged him to speak. There was no answer. And old mother Dugan bent over the prostrate figure kissing the fast chilling lips and murmuring endearments. Hot blood is madness—terrible madness.

And in the dead of night it was old mother Dugan who took Murphy by the hand and led him to the ship riding in the cove and begged the captain to take "her boy—her boy Johnnie" to America that he was longing for. And Murphy had repaid her. She had become a mother to him. All the months of the years he had sent her a regular allowance and a letter of love. To-night the memory was heavy upon him. Brushing his hand across his eyes he arose and blew out the light. Throwing open the door he stepped out. The moon climbing over a hill of distant pines looked like a ghostly peeper from another world. Drinking in the snow scented air he started for the

"DAMN YOU," HE CRIED, "YOU SNEAKING WHELP! I'LL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU THIS NIGHT" long bunk house. As he did so a shadow darted from the shelter of a tree to another in his path. When Murphy came opposite two spits of fire cut the darkness in front of him. The boss felt a stinging burn along his scalp and then the warm blood trickling down his forehead. With a leap he bore the Wild One to the ground and wrenching the revolver from him flung it into the brush. Brandon got his fingers around the huge throat and over and over they tumbled in the snow before Murphy could break his grip. Then the Wild One took to clawing at his face. The devouring fire of battle was in the Irishman's eyes and a fury in his voice.

"Damn you," he cried, "you sneaking whelp! I'll take the fight out of you this night."

Scrambling to his feet he dragged Brandon after him. Getting a grip on the struggling, biting youngster he swung him aloft over his head. For a moment he held the kicking figure at arm's height. There was a towering pile in his path at the pier-edge not ten feet away. To be hurled against it meant death—broken and horrible. The red cords bulged out on the bull-like neck and his rage turned the man into a demon.

"Now," he cried, and his voice was like a roar in the still forest, "make your peace with God for you're going to him." The massive arms and body swayed back for the throw. The moon flared through a break in the pines and fell full on the contorted face above. Murphy threw his head back and found himself staring into the face of Terry Dugan. In a wave of weakness he swayed and another moment would have fallen. The powerful legs trembled under him as he lowered the Wild One to the ground. For a second he stared into the white face and releasing his hold turned and fled into his cabin.

. . . .

The logs, like a stately squadron, moved slowly out of the harbor, the water lapping their rough sides in an ecstacy of delight. The morning was sharp and crisp with the twang and taste of balsam on the lips. Happy Jack Salter was capering over the moving mass like a debutante at her first social. Scotty, long and rangy, was shouting at the top of his lungs a song about a houn' dawg he had heard in a concert hall twenty miles down the river. Brandon poled over the logs silently. If he had anything but kindly feelings for anyone, he also had no confidant. The big Swede worked cheerfully but grimly. A log run is a pretty, peaceful sight, but full of dangers. Larsen knew this from experience, and while far from being afraid he never flirted with death. The river after its frozen sleep ran with a swift moving current that bore its freight along with unusual speed. Murphy left the shore as the last of the fleet started and headed for Salter.

MURPHY'S POWERFUL LEGS TREMBLED UNDER HIM AS HE TURNED AND WENT INTO HIS CABIN

Half way across he was arrested by a cry from Brandon. The logs had gone into a jam in the Wild One's corner. It was not a cry for hands but one of distress. Murphy wheeled and shot a quick glance in that direction. The mass had already begun to end up, but Brandon was nowhere to be seen. With a cry to Larsen, Murphy leaped over the intervening space followed by Salter. The Wild One had fallen through and was pinned at his stomach line by two big pines. Murphy and the big Swede, making wedges of themselves, forced their bodies through the space to relieve the pressure. The jam tightened at every breath and the boy screamed with pain. The combined strength of the giants forced the logs to part as Brandon, suffering excruciating agony, fainted. Salter jumped to pull him out but as his hands closed over the Wild One's wet wrists the dead weight dragged Salter down on his face and the slippery wrists slipped through his grip and disappeared below. With a growl Murphy pushed his big shoulders through and plunged after him. It was a horrible chance to take but there was no hesitation. Down, down he went staring through the watery gloom—the logs overhead making it perfect darkness—with both arms outstretched praying that he would be in time. As his heavy boots hit the rock bottom his fingers came in contact with a piece of drifting cloth and he clutched it desperately. Above Larsen pulled himself to his feet to avoid being crushed to death and dashed excitedly down the logs.

"The current! The current!" he brayed like a man insane. If that was his thought it was also Murphy's. The dense floor above him permitted of no escape and he could only hang on to the body of Brandon, try and keep under water and drift with the current. Thrice on the journey his head came banging against the logs and thrice he forced himself and his load below again. His lungs were bursting in their effort to retain the air and he felt as though his head must crack and let in the watery night about him. He coughed and swallowed water which strangled him. Old friends drifted through his mind, assuming the shapes of monsters. He was losing consciousness. Another moment and—a rift in the black roof! A rift only as big as a man's finger—or so it seemed. He wanted to cry out. And then a spot—a spot of sunlight—God-sent. The current was tearing him away from it with the slimy fingers of an octopus. He fought—fought desperately, madly, insanely. At last, his head came out into the air and Larsen and Salter dragged them over the splashing logs. While the two men worked over the Wild One, Murphy fell gasping like a huge dog on the rough platform.

. . . .

"I'm glad you got here, dad."

Brandon Sr. smiled wistfully at the boy on the bunk and patted the arm that lay across his knees. It had taken the father six days to reach the camp from his mid-winter home in Florida.

"So am I, son," he answered with a big sigh of relief.

"It was Murphy, dad," the Wild One said with a faint smile, "he's a prince."

The man's hand closed over the Wild One's.

"Yes," he murmured, "Larsen told me. God bless him."

The brown eyes looked up in his own. "You won't forget him, will you?"

The look that passed between them was full of meaning. The Wild One closed his eyes and a smile of happiness crept over his drawn face.

"He's a prince," he whispered as if that was the biggest and only name he could find for him.

"Phil," said Brandon Sr. "I'll have to make arrangements to get you out of here. You'll need a little pulling together. How would you like to go south?"

Continued on page 256.

Made in Canada

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT A GIRL MAY TURN A SPOILED LOVE AFFAIR INTO A PERFECTLY GOOD STORY PROVIDED SHE IS SURE TO TAKE IT TO THE RIGHT EDITOR

By J. O. Johnstone

Illustrated by Nora Simcox

"LET ME SEE NOW, SHALL I MAIL IT OR TAKE IT MYSELF, I WONDER," SAID DAISY BERNARD

"WELL, it has the advantage of being made in Canada, anyway!"

So spoke Daisy Bernard with a little sigh as she finished reading for about the twentieth time a manuscript over which she had labored with eager intensity for several hours. "Let me see, now; shall I mail it or take it myself, I wonder?" Looking up with a thoughtful frown she met her glance in a mirror hanging over her desk and apparently what she saw there decided her, for humming softly, she hurried into her street clothes.

She made a bewitching little picture as she started forth, modishly attired in green broadcloth with mink toque, stole and muff which seemed to exactly match her curly hair and soft, limpid eyes. "I'll go to——Publishing Company first," she mused as she walked on. "I like their editorials and from the picture I saw of their editor I'm sure he would be nice. Wonder if my story is too sad? Most people have to live enough sorrow without reading it, but perhaps some other girl has just lost her fiance and it may comfort her to know there is someone else living through the same tragedy."

Daisy certainly did not look as though there was any tragedy in her life, but the facts of the case were these: Four weeks before she had suddenly, inexplicably and permanently quarreled with Gerald Dubois and returned his ring. Dubois, instead of grieving and growing haggard and drawn looking, in the approved manner, immediately became the devoted attendant of Mae Saunders. It is just possible this constituted the tragedy to Daisy rather than the loss of her faithless lover. Be that as it may, she had written a story about the affair, in which she figured as the gentle but abused heroine; Mae the wicked and designing woman of great beauty, and Gerald the villain, —and a *very* black one.

As she climbed the stairs to the office she pictured the half-confused, obsequious manner in which the editor would receive her and offer her a chair. She would be very nice, indeed, and perhaps he would ask her if she cared to join their regular staff. She was tired of her empty, frivolous life, and she might,—but here she found herself at the door of the office and paused, wondering whether to knock or walk right in. Most public offices were the "Walk in" kind, but this one seemed different. The door looked rather forbidding and Daisy felt a little qualm as she gave a tap and then entered.

A dark, lean-faced young man was sitting at a littered desk with a cigar in his mouth. He gave her a half nod and went on reading. "Why, the nasty, insolent thing!" thought Daisy. She was a perfect stranger to the business world and had always been accustomed to have men fetch and carry for her with marked deference. To have this man regard her,—or rather not regard her at all,—was a decided change for her, and one which she did not relish. When he turned to her with a businesslike "Well?" her eyes were sparkling rather dangerously. She had no mind to talk while standing, however, and glanced round for a chair. "Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the editor, following her glance and handing her his own chair.

"I've written a story," she began and awaited the usual burst of applause which would follow such a statement. Seeing she expected an answer, he gave a non-committal "Yes?"

"Yes, it's a true story," she went on. "It is rather sad, and I would have preferred a more cheerful ending, but you see it is a heart interest story and—" "I take it you wish to submit your manuscript to us for approval?" he interrupted. "If you will just leave it we will be glad to read it and if found available for our magazine we will pay you for it on publication; if not, we will return the manuscript."

This would seem final enough for any ordinary person, but Daisy wasn't ordinary. She had the desperate feeling that she was being ignored, misjudged. If she could just get that wooden expression off his face she would soon assert herself and show him that she was no nonentity !

"Why, it's very nice of you to say you'll be glad to read it," she said conversationally, with a dimpling smile. "I hope you will like it. I was quite undecided whether to mail it or bring it myself, but came to the conclusion I'd better bring it—" "May I ask why ?" came startlingly from that editor person. Daisy's heart missed a beat and for once in her inconsequential little life she was absolutely dumb. She couldn't tell him that she had looked in the mirror, and, being in full possession of all her faculties had seen that she was very fair to look upon; and Esther-like had arrayed herself in her best to make a vivid impression on this man who had the power to say yes or no to her precious manuscript. She just stared at him and then she saw the corners of his eyes kinkle, his mouth twitch. She, Daisy Bernard, was being laughed at ! Swift, blinding anger that she had stood so much took possession of her.

"Since you seem so omniscient you ought to know that !" she flashed at him and with a little slam of the door she was gone.

"Spunky little piece !" grinned the editor. "Always did like a girl with lots of spirit, myself. Glad she dropped the manuscript." As he picked it up a subtle perfume was wafted to him. It was written instead of being typed; rolled, rather than being flat and was painstakingly tied together in one corner. In the natural order of things that manuscript should have been returned with a polite rejection slip, but instead Daisy received a courteous little note, regretting that she had misunderstood him that day, assuring her the story was very promising, and asking her to call with a view to considering some changes.

It took that story a long time to be completed. It necessitated many calls on the editor's part: sometimes they forgot to discuss the story at all, and of course he would have to come again. Then one night he told her that when he had written her story was very promising he had not meant the article so much, but the author.

"But it was made in Canada," protested Daisy flippantly. "I should think you would want home-made products."

"So I do," responded the editor. "I want for my wife the sweetest little Maid in Canada !"

The Value of Vanity

BEING THE TALE OF HOW HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-ACRE SMITH NEVER GETS THE MOST FROM HIS FARM TILL MRS. SMITH FINDS OUT THAT THE NEXT-DOOR-JONESES HAVE A PARLOR ORGAN

By Elliott Flower

MY driver, riding out from Saskatoon to look over the surrounding country, was something of a philosopher.

Hardly had we started when he lit his cigarette and began to philosophize.

"The vanity of woman," he remarked, "ain't such a bad thing in the right place. It sure does do a lot of harm when it's misdirected or overdone or the conditions ain't right, but out here it also does a lot of good. It has done as much as any other one influence to develop this country, but we somehow don't seem to give her credit for it, and she don't seem to realize that she's entitled to it.

"Woman, speakin' generally, has a big stock of vanity or pride or whatever you want to call it. Mebbe I ain't got the right word. Anyhow, I mean the thing that makes her set great store by worldly things—nice clothes, a good house, fine furniture, and all that sort of thing. It's what makes her real happy when she can measure up to her neighbors and then go 'em one better, and real miserable when she can't. Many a promising man has gone broke tryin' to live up to his wife's idea of what's right and proper when he didn't have the cash to spare—wasn't makin' enough to do it—but it's likewise made some men prosperous when nothing else would—made 'em get out and hustle and study and find out things they never would have found out if left to themselves. Understand, I ain't sayin' that woman's work don't count a whole lot in this too, for it does. She works as hard in her way as the man does in his—mebbe harder—and she's a whole lot more self-sacrificin', up to a certain point. It takes courage—a great big hunk of courage—for a woman to come out here and do her share in starting a new farm, 'specially if she comes from the city, as many of them do. Woman likes company—she needs it more'n man—and there's the dreadful loneliness to fight first. She don't even get the company that the man gets, for it's mostly him that drives to town to buy anything that's needed. And there's more and harder work for her than she prob'ly ever thought there was in the world. Oh, yes, the woman does her share, and is brave and cheerful and self-sacrificin' and all that. She's entitled to more credit than she gets. But I'm not talkin' about her work. I'm talking about what's generally considered one of her failings. And it is a mighty unhandy thing to have about the house in most cases.

"Woman most always wants to measure up to her neighbors and her friends in a worldly way. She wants to dress as well as they do, live as well as they do, and have as nice things of every kind as they have. Some don't, of course—some don't care very much how they dress or live, or how hard they work, so long's the money keeps pilin' up in the Bank—but most of 'em do. And lots of those who don't care for themselves are mighty anxious that their children should look as nice and have as much as neighbor's children.

"Now that don't work out well in the city, where things is all pumbled up and the man with two thousand a year may be livin' next to a man with ten thousand. Little Mrs. Two Thousand

Continued on page 251.

The Pedlar's Pack

THE LITTLE NEW PEDLAR

HE little new Pedlar went softly into the dim old hall where they ad left the Pack. It was August now, aring, full-throated August, and they ad asked him to please forget that it ad been Somebody Else's Pack. nd would he carry it down the road a ece? People were asking for such ares.

It was cool in the hall. The sun-ine stopped a long way outside and ou couldn't hear the birds.

"I can't—I can't," said the little new edlar over and over, "it would be too g for me. And the silks—the Other edlar knew of such things, being avelled and full of years—but I could ever rightly call their names.

"And the jewels—I would fall a-izing at the hot color of them, and rget, and sit still in the sunshine in-ead of crying them. Oh no, no—if must be done, let somebody else do ."

Then the little new Pedlar remem-red how he had been allowed to play th the Pack, once upon a time, lifting up and putting it down, and that the her Pedlar had smiled at him and d told him he had skill of such things. d there was no one else to take e work.

"But the silks—the names of them," faltered, putting out a timid finger d touching the lustrous lengths.

"Life is not all silks," he seemed to ar, "could you not carry ginghams the Pack?"

It surely never was the Other Ped-'s voice, softened and far away ough the August sunshine. "Gold sps for a stately cloak? Yes, but big bone buttons too for common use and tiny milky pearls for a baby's dress. I always carried those, child—did you forget?"

The little new Pedlar went on his knees in the dim old hall. He was still for a long time. Then he asked that he too might help.

Next, very reverently, he took the great shining silks and the quaint jewels that he didn't know, out of the Pack, and he found little common things to put in their place. And he went down the road.

"And when I come to the dwellings that knew him best," said the little new Pedlar, "great, silent houses set in their trees; and when I find that their doors are barred against me through sorrow and bitterness of heart that the Other Pedlar does not come, I will go quickly and gather white flowers of the wood and lay them on the steps I may not cross. And pass on.

"Then the masters of the houses, coming out in the cool of the evening, will find my flowers and they will say, 'He is not the Old Pedlar. But see, he does not try to be. He understands.'"

SHE HAS NO ILLUSIONS

"HER skirts are too short. She uses too much powder. There is a lip stick in her purse. And she has no illusions."

I said it myself, as I watched her drift down the summer street, nineteen or thereabouts and superabundantly glad of it. I had been interviewing the Big Man, and she was the Big Man's stenographer.

No, she had no illusions.

She was running round with the professional baseball crowd when Little Sister was studying algebra. She knew all about X-the-unknown-quantity when Sis was reading Elsie Books. To-day she discusses calmly and with great shrewdness, the doings and non-doings of every man in the building.

And yet—as she herself would phrase it—she's absopositively straight. She lives on her own little paycheck and she lives well. Because she has a digestion that will stand chocolate eclairs for luncheon, and dinner whenever the Chief gets through. Because she has a complexion, a figure and a tip-tilted pert young profile that looks well in anything she buys, makes or borrows from her chum.

But she has no illusions.

After all, why should she have? An illusion is a belief that something is, when it isn't; or a certainty that something else isn't, when it most assuredly is. In any case it has no marketable value while it lasts, and when it breaks, Lord help the once-possessor. Why shouldn't Nina Nineteen grow up as fluffily and as safely without such things?

She *is* better off minus illusions if she is willing to look Reality between the eyes. She *is* better off without the slim fence of convention if she possesses rockribbed morals and a serene and old-fashioned faith. Her friendships will be founded, not on what she thinks another girl has, but on what she knows she is. And when she falls in love, it won't be with a taking smile and a box of Turkish cigs.

She will understand her life-chum

because she has worked as he works, talked as he talks, lived his life in the throbbing, many-celled office building.

But all this depends on that "If". *If* she has the few deep fundamentals cut into the soul of her, the Thou Shalts and Shalt Nots of an old-fashioned generation that wasn't afraid to bow to Authority.

Otherwise—

The men she meets in business are high-strung, specialized to the last nerve-fibre for the directing of big enterprises; they are intense, alive, accustomed to get what they want and to get it damn quick.

The men she meets socially—her paycheck equals—are in the main forever of the great majority who loiter idly on the outskirts of progress. They are permanent three-figurers. They will never arrive.

See ?

Nina Nineteen walks a straight and narrow road—a very narrow road. In the main, she sticks to it, head up, until she comes to the conclusion that Hamburg steak with a wedding ring is away ahead of Chicken King without.

But all the same her Guardian Angel knows—and I know—that she is one of those who have come up out of great tribulation.

THE BLONDE AT THE SEWING MACHINE

SHE was a languid blonde with the plump purposeless hands of the perpetual bridge player. But she was holding a long grey blanket seam under the rushing foot of the fastest sewing machine in the whole room and she had no time for talk.

I watched her all afternoon, covertly, over the neat little rolls of bandage that I made so expertly for all I wasn't a graduate nurse.

"She never looks up," I said to myself.

And each time that I came to the Red Cross Rooms she was just as busy. They told me she was there every day for she wasn't a working woman like me—at least she didn't earn her living that way. She certainly worked hard enough.

Then one afternoon when the little brown-eyed scrap of seriousness brought us our tea, a friend introduced me to the blonde girl.

There are just two topics of conversation at the Red Cross—the things we make, and their destination. We talked of both and the blonde girl talked well. She knew more about it than I did, much more. She knew the English regiments and their histories, their present whereabouts—as far as anyone not Kitchener could know such things—and something about their officers. She knew where Russia was and why and she could pronounce with the assurance of an old friend, names of places I had read for the first time in the war extras.

"Yes, it has been terrible for Belgium, terrible," she said at last, "but it has been good for Canada.

"Do you know," she added in a burst of that strange comradeship that grows between women who both have men in the Army, "before this war, I didn't think of anything but having a good time. And I was bored to death ! There wasn't a thing I could see that was really worth being busy about—and yet I couldn't stop. You know perhaps what it's like in a small town—the same set, the same places, the same scandals, the same ideas. As long as you go you're all right but when you stop—oh it's all so terribly empty."

Her face looked older as she talked of it, set and haggard and tired.

Then all at once it lit up.

"But now—oh *now*," she said, "I've found something I can do and do well and it's worth doing—it's got to be done ! Do you know, I haven't been to a single thing this winter except the Red Cross—oh and a few little knitting teas, but they were just the same. Almost all the men I know are at the Front. My big brothers are both in France now and my little brother is fairly eating his heart out to be a bugler boy. I think it's made the whole family, for none of us except Ted ever wanted to be anything before."

The tea was finished and the blonde girl turned away just as if she had heard the one o'clock whistles.

"I'd like to talk but I ought to sew," she laughed, "and after all you know, it isn't mine to choose. I'm just as much a part of it as Ted in the trenches."

THE UNPROVABLE TRUTH

TO be triumphant after victory is a natural phenomenon and in no sense to be commented upon. Doubtless the frill-backed dinosaur of the Jurassic Period felt the like. And the German of to-day.

But there is a solemn heroism that can rise superior to appearances, there is a paradoxical faith that blooms best and most riotous-defiantly when the last hope is gone. In the presence of this faith, whether we understand it or not, we as humanity take off our hats.

Not long ago I saw a crowd adrift down the city streets and I heard a band. There was something in the slow throb of the drum that told me it wasn't the Battalion on parade, nor yet a lodge-drill, nor baseballers being driven around an adoring town.

And yet it wasn't—couldn't be—that ghastly other sort of band-event where the Dead March in Saul drags its cold fingers across your tortured heart. This drum had a sure, reverberant swing to its baton-work that meant hope in the soul of the drummer.

And then the procession came around the corner and I knew.

After the band walked lines and lines of men in blue suits, and women in poke bonnets. They all sang what the band was playing,

"In the Sweet Bye and Bye.
We shall meet on that Beautiful Shore."

It was a funeral—a military funeral, too, if you will. But the drum was lettered in red, "Salvation Army."

I don't know who he was, this man who had slipped away from the big roaring town into the inter-stellar stillness. Humble no doubt, some workman with a little white cottage in the suburbs and a garden plot behind. No one had ever heard about him while he lived. No one but his friends cared about him now that he was gone. To the crowd, halted a moment in the noon-rush, he was just a type, a symbol, one who had passed from the obscurity of his life to the anonymity of his unknown hereafter.

The significant thing, the thing that brought the wonder-thrill with it, was the way that his passing was treated by those to whom he had undoubtedly mattered.

They and their bugles marched through the solid, twentieth-century, steel-and-cement streets, between the shrewd, the materialistic, the prove-it-to-me crowds, and they asserted positively, calmly,—no, joyously—that this man was not dead. He was absent, forgetful perhaps for a little while in the great quiet of Eternity. God had slid a semi-colon into the simple sentence of his life. But beyond the pause, he would speak again.

The words were doggerel that they sang. The music was commonplace. Settled at their twelve-a-week work the men would have seemed equally unremarkable.

But a great idea—a huge, overmastering, unreasoning belief had them in its grip.

There was no death !

The drum throbbed with it. The band flung it triumphantly into the stony faces of the great bleak buildings. The singers straightened their toil-bent shoulders, their eyes alight with the wonder, the unbelievable, paradoxical certainty of it.

They would meet—"on that beautiful shore."

"What shore ?" says the literalis "and why beautiful ?"

They couldn't tell you. They aren' theologians let alone psychoscientists. But to believe a thing, to have its roots in the soul of you and the grea white flower of it in your life, it isn' and never has been necessary to know why it is so.

From That to This In Cooking

How Puffed Wheat and Rice Evolved

Even the ancients—even barbarians—knew that grain must be cooked in some way. They boiled it or parched it or baked it. Modern peoples improved their methods, but little improved their results.

The effect, both in ancient times and modern, was to break up part of the food cells. Only a part. The rest were left unbroken, as in raw grain.

Then Came Efficiency

Then men awoke to efficiency, which means eliminating waste. In every line, things always done in half-ways were done better.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, then of Columbia University, applied efficiency to cooking. He said, "There must be some way to make all the grain food cells digestible."

And he found it. He found a way to explode each cell by turning its moisture to steam.

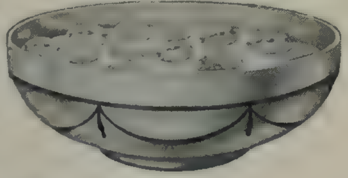
The process is long and heroic. It involves fearful heat. The grain must be shot from guns. But the result is Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—grains eight times normal size—with every food cell literally blasted to pieces for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
EXCEPT IN EXTREME WEST

These foods mark the limit in cookery. But their enticements alone have won millions. These are bubbles of grain—crisp, airy and toasted. Almost as fragile as snowflakes. With a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections. Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with fruit, float them in your bowls of milk. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts.

But always remember that they easily digest, and that every atom feeds. These are perfect all-hour foods.



The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Sole Makers **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(981)

Diet of Shrapnel

Continued from page 206.

consolidated by the blood of British men from overseas, no longer insular, but Imperial in the broadest meaning of the term, the splendid product of slow ages, banding the world with power, the one and perfect guarantor of peace and progress.

In their last devotion to that time-enduring purpose, these splendid men, Canadians, sons of the British Isles, of Australia, Africa, Newfoundland and the United States, shall not have died in vain.

Opening a New Account

Continued from page 216.

Unable to bring Larry, she released him and hurried down alone.

"Why didn't you tell him the truth you hussy?" she demanded fiercely of Jenny. "Do you think that's any way to act when he tried to square you with your old man?"

Hicks knew her by reputation. "What 're you buttin' in for?" he growled. "You keep your mug out o' this an' don't you speak to my girl like that."

The woman snorted indignantly. "You're a bonehead, Hicks," she retorted. "You don't even know what you're talking about. That big guy, Donovan, comes out here with that kid o' yours and starts in to feed her cocktails an' then this gentleman goes up an' stops him an' you come along an' raise Cain with him for it. You big nut, you ain't got sense enough to see he's tryin' to look after your girl."

It took several seconds for the idea to penetrate Hicks' brain.

"Who was you down here with?" he asked Jenny at last. "Big Larry, or"—he jerked his thumb significantly at Mr. Teescroft—"him?"

Jenny was sobbing. The woman answered for her. "Big Larry," she said, curtly. "If he hadn't been so scared, I'd o' brought him to prove it."

Mr. Hicks looked first at Mr. Teescroft and then at Jenny. He stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Why didn't you tell me the truth?" he demanded.

"I tried to, pa," sobbed Jenny. Her father put his arm around her.

"I—er—Mr. Hicks," stammered Mr. Teescroft, finding his voice which had temporarily left him, "Larry didn't mean——"

"Didn't mean!" ejaculated Mr. Hicks. "Hell!" He stuck out his hand to Mr. Teescroft. "Good-night and—thanks," he said, awkwardly. "I'm sorry if I made a mistake. Now,

A new idea for a fascinating dish! Ice Cream and

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

(10c a package)

Place a cone of Ice Cream in the dish, and smother with Corn Flakes at serving. You will find this delightfully refreshing.

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Write to-day for full particulars. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

then, Mr. What's-that-funny-name-of-yours, Jenny an' me is goin' home to cancel an order. Maybe you could manage to drop in to-morrow. I might open an account with you."

It was inevitable; Larry had lost. Mr. Teescroft could see that.

"All right," he said, sadly; "I'll be in."

Canadian Goethals

Continued from page 225.

ors to exceed their tenders by any sort of subterfuge. J. L. Weller is a pleasant person to deal with, but he has a way with him that admits of no nonsense.

A useful man to have round in an emergency is the Chief. A few years ago there was a bad break in the Cornwall Canal that defied the efforts of the local staff to remedy it. There was confusion, and genuine consternation. Some one thought of Weller and "Send for Weller" was the cry. A wire was despatched to St. Catharines and J. L. was soon on the way. He came, he saw and he conquered. In what was really an incredibly short time, the quick-witted engineer had the break closed.

Another time the old steamer "Lakeside" sank at her dock at Port Dalhousie, just after the ice went out of the harbor, a plug having been left out of her hull. The Chief was again requisitioned and again he rose nobly to the occasion. He went to Port Dalhousie at 5 a.m., and by noon had the ship up and ready to sail for Toronto. It was quick work, but just the sort of short, sharp encounter that he revels in.

Despite serious trouble with his eyes, Mr. Weller is still a keen and skilful golf-player. He is reputedly one of the best performers on the links of the St. Catharines' Club. This is his special pursuit in summer and he indulges often in its delights. For the rest he is proficient at many other games and enjoys remarkable luck in any pursuit in which the element of chance enters. His mind is quick, his judgment good and he is time and again resorted to for advice on all manner of propositions. As an inventor he might have been distinguished, were it not for an unfortunate propensity to rest on his oars just when success was about to be achieved.

As an example of this trait of character, one need only point to the two enormous concrete poles erected over the old canal in St. Catharines. They were an invention of his, demonstrating his ability to make poles of great height from reinforced concrete. He went to England ostensibly to arrange for patenting his scheme and forming a company to manufacture them, but no sooner had he landed than his enthusiasm died down. The sights and sounds of London diverted his attention and back he came without accomplishing anything,—all of which goes to prove that he is undoubtedly in the genius class. Such quixotic proceedings are only to be expected from persons of a peculiar temperament.

The man, however, has a very charming personality and is exceedingly popular among his associates. When it comes to dress he is entirely unconventional. He is one of those people who buy a suit of clothes or a hat and never make a change until both are quite worn out. As for shaving, it is a nuisance and only to be endured on compulsion. The exterior is accordingly none too prepossessing but underneath there is pure gold. Never was a decenter, kinder fellow than he, nor one whose voice rings with a deeper, mellower note. He is a delightful companion, having a mind stored with a wealth of information on all sorts of subjects. He tells a story well and enjoys a hearty laugh.

The Welland Ship Canal is the monument which J. L. Weller is erecting to the glory of his name. By-and-bye, when the great grain carriers of the Upper Lakes begin to traverse it, the public will come to a better appreciation of what its construction means and what is due to the man whose genius conceived and carried it to completion. It is Mr. Weller's great life work and to it he has given and is giving his best. He builds well and truly and with an eye to the fast growing requirements of the future. The earlier canals were rapidly outgrown. This one will undoubtedly do duty for many years. Meanwhile the engineer makes no boasts and claims no praise. He will wait till his great task is completed and his plans are justified.

Major B.J. Saunders

Continued from page 225.

thusiasm for the soldiers and the soldiers' wives. Not alone that, she is treasurer and purchaser for the St. John's Ambulance Association in Edmonton, which has been untiring in its efforts and work of providing comforts for the men of Alberta first and then of Canada, in Red Cross supplies.

The two daughters of the family have —since the war—entered the training classes in First Aid and Home Nursing, both obtaining their diplomas with honors. So if the women of Canada are called upon to show their colors in a practical way, where will you find a more useful or competent family than the Saunders?

At the Cross-Roads

Continued from page 204.

"I'm not!" said the girl indignantly, "but if I was, I got the right, haven't I?"

"You bet you have, bless you," said Clifton.

And so it chanced that the same handsome private sat on the same white bench in the peanuts—downstairs being full—and saw the same Pauline pant for perils, since they change films only three times a week at the Olympic, and heard the same blue-chiffonette do her vaudevillian substitute for singing. But this time, he saw it all through other eyes, eyes that were near to weeping over the dead baby in the sob-stuff film, eyes that rounded with admiration when Alice Joyce sat in her gilded cage and ate oysters.

"Gee, don't you just love the movies!" said Cynth with a long sigh, as the heroine rested her head on the hero's shoulder and gave her specialty kiss. "I don't get here more'n two or three times a month—you don't, when you can't make four a week if you died for it—so, when I *do* get, I just look and look and look my eyes *full* and then I've something to think about. Isn't it queer now—you're used to all that sorta thing, clubs an' valets and that, I suppose. And yet you're giving it all up for your country. I think it's grand of you! I couldn't do it. If once I was happy—honest-to-God *happy*—I don't believe anything would make me let go."

The walk home after the show was an odd mixture of philosophy and melodrama. Cynth considered her friend awfully lacking in general culture when he acknowledged that he didn't know Francis X., from Earle Williams. And that he'd heard Mary Pickford was at the *Clyde* all last week and had had the price and yet hadn't taken her in.

About the war she was as vague-minded as she was definite in regard to her movie-stars. K. of K. was great because everybody said so—except Lord Northcliffe—and besides he looked it. She had him up over her bureau in the boarding house. The Kaiser was a cross between Mephistopheles and a film-villain. But Francis X., always knocked the Spaniard out in the big scene—or the wicked mine-owner, or the yeggman or the he-vampire or whoever had the ill-luck to play Darkness to his Light. And undoubtedly K. would also put it over the mad Emperor in the end.

But in the meantime, there was the Umpty-steenth, now, that hadn't oughta be in it at all, since she vehemently hoped and believed the war would be over first.

They nearly had a quarrel about that. It got so hot that they stopped on a

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street-corner, Clifton mad all through that he couldn't make her see it, Cynthia mutinous but finally silent.

"All right," she agreed, "I won't never say so again. But I hope it, so there. And I'll pray too. You shant have everything your own way!"

On the steps of the little wooden house beside the track they said good-night. There wasn't any what-you-might-say parlor, so he couldn't be asked in.

"You—you said I needed somebody to take care of me—back there in the restaurant," said Clifton at last. "Do you suppose you could take it on for as long as the Battalion's here? We could go to the movies every night if you wanted to, and have dinner together whenever you felt like it—that is—if your other friends didn't feel cut."

"I haven't any, except some of the girls. And they all got fellahs."

"There aren't any other men, then?"

"No," said Cynthia frankly, "an' if there was, it wouldn't matter."

And so began the strangest chapter of Bob Clifton's strange biography—the Crossroads Chapter as he called it mentally—all the more dreamlike in its fantastic unreality because nobody knew when the Colonel would get orders from Ottawa and the Battalion would pull out.

Every evening, unless there was a route march, he would meet her, varying the meeting place out of deference to the eyes and the tongues of the Snapcornettes, and after dinner they would chase up to the peanuts—Cynthy felt more at home there, and besides they could talk. The ushers grew to know them by and by and other people who dropped in once in a while got to listen for the bubble of merriment that the brown-curl-kid always accorded to the somersault and squeak of the comedy policeman, or the inimitablenesses of the Man Who Was Funny With His Feet.

On the repeat-nights when there weren't new screen stunts to witness, they took a canoe down the river, or they walked into the odorous country, talking of everything under the sun, but mostly of Bob and Cynthy. Clifton even accomplished the impossible and sat decorously in church beside his devout little friend. And so, in a surprisingly short time, they grew to know each other uncommonly well.

And then one night, there was no Bob at the meeting place. Cynthia hung around for a while and went home, vaguely uneasy.

At a few minutes after nine there was a knock. The family were out. But Cynthy knew anyway that the summons was for her.

It was a very white, very still and yet terribly moved Bob.

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One can't well avoid corns in these days of dainty shoes. But it's folly to keep them, pare them and doctor them.

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"It's come kiddie," he said quietly, "we pull out day after to-morrow."

For a moment they stood there, silent, on the little verandah by the track. Then the man added slowly, "I've the whole day off though—I told them I was going to get married."

"Married?" it was little more than a whisper, "oh Bob—who to?"

Clifton's voice was husky and it shook. He put his hands on her shoulders and held her off a little from him.

"To you, dear, if you'll have me. You know me—good and bad—I've told you everything. And I think you'd have known it anyway, even if I hadn't. You've taken care of me all summer and for the first time in years I can look up Yonder where you say God is, and feel clean."

"But—but—your mother and all," said the girl, "what'd they say? You know I'm not your kind."

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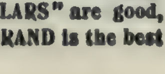

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"My kind be damned! What good have they ever done me, I'd like to know?" said Clifton bitterly. "The one thing I'm worried about is tying you up to a man who may be dead in a trench this time next month. But I thought—anyhow if we were married you'd get your separation allowance so you wouldn't have to work so hard at that confounded factory."

Cynthia drew back quickly.

"Was that why?" she asked in a queer strained little voice.

"No!" thundered Bob, "that was the least part of it. I asked you because I love you with all my body and soul, I asked you—oh kiddie, *because I need you so!*"

If Prince Charming had lighted down at the ricketty verandah steps and had offered himself and his coach and four to little Cinderella from the Snapcorn, she'd have sent him away again into the rainy night. She wasn't fit to be a Princess. And she didn't want to be worshipped.

But when he came to the wee wooden house, sick and ashamed and needing her—oh then she would run to him! She was of kin to Mother Eve who loved her man the better when God had cast him out of Paradise.

"Well?" he asked, smiling, "little Crossroads Kiddie, will you do it?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" Cynthia cried to him, "I loved you when you sat out there, years and years ago. I've loved you more an' more an' more every day. You're all I've ever had—you're just *me*! If you die over there in France, you'll wait for me somewhere till I get through making Snapcorn, won't you?

"But I don't believe you're going to—I don't! We've found each other in the middle of this awful war and now God wants to know if we can stand losing each other again. But He isn't going to keep it up—oh I know, I know He isn't! He's just borrowing you.

"And as for that separation allowance," said Cynthia, an hour or so later, "I don't want it. I'd rather go right on earning my living like I'm used to. No, no, don't you interrupt me. Can't I give something to the Empire too?"

Next morning the August sun shone on white tents getting folded away, and khaki-men hurrying hither and thither with lit eyes and eager voices. It shone too on little old St. Stephens, shabbiest of churches, set in the middle of a business block.

Early, early—so early that he wasn't through his breakfast—the organist had had a call from a soldier who looked very handsome and very boyish, for all the lines on his face.

"I'm being married to-day at St. Stephens—ten o'clock—" he said, "and the little girl has set her heart on just one thing. She doesn't want flowers or guests and she can't have a trip, but

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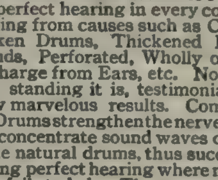

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Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

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C. A. MINER, Manager

she does long for a wedding march. Only it's not to be Mendelssohn nor Lohengrin either, but God Save The King. Could you find time to do it for her?"

And so it came to pass, when the white haired canon who had three boys at the Front, had finished reading the solemn words, with the morning sun through the deep-toned windows for sole witness, that a continentally famous man who was due to play the great organ at the Panama Exposition, let loose the rolling thunders of the National Anthem.

The little bride lifted her white face. There were tears in her eyes—splendid tragic tears of self-abnegation and of thrilled hope. She was honest-to-God happy, deliriously, solemnly happy. And she was giving it up.

As they came out into the sunshine they heard the bugles of the other Battalion, the unfavored, stay-at-home Battalion, that didn't get chosen.

"It was Last Post when I saw you first, kiddie," said the man as he listened, "but now I think it's reveille. We may have to wait for it a while. But there's a new day coming. And it'll be ours."

A Flyer in Politics

Continued from page 222.

how, despite the fact that you were very busy, you had made her stay a more than pleasant one."

"I can assure you, Sir Alpheus," Brown replied, "that any attention I have been able to give your sister has been a thousand times repaid. The fact is that we have been awaiting your arrival with no ordinary feelings. You will remember all that I told you that night we spent together here. You interested yourself in seeing me started on a public career. Well, the big movement in Spirit Lodge has put me in the position where I can take advantage of the offer, should it come."

"Like a fairy tale!" interjected Sir Alpheus. "But you must not expect to come on so rapidly when you get into British politics. It will take at least half a dozen years, I should say, before you can make the Cabinet."

"Oh I've known how to wait in the past," resumed Brown, "but speaking of fairy tales, you have not heard the end or the best part of mine. When I make my campaign in England, I expect to have an influence on my side that I did not count on at first. The London papers will shortly announce that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. William Brown and Miss Rhoda Newton, this being the culmination of a romance in the far Canadian West, to which Miss Newton accompanied her brother early in the year."

"You don't mean it," ejaculated Sir Alpheus, grasping Brown's hand and giving Miss Rhoda a brotherly embrace. "Where else in the world could all this have happened in a month's time?"

"By the way," he added, "all we want for a perfect climax is the right kind of word from the committee. It is just possible that there may be something from them downstairs."

A moment later he read this letter to them:—

Dear Sir Alpheus:——

I am instructed by our committee, which held a special session this afternoon and of which I have now the honor to be secretary, to authorize you to tender to Mr. William Brown, of Spirit Lodge, the nomination in Walden-on-Trent. The sitting member is about to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds on account of continued ill-health. As you know, he has carried the riding by a continually decreasing majority at the last three elections, but with the proper candidate we think that we can win on this occasion. There is a strong imperial sentiment there and we think that with a colonial of ability, who would be in a position to make an energetic campaign, as our nominee, everything would go well. You mention in your cablegram that Mr. Brown would be willing to bear the financial expense. This is by no means small, if success is to be assured. He should be prepared to make a contribution to the party funds of five thousand pounds. As the contest is to be brought on almost immediately, the committee would suggest that he should furnish you with two thousand pounds forthwith, which you could forward to the proper officials without delay. The committee also trust that your own affairs will permit you to return to the Old Land in time to take part in the campaign on behalf of your young friend, from whom we expect so much and for bringing whom forward we are under no small obligations to you,

I remain, dear Sir Alpheus,
Very sincerely yours,
H. Vere-Jones.

"Capital," exclaimed Brown. "Cable my acceptance to-night. I'll arrange about the draft in the morning. It is fortunate that I have everything in such tip-top shape that I can pull out by the end of the week. We'd better get the wires busy and secure our steamship reservations. You'll come over with me, of course. I'd like to have you both near me during the fight."

"Well, it happens," answered Sir Alpheus, "that I had arranged to go to British Columbia before I started back. But I'll just have to make another trip a little later. I have some business, though, that will keep me in Winnipeg for several days. Rhoda and I had better leave to-morrow and await you there."

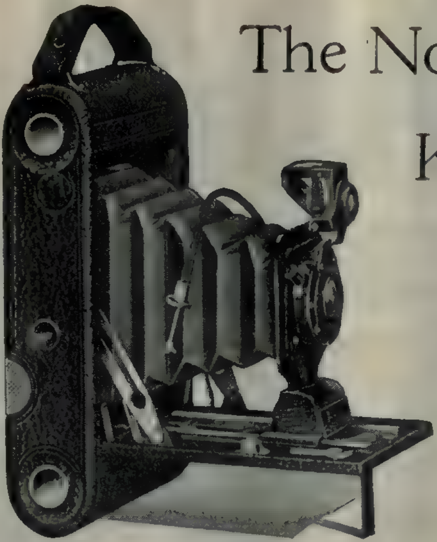
"How about announcing my candidature in the local papers?" asked Brown.

"Please yourself, of course," said Sir Alpheus after some deliberation, "but it strikes me that the effect would be much better if you simply stated that you were going for a trip to Europe and then let the news come back in due course. Nor do I think that it would be wise to mention your engagement to Rhoda. That also should come through the proper channels. The newspapers of this continent do handle these things so shockingly! Who can tell what ridiculous headings they might not use about a real estate magnate picking a flower of the British aristocracy?"

VII.

Brown became more and more of a mystery during his last few days in Spirit Lodge. His partner he surprised by proposing a dissolution of their arrangement on terms which

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak.



The No. 1 Autographic KODAK, Junior

Now fitted with the new Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f.* 7.7 and the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter.

Price, $15.00

Here are efficiency *and* economy

THE LENS. The Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 7.7 lenses are slightly faster than the best Rapid Rectilinears. But their marked superiority lies in the perfect definition (sharpness) which they give up to the very corners of the picture. They are not as fast as the most expensive anastigmats, but they are fast enough for the usual hand camera work and no lens gives *sharper results*. Made exclusively for use on hand cameras, they meet the hand camera requirements.

THE SHUTTER. The No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter furnished with the anastigmat equipped No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Junior, has variable speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second, and the usual time and "bulb" actions. It is accurate, reliable and remarkably free from jerk or jar.

AUTOGRAPHIC. It is "autographic," of course. All the folding Kodaks now are You can date and title the negative easily and permanently at the time you make the exposure.

A BIT OF DETAIL. The No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Jr., makes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches. It measures 1$\frac{7}{16}$ x 3$\frac{5}{8}$ x 6$\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Has brilliant, reversible, collapsible finder, tripod sockets for both vertical and horizontal exposures; covered with fine seal grain leather and is well made in every detail. Simple to use, efficient in its work and economical to operate

THE PRICE.

No. 1 Autographic Kodak, *Junior* with No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f* 7.7.	$15 00
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Autographic Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2¼ x 3¼	20

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B72

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GET your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, public schools, good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because *our* success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where *every* acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

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We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada for from $11 to $30 per acre—irrigated lands from $35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance within 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many good farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

We Lend You $2,000 for Farm Improvements in the irrigation districts, if you want it, providing you are a married man, of farming experience and have sufficient farming equipment to carry on the work, with no other security than the land itself, and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and its ability to create prosperity for you and traffic for our line. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, sink a well, etc. —interest only at 6 per cent.

We Will Advance You up to $1,000 Worth of Livestock

To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 8 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm —our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already established—ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. These improved farms have houses and buildings, well, fences, fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results; all planned and completed by practical men who know—our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of great Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada

Increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such **low prices and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of the Prairie Provinces and want them for your neighbors, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY—always the best day.**

This Great Offer Is Based on Good Land

The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming—irrigated lands for intensive farming; other lands, with ample rainfall, for mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.

Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great population, which insures highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the last best West. The present time, your opportunity—don't delay—investigate—you owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first—so time is precious. **Write today for books—illustrated.**

IRRIGATION FARMING

ALBERTA SASKATCHEWAN MANITOBA

A HAND BOOK OF INFORMATION

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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For Sale—Town Lots in all growing towns, on lines of Canadian Pacific Railway. Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in these towns.

Anderson regarded as in the nature of a gift of large proportions. He had usually talked very freely with his banker about his affairs. But when he went in to see about Sir Alpheus' draft, they were strangely evasive answers that he gave to the mild quizzing that met him. In respect to all loose ends of business, he showed a generosity that belied entirely the reputation that he bore. After the Newtons left, he was more peremptory than ever in his demands that any dealings which anybody had with him should be closed up. He did not want to haggle about the terms but settlement there had to be. He was off for a long holiday, for which he had worked very hard, and he did not wish business letters to follow him.

He arrived at Winnipeg sooner than he had arranged for. But Rhoda and her brother were not at the hotel where he was to meet them.

A search of other registers was fruitless. Rhoda must have been taken ill on the way and they had stopped off, intending to reach Winnipeg by the time appointed. He was lucky enough to find the porter of the car on which they had left Spirit Lodge.

"Why, yes," said the colored man, "I remember the parties you mean. They were both all right when they changed to the south branch at Warwhoop Junction."

Brown tried to be patient.

"They're likely to turn up at any time now," he reassured himself, "Sir Alpheus has thought of some business in the south country. But they can't delay much longer and catch the boat."

At the end of the third day it was a case of taking the train east the next morning or missing the steamer. So he sent this cablegram to Mr. Vere-Jones at the party headquarters:—

"Sir Alpheus delayed. Prefer to wait for him but if necessary shall start for London immediately."

In the morning he paid the tolls on the following reply:—

"Some mistake. Undersigned is secretary of party executive. Sir Alpheus not known here.

P. S. Kelly."

VIII.

Nine months later a man from Spirit Lodge ran across Brown on the street in Seattle.

"Well, where did you spring from ?" he asked, "I hadn't heard you were back from England. We thought you intended to stop over there and marry into the aristocracy. Some of the gossips up our way said quite positively you were engaged to that fine looking dame that was around with that Sir Somebody you had in tow before you left. How much did you sting him for ? People thought you were crazy in jumping out of the real estate game just when it seemed to be shaping up to its best. But you were the wise young man all right. It puzzled us all, though, to know how you could have seen the storm coming."

"I am afraid," said Brown, "that you will have to explain. You see, I changed my plans on leaving Spirit Lodge and went for a trip to South America. At Valparaiso I had a chance to ship with a tramp steamer and am now just back from the other side of the world."

"I have news for you then," broke in the man from back home. "They started in to build the railway all right, but no sooner had they a few hundred yards of grade thrown up, thinking the guarantee bill would go through for sure, than old Stubbs sprang a surprise by resigning from the Cabinet, as a protest against the railway policy. He carried with him three-quarters of the members from the south, where feeling had been mighty strong, as you know, against the scheme. The old gang stuck to the ship as long as they could but finally had to give in to the mutineers. Old Stubbs was called on to form a government and the railway was sent to Kingdom Come. Oh, but the slump that came in Spirit Lodge was awful!

IX.

Brown left that night for Vancouver where an old friend had his affairs in hand. They had arranged before he started out that the bulk of the money that he had brought from Spirit Lodge should be invested in securities that offered moderate but certain returns.

For nearly a year he had tried to forget that there was such a thing as a newspaper with a financial page. But "Money and Risks" was the department that he was reading as the train sped out of Seattle. It was quite clear to him, after studying the quotations, that he was a much wealthier man than when he had last touched Canadian soil.

He folded the paper over. There stood out, on the back page, two familiar faces. It was Sir Alpheus and his dear sister. But these were not the names under the illustrations, nor those which appeared in the despatch from Denver alongside. It told of the arrest of a man who was in the habit of passing as a titled Englishman and of a woman who was sometimes represented as his wife but more frequently as his sister or his ward. They had been known to the police for a long time, but their methods of operation were such that the people whom they fleeced were nearly always averse to prosecuting them.

"With each successful campaign," the despatch read, "they grew bolder. But at last they tried their arts on a man who was not afraid of having them run down, even though in taking the stand against them, he showed his own weakness to the public gaze."

"That undoubtedly goes home," mused Brown, "but after all why should I harbor any ill feelings towards them? They gave me some anxious moments and they took my good money. But think how much they made for me and think of the reputation as a Heaven-born financier that I am going back to! Besides, if I'd really gone into politics and married a blue-blood, how long would ten thousand dollars have lasted?"

"Mother."
"What is it, dear?"
"Are you a human being?"
"Yes, of course, my darling."
"Am I a human being?"
"Certainly, love."
"Is father a human being?"
"Well,—yes, I suppose so."

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Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

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Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says. "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Board of Trade
Vanderhoof, B. C.

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We have nothing to sell.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon.

C. M. AUGUST

BOARD OF TRADE,
VANDERHOOF, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I wish to get a farm of ....acres for
....
at about $.........................per acre. My resources are about $............................ This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

Name..

Address...

Compass and Cross

Continued from page 212.

glass cost two skins and a laced coat, six.

Despite the seeming disparity in values, history concludes that from the seller's standpoint, La Salle gave the Indians a square deal and in consequence they liked him. When he returned to Montreal in 1683 after he had explored the Mississippi to its mouth he was equally popular with his own countrymen. Trouble was beginning between New France and New England to the south, but in these political squabbles the explorer took little interest. He sailed to France, was made much of by the court, and returned across the Atlantic with a shipload of colonists whom he hoped to establish at the mouth of the Mississippi after he had reached it via the Gulf of Mexico.

But alas, the gallant leader miscalculated the position of his river, and after spending weary months in the pathless tangle of forest and swamp through which the Father of Waters slides to the sea, the men who had followed La Salle mutinied against him and killed their unsuccessful guide.

Back home in Montreal they could scarcely stop a moment in their ceaseless warfare against the Iroquois to wonder about the gay-hearted adventurer who had left them, his head dizzy with dreams. Champlain had died in disappointment years before; Marquette had held his crucifix before his glazing eyes, alone among an alien race; La Salle would go out as intrepidly no doubt, his vision, the Land that Was To Be.

Having sought out the seed of destiny, having planted the Future, the sons of Montreal could afford to water it with tears and heart's blood, serene of soul, assured of ultimate "Well-done" whether they carried the compass or the Cross.

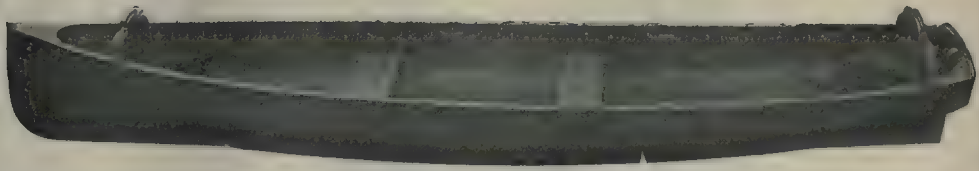
Wouldn't be Run Over

Continued from page 223.

Either they or their agents, were so incensed against these knitter-radicals, that they plotted against them physically.

The knitted goods, when made in the little manufacturing village, had to be carried to Nottingham in vans, from which they would be distributed in the city to their various destinations. These vans were owned by the capitalists; their drivers naturally were favorable to the cause of their employers. These drivers also were of a rather rough, combative nature, and a feud

THE "DEAN" No. 404



The boat which is used with detachable motors

(Note how close the ribs are.)

This is the STRONGEST, LIGHTEST and BEST boat ever put on the market. Made of clear Canadian Cedar; Copper and Brass nails are exclusively used. It is extremely well braced, and no outboard motor would have the least effect in the way of vibration. It is made on the "Dean" Close Rib, Metallic Joint Construction, a sample of which will be sent free on request.

Write *now* before the season is over for our Catalogue "C" and get a full description of this beautiful boat. Rowing is the finest and safest sport in the world, and it is especially true with a Dean No. 404. The word "Dean" means PERFECTION when you are talking about boats or canoes.

READ THIS LETTER ➘

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FOOT OF
YORK STREET,
Toronto, Ont.

STRATFORD, Jan. 29th, 1915.
MR. WALTER DEAN, Toronto, Ont.
Dear Sir:—I have nothing but good to say of the No. 404 Row Boat which I purchased from you last Spring. Had a splendid season's pastime with it. The boat was much admired for its graceful lines, fine finish and ease in rowing. It is very light to handle—a fact that means much where it is necessary to haul the craft quite a distance to the boat house from the water's edge. I am thoroughly satisfied with this brass-jointed boat. ROSS KEANE.

$100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc. Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

CANADA MONTHLY .·. **TORONTO, ONT**

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MODEL 83 F.O.B. HAMILTON

$375 Less Than Last Year

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Specifications:

35 Horsepower motor
High-tension magneto ignition
5-Bearing crankshaft
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Demountable rims; with one extra
Electric starting and lighting system
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New catalogue is ready. Please address Dept. 3.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

New Models Now on Display at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

developed between them and the village knitters. During one election, the fight became almost dangerously bitter, and the drivers of the vans tried to run over the radical workmen. It was not safe for the latter to venture off the path. This condition of affairs was intolerable, and the Carters and their friends, with their experience in the Co-operative society, branched out a bit, and established a bus line of their own. By dint of much scraping and saving, the youth, Sam Carter, was able to put $50.00 into the enterprise, and it was the possession of this asset which, when the time came, made it possible for him to come to America.

One day Carter read in a local paper an advertisement about Vineland, "A city without booze," about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. Then, as now, Carter was an ardent advocate of temperance, because, as he says himself, "my sympathies are with the ordinary people and especially with those who work with their hands, and I feel that no real progress can be made by them as long as the liquor traffic lasts." Vineland, therefore, looked like an attractive proposition, and when Carter, put on the black list for his participation in two strikes, found himself out of employment, he withdrew the fifty dollars he had invested in the bus company, and came to America.

The fact that the young English radical-temperance advocate did not find things in Vineland exactly as they had been pictured, and that therefore, he moved along to Thorold near Niagara Falls, and then to Guelph, does not obliterate one of the reasons for his coming to this continent. To find a place without liquor was one of his aims, and even his first disappointment with Vineland did not discourage him. In 1899 he ran for councillor in Guelph on the platform of license reduction, and won. In the Legislature to-day Carter stands first of all for the abolition of the bar and for the prohibition of the sale of all intoxicating liquors. He is perhaps the most outspoken temperance man in the House.

At the same time, true to his traditions, he is fighting for those men who for various reasons are in danger of being run down in the race of life. His democracy and his radicalism are essentially of the fighting and practical type. This is all the more remarkable because Samuel Carter is no longer a mill hand in a knitting factory. At Thorold he worked in a mill, but by the time he had reached Guelph, he was able to start for himself in a small way with four machines. He gradually built up a good business, and now employs between seventy-five and one hundred hands. In carrying on the knitting trade he is in line with the force of continuity for it was in the very district in which Carter was born that knitting was invented early in the seventeenth century.

It was in municipal life that Mr. Carter received his schooling for public affairs. He was in the Guelph Council from 1899 to 1904, was chairman of the Light and Power Commission from 1904 to 1914, and was mayor of the city in 1913 and 1914. His municipal career is best known for his fight for public ownership as a branch of his democratic principles. Just at the beginning of this century, the franchise for lighting in Guelph was expiring, and almost single handed, at first, Samuel Carter fought for public ownership. After a titanic struggle, a plebiscite was submitted to the people, and the corporation took over the electric light and gas plants. This was before the time of the Hydro-Electric, and, in fact, the inauguration of that system comes practically at any rate from the work of Mr. Carter and of a group of men, Liberals and Conservatives, in London, Toronto and Guelph. A Guelph man, Mr. J. W. Lyon, was in the early years secretary of the Municipal and Electric Union which was leading the movement for public ownership. Mr. Carter to-day is prominent in the latest development in the Hydro-Electric field, Hydro Radials. Although not agreeing with him politically, he has always co-operated with Sir Adam Beck in his power work.

For picturesqueness, another of Carter's planks, on which he appealed when running for mayor, is also worthy of note. This platform was that everyone in Guelph, the mayor and highest officials to the lowliest workman, would be treated alike in the payment of gas and electric light bills. It appears that some of the leading civic men and officials with their friends were always paying their bills late, and yet expecting to receive the discount offered for speedy payment. The matter had become a public scandal in Guelph, and its exposure by Carter helped his election. He was showing in this fight the practical bearing of one of his declared principles which is "A public man can have no friends. A fundamental necessity for him is to be fair to everybody and to give favors to none, whatever may be their rank or relation."

From all this it may be inferred that Carter is a fighter.

A new man in the Legislature, he has established in his very first session the reputation of sharing with Hon. Thomas McGarry, the laurels of the heaviest "scrapper" in the House. But, whereas McGarry, with all his ability, rather gives the impression of fighting for the mere sake of fighting and not for any deep-down ideals, Car-

Are you going to build?

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This Wall Board is designed to give the maximum service and it is sold at the most reasonable price. It is used extensively on houses, bungalows, temporary and permanent booths, factories, offices, etc. For sale by dealers everywhere.

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World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers
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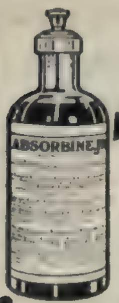
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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

ter is simply ablaze with crusading zeal. At times, when he speaks, he is deceivingly quiet, but if you only wait for a moment or two you will be actually startled at the outburst of spontaneous zeal and enthusiasm, which has a queer magnetic effect.

One instance will suffice. This session, during the debate on the liquor question, Mr. Carter moved an amendment to the government bill, suggesting that all bars as well as shops be closed every evening at seven o'clock. The government rejected the proposal. Carter then moved that the hour be eight o'clock, instead of eleven as at present in cities. This again the government rejected. And now, without taking any partisan stand in the temperance controversy in Ontario politics, it is easy to see that some members on the government side made a serious mistake. Up to this point Carter had been comparatively quiet. When he got up to move next that the hour be fixed at nine o'clock, some of the government supporters began to snicker, and when, upon the rejection of that, Carter rose for the fourth time, and proposed ten o'clock, there was general laughter from the government seats.

They were able to vote down Carter's motions, but they were unable to stem the torrent of the most dramatic speech in the whole session, one which had the strange effect of causing a hush in the whole Chamber. All the Carter antecedents, all the fire which had been burning in the Carters at the time of the Chartists, in his father as he had been arrested for talking in a wood, in himself as he had had to jump close to the fence to avoid being run over by a heavy rumbling van, the fire which had led him to fight the officials of Guelph—the whole cumulative conflagration burst out against the government in an impassioned speech which has been talked about wherever the 1915 session of the Ontario Legislature has been discussed.

"You laugh to-night," Carter blazed out. "You mock at our amendments. Our concern for the boys of this country makes great sport for you. But I know and you know what is happening this very night in the bar rooms of this and other cities. Our men and boys are being ruined; their money is being wasted; their homes are being destroyed, their lives are being blasted.—I warn you and your government that I will go through this province and I will tell the people, no matter what their party, that you sneered when we tried to shut the bars, that when we moved to cut down the bar room hours you mocked. This accursed liquor business has damned one government in Ontario, and I warn you it will damn yours too."

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which she describes as "my best."

Dissolve 1 cup sugar in ½ cup hot water, add one teaspoonful of Mapleine. Soak one heaping tablespoonful of Gelatine twenty minutes in ½ cup cold water, add ½ cup of boiling water and stir in above Mapleine mixture; when cool stir in ½ cup whipped cream. Pour into moulds.

After testing this recipe, we offer it to you with this comment—*it is delicious.*

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Samuel Carter is the sort of man to whom his opponents, if they are wise, will apply the motto, "It is well to let sleeping dogs lie." Only—in his public life, Carter has a severe attack of almost chronic insomnia.

The Value of Vanity

Continued from page 236.

is goin' to make trouble for the producin' member of the firm when she tries to measure up to Mrs. Ten Thousand. She can't do it without crowding the senior partner into debt or speculation or both.

"That's in the city or wherever else population thickens and people grade up different in money matters, but out here they all start even, and that's what makes it another kind of a proposition. One man may have a bit more ready cash than another at the start, but that don't cut any figure. They've got farms of the same size and the same soil, and they've got to make their living from those farms.

"Smith comes out here and gets a hundred and sixty acres. That's the reg'lar allotment of the Canadian Pacific Railway, unimproved farm land, (which is what we're talkin' about), but he can have more if he wants it. There's different propositions in different places, the railroads doin' more in one place than in another, but everybody in each colony starts even with everybody else in that colony—has the same chances and the same help that others get—so it amounts to the same thing in one place as in another.

"Well, Smith gets his hundred and sixty and starts in. We'll say he was one of the first to come. There ain't any neighbors, and his wife gets down to calico and hard work. It don't bother her none how she dresses, for there's nobody to see. It's lonely and hard, and there's a lot of economizin' to do to make what money they've got last until the farm begins to pay something, but she's game.

"Then comes Jones and takes the next hundred and sixty, and others follow till there's neighbors a-plenty, even if they ain't right near, and Mrs. Smith sees people 'most as often as once or twice a week. She begins to think more about clothes and such things, but still not much, for the others are just getting started and nobody bothers much about anything that ain't absolutely necessary. But Jones is an up-to-date fellow and Smith is one of the pigheaded kind. Jones gets the advice of the colonization people on how to lay out his farm and what to raise and how to raise it. As I said before, ways are different, and the thing to do in one place ain't what it is in some other. The colonization people are always anxious to help in any way they can, and there are demonstration farms to show the best way to get results under the condition. existin' in any particular locality. Jones studies and talks and asks advice and does everything to make the most of his farm, but Smith, bein' pigheaded, goes his own way, which may be the right way for Iowa or Nebraska but don't fit the conditions in Saskatchewan. Besides fixing the land up, putting fifty to one-hundred acres under cultivation for a starter, even lending the Smiths and the Joneses $2,000 for stock and improvements, the railroads shows them how to use 'em; with demonstration farms, experts, and 'tried receipts,' as you might call 'em.

"Now anybody but a fool can see that Jones is a-goin' to get more out of his farm than Smith, and he does. Mrs. Smith discovers that right quick when Mrs. Jones begins to dress better and live better in every way. Their house is better furnished, they have more conveniences, and after a time Jones builds a better house. It takes time for the difference to show enough to be noticed, but it shows a-plenty as time goes on. Some of the others that have come in are like Smith, but some are like Jones, and Mrs. Smith fixes her mind and her eyes on those that are like Jones. Then it begins to be hard sleddin' for Smith.

"'John,' says Mrs. Smith, 'why is it the Joneses are doin' so much better than we are?'

"'Oh,' says John, 'Jones is lucky.'

"'It don't look to me like that,' says Mrs. Smith, 'We got the same weather, the same soil, the same size farm and

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No ash shovelling necessary. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. 33

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Give the youngsters a Mennen shower

Sprinkle them from head to toe with Mennen's Talcum, filling every fat little crease and wrinkle—it makes them so comfortable and happy.

The cooling, soothing touch of Mennen's always eases and often prevents prickly heat, rash, hives, chafing sunburn and other trials that torment babies in hot weather.

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Mennen's Talcum can now be obtained in a variety of tints and perfumes, all made according to the famous Mennen formula, as follows: Borated, Violet, Sen Yang, Narangia (a rich cream color), or Flesh Tint (not a rouge, but a delicate pink talcum). For sale by more than 20,000 dealers. Send 5 cents for sample of any one variety or 25 cents for samples of all five.

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we started first. Why ain't we doin' as well ?'

" 'Oh,' says John, 'Jones made a lucky guess in plannin' what he'd raise and where he'd plant it.'

" 'Mebbe it wasn't a guess,' says Mrs. Smith. 'It don't look to me like a man who was only guessin' could hit it right every time.'

"Then John sneaks out to the barn, sayin' he's got to feed the live stock and he don't come back till his wife's had time to forget about the Joneses. But that don't help much, for she comes at him again a few days later.

" 'John,' she says, 'the Joneses are talkin' of building a new house next year, and their old one's better than ours since they put the addition on it. Don't you reckon we could have something a little better than this shack ?'

" 'No,' says John; 'we ain't got the money.'

" 'Well, why ain't we ?' asks Mrs. Smith. 'We got the same soil and the same weather——'

"But John is diggin' out for the barn again. It ain't a bit comfortable for John in the house, and he sticks to the barn as much as he can. He gets to lookin' for remarks and questions when he goes in for meals and to sleep, but Mrs. Smith don't pester him reg'lar. She lets him go till he's feelin' comfortable again, and then she jabs him unexpected.

" 'John,' says she 'I see Mrs. Jones drivin' to town in a new buggy to-day. I'm 'most ashamed to be seen any more in that rickety old cart of ours. Don't you reckon we could have something better ?'

" 'No,' says John, 'I don't.'

" 'Why not ?' asks his wife.

" 'We ain't got the money,' says John.

" 'Well, why ain't we ?' she wants to know; and John hides in the barn some more.

"It's the same when the Joneses get a parlor organ and Mrs. Jones has a new dress and they show prosperity in other ways; and pretty soon Smith is hurried into doin' some real hard thinkin'. Right down in his heart he knows that something is wrong and he ought to be gettin' as much out of his farm as Jones gets out of his, even if he won't own up to it, and he starts to studyin' the thing out. It's Mrs. Smith wanting to measure up to Mrs. Jones that makes him do it. He thinks mebbe there's other people that knows more about farmin' in Saskatchewan than he does. He talks with Jones and others that are gettin' the best results and begins to give attention to the demonstration farms and what the colonization officials and their experts can tell him. And pretty soon he's gettin' as good results as Jones.

All sorts of fabrics that touch the skin should be washed with

LUX

because of its marvelous cleansing and softening properties. LUX forms a foamy, cream-like lather that the daintiest hands or fabrics need never fear. It coaxes rather than forces dirt out of clothes, refining the texture of the fabric. Because LUX adds so to the life of all garments it has become the favorite cleanser of particular women everywhere.

LUX Won't Shrink Woollens.

It's the pure essence of soap in flakes—10c. the package. 6

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Saved the life of this little one

In writing us her mother says:

"When she was born she weighed eight pounds. From the first it was necessary to find a suitable food for her, and I experienced the greatest difficulty in getting anything she could digest. The first four months of her life were the most distressing I ever knew, for she wasted away till she only weighed five pounds. She was so delicate at this time that I could not handle her without supporting her upon a pillow.

"We had all given up hopes of saving her life when the Doctor ordered me to get Glaxo for her. The doctor told me all about Glaxo—of its purity—its freedom from starch and the ease with which it is digested, and considered that the baby's only hope lay in Glaxo.

"Results proved the doctor's words to be true. From the day I started to use Glaxo she began to grow healthy, strong and happy. She is now two years and two months old and it would be impossible to find a more healthy or bonnier baby."

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Bran food, since it came to be advised, has brought a wealth of cheer. Eyes are brighter, faces pinker, spirits higher than before. For bran is Nature's cleanser.

But do you get enough? Do you like bran as you get it? If not try Pettijohn's. This is soft wheat made into luscious flakes, hiding 25% of bran.

This morning dainty makes bran welcome. It invites the bran habit. Every doctor knows this.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

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that behind the piano was a full sized table, reposing peacefully against the wall, ready to be set up at a moment's notice! Just see how easily it is put up! Feel how light it is—only eleven pounds! Try to shake it—isn't it firm! Never a wobble! This is our new

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—the very latest model. We are proud of this table, and we know you'll be delighted with it too. Once you set eyes on it you'll want it—and when you learn the price you'll buy it. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

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"Mebbe you think that's a joke," concluded the driver, as he abandoned cigarettes for his pipe; "mebbe you think I'm talkin' for the mere fun of exercisin' my tongue, but what I'm tellin' you is the solemn truth. There's lots of Smiths all through Western Canada, and they wouldn't amount to near as much as they do in developing a district if it wasn't for the Mrs. Smiths that want to measure up to the Mrs. Joneses. So, as I was savin' at the start, this here trait of woman, which mostly makes trouble, is a mighty big influence in developing the country in the right way."

The Road of the Lost Citizens

Continued from page 232.

so hated in the States, in due course carved success out of early misfortunes. Their tenacity of purpose to serve the King was matched by their ambition to conquer the soil.

Charles G. D. Roberts says in his History of Canada: "The migration of the Loyalists will some day come to be recognized as one of those movements which have changed the course of history. It will be recognized as not less significant and farreaching in its results than the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. For, without detracting from the achievement of our French fellow-citizens, it is but truth to say that the United Empire Loyalists were makers of Canada. They brought to our making about 30,000 people, of the choicest stock the Colonies could boast. They were an army of leaders, for it was the loftiest heads that attracted the hate of the revolutionists. Canada owes deep gratitude to her Southern kinsman, who thus, from Maine to Georgia, picked out their choicest spirits, and sent them forth to people our Northern wilds. As the history of Canada unfolds, one marks the mighty influence of those 30,000, and we are forced to realize that the hands most potent in shaping it are the hands of the sons of the Loyalists."

Perhaps you understand now why Dorothy's rum bottle gets her up to knit, more effectually than the most clangorous of Big Bens. Perhaps you see why brother Gregory goes to war for the Empire, not merely because he's three quarters Irish and loves a scrap but because of the other quarter, Highland Scotch via Vermont, via Nova Scotia, per ox-team. When America looks across the line and sees the khaki columns sliding down to the sea, when she thinks of the vast resources of the youngest and lustiest of nations she remembers that the men who built such civilization out of logs, logic and dogged loyalty, were her own flesh and blood. Her forefathers couldn't see eye to eye with them. But the Reb and the Yank looked through different glasses, and now the tottering veterans in Blue and Grey march together on Decoration Day.

Making a Man of Him

Continued from page 234.

The boy opened his eyes and stared. "Couldn't think of it, dad," he said, "the doctor says this is the only place—here in the woods—to plaster up broken men. Besides I wouldn't leave Murphy. I'm learning things, dad. When I go south—and Murphy goes with me—you're going to see a real man and not a tin horn sport."

Brandon Sr., laughed in spite of himself. "That's the talk, boy," he said, "that's what I wanted you to say. Now I'll have to see if Murphy can put me up for to-night."

"You can have my bunk with the boys," returned the Wild One, "it's the first by the window."

"Good," Brandon Sr. returned. "I'll use it to-night anyway."

For the next few minutes the lumber king was busy writing on a little book, a leaf of which he tore out and put in his pocket.

"Feel all right to leave you alone for a minute or two, son?" he asked.

"Sure, dad, go as far as you like."

Brandon Sr. ran his hand over the Wild One's head and opening the door stepped out. As he turned he ran into the big boss.

"Murphy," he called, "you're just the man I want to see. I want to thank you"——

"I wouldn't say anything about that," answered the big man, blushing like a girl.

"All right, I won't," returned the owner offering his hand.

The hairy paw of the lumber boss closed over a piece of paper in the magnate's hand.

"That's for the boy's first year's tuition," he smiled over his shoulder as he walked towards the bunk house, "I'll triple it when he graduates."

Murphy opened the folded slip.. It was a certified check for a thousand dollars. The blue eyes studied the back of the retreating donor and there was thanks in them. Shoving the check slowly into his pocket he opened the door and stepped in. Taking a bottle and a spoon from his shirt pocket he approached the Wild One.

"Come on, buddie," he smiled, "take your medicine like a man." There was the light of a beautiful comradeship in the boy's eyes.

"All right, boss," he grinned, "watch me."

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WOMAN'S WORK IN ENGLAND

by Mona Cleaver

IN days gone by there have been women warriors like Boadicea and Joan of Arc. There have been ladies who, in absence of lord and master, have successfully defended feudal halls against warlike or piratical attack. But these have never occurred in sufficient numbers to disturb the popular and pathetic picture of fair hands wont to wield the distaff put to the picturesquely incongruous but all too frequent task of buckling on the armour of their knights. It was a tender and touching picture significant of the little that women might do for their country and showing even that little to be a concession to womankind rather than a need of mankind. Men could quite easily have fastened on their own coats of mail but it was a pretty thing to see white fingers struggling with refractory steel and a tear, perhaps, trembling under downcast lashes. Besides, it gave the dear ladies a feeling that they were being useful but, of course, it was a service of no real value to either the individual or the state.

Nurse, knitter, lift-girl, patrol, ammunition-worker—the women of England, with or without pay-checks, are backing up the war-game. And they're making good all along the line.

To-day it is quite different. Women are buckling on the armour of a nation. They are reaching the chains and clasps that man has not hands enough nor ingenuity enough to manage by himself. They are sacrificing everything, co-operating everywhere and initiating works of help and comfort that the mind of man would never have compassed. They are rearing warriors as their foremothers did and sending them forth with equal courage and grace, but, in addition, they are fighting at home for the material and moral safety of their men, for their equipment and their comfort and encouragement, and, at the front, under the very roar of the artillery and noise of bursting shells, they are fighting, in the hospitals, for their lives.

So much of this work is centralized in Great Britain, and especially in London that one may there, perhaps, gain the fullest knowledge of its scope and significance. It is here that the long lines of effort, stretching out in all directions and for all distances, are gathered together in capable hands to be bound into one or used separately for the best service of the nation. And in the work that women have undertaken it is remarkable how few are the records of blunder, failure and scandal. Methods of organization have been quieter, the sifting of needs swifter, the gauging of the proportionate strength of claims more accurate and the supplying of demands more direct than anyone would have dared hope from an untried section of the community attacking a problem of new dimensions and complexities.

Notable, too, is the way in which every woman's capabilities have been put to use. From the woman with power as an organizer and influence among women to the little stay-at-home who doesn't even carry her knitting to a neighbor's, it is doubtful if any woman could prove to the satisfaction of, say the National Union of Women Workers, that she was not competent for some branch of war work of which they had plenty to give her. There are dozens of things she may do at her own fireside and there are hundreds of centres where she may spend her spare hours in making dressings for wounded soldiers or woolly jackets for "war babies." A Canadian lady living in London spoke of going regularly to one of these centres and I asked her:

"Under what organization do you work?"

"Really, I don't know whether there is any organization or not," she said. "A great many women go there every day to do anything that is needed. There is always work ready for them and they haven't any of the planning to bother about."

"And what is needed now, particularly?" I asked.

"Cases for respirators," she answered. "We've made thousands of them, there. Some women sew up seams, some put on bindings or the tapes to hang them round the soldier's neck and I've done nothing but sew on dome fasteners."

In this way do the women work to meet emergency calls. And those who cannot afford to give their time, work, nevertheless, in factory and office, with an added enthusiasm which no money could buy.

The settlement worker finds her hands full with

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the war babies who are coming or have come, the mothers of whom need care and their children a fair start in life. The refugees form another big new problem and the little new problems that arise are innumerable.

The woman who can do housework or home nursing and who will do it well and conscientiously finds ample scope for her talents in military or private hospitals and convalescent homes.

The trained nurse has, of course, quite unparalleled opportunities for service and has proved herself worthy of them. The courage and endurance shown by nurses in face of the dangers, emergencies and almost ceaseless work at the front has seemed frequently to be almost superhuman. One nurse told me of the situation in which she had found herself in Belgium, earlier in the war. She was one of the staff of two nurses and an orderly in a hospital hastily established in a vacated house. The equipment of the institution consisted of the ordinary furnishings of the house, a very small quantity of lint, a two ounce bottle of Tincture of Iodine and a large supply of Sunlight Soap.

"Shells were whistling over our heads constantly," the nurse said, "and we knew that any moment might bring swift oblivion or something much worse."

That the particular moment had arrived they felt sure when, in the middle of the night, a vigorous pounding was begun on the front door accompanied by loud imprecations uttered in German. It seemed just as wise to unlock the door as to have it broken in, which momentarily threatened, so it was opened and a uniformed German announced that he had several hundred wounded to dispose of and demanded how many they could take.

The nurse, a tiny, fair-haired slip of a thing, mentally summed up her resources in lint and iodine. Against these she weighed the thought of horrid wounds that would soon begin to fester; of what mere cleanliness would do for a fresh wound that drastic measures could not accomplish a few hours later; of the hasty, blood-stained bandages put on at dressing-stations and now sorely irking poor aching limbs and battered heads; of a jolting journey onward to the next hospital—but this only took a moment to flash through her mind and it was enough. The big German hadn't even had time to grow more impatient when she answered, crisply.

"Fifty."

So the fifty were bundled in. Every improvisation of bed and dressing was resorted to. The iodine was diluted to the —nth degree and Sunlight Soap never did such service before.

All through the night the staff of three kept at it and next day came the surgeon on inspection.

"Remarkably clean wounds," he grunted, "remarkably clean. How did you do it?"

"Sunlight soap," was the laconic reply.

But this is just one instance of the courage and devotion and resourcefulness demanded of the nurses at the front, and of the way they rise to that demand.

As far as possible the very serious cases are taken to hospitals well removed from the firing line so that a hasty change in the battle front may not necessitate their removal. So the nurses in the farther hospitals have their share, too, of the hard work and tests of skill and devotion.

Great Britain with her dominions and the United States have been called upon to do a large part of the nursing of the wounded of all the Allied armies, for in these countries the graduate nurse has reached a standard of numbers and efficiency which few other countries can approach, certainly not France. It is a privilege for the training schools of Britain and America to be able to supply to the Allies this great source of power. That it is regarded as a definite factor in military operations and not only as a matter of justice and humanity is evidenced by the fact that Lord Kitchener is reported to have refused to commence a definite spring movement in France until 70,000 hospital beds were guaranteed to him.

And not only are the hospitals equipped with women nurses but for many of them women have supplied the money, the brains and the organization. The Scottish suffragists have sent out several complete hospital units financed by women and with women filling every post from medical superintendent to orderly.

Knitting socks, making "hussufs" and nursing the sick seem, of course, to be obviously woman's work but woman has entered without a protest into many a field where she was never before welcome. On the public platform the government has been glad of the eloquence of Miss Pankurst and its power to bring recruits. In various trades women are learning to take the place of men and as policewomen and patrols they are demonstrating the possibilities of diplomacy and arbitration in contra-distinction to force.

And not only has the new spirit in women's work invaded every field of activity but also every walk in life. Many titled women are devoting themselves to hospital work and to the very practical work of running coffee houses and restaurants for the soldiers in France, while their sisters at home assume the duties of sending them constant supplies for their enterprises. Women of rank have been willing, too, to devote themselves to quite menial tasks as well as the more imposing ones. Lady Markham, wife of Sir Arthur Markham, who gave his beautiful home at Beechborough Park for the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital devotes herself to the housekeeping problems of that institution and is indefatigable in considering the well-being of the nurses and the training of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, familiarly known as "V. A. D's." Lady Markham may be seen any day in her white head-dress, white uniform and apron, not only superintending but herself doing the actual work of house-cleaning a store-room or demonstrating to a new "V. A. D." the proper way to brush a grate. And, in her few hours of rest Lady Markham seeks a modest little bedroom under the eaves, which is all the space she has reserved for herself in her beautiful country home.

From the Queen to the poorest woman everyone has a hand in war activities. The Queen's birthday, on May the 26th, drew forth many a word of appreciation of her sacrifices. Not only has she contributed money, not only has she given one son to the army and another to the navy, but she has shown the utmost enthusiasm for and devotion to the work of caring for the soldiers both in the field and in hospitals and of alleviating other distresses incident to the war. The Queen has given much pleasure by her visits to the wounded and it was on her thoughtful suggestion that, whenever possible, wounded soldiers are sent to convalesce in hospitals near to their own homes. The two organizations which come most directly under the Queen's personal supervision are Queen Mary's Needlework Guild and the Queen's Work for Women Fund. Through the latter, women and girls have learned to excel in many unaccustomed trades.

In a speech delivered at Newcastle Mr. Asquith spoke most highly of the work done by women in ammunition factories. In one alone between three and four thousand women were engaged in the manufacture of shells.

"In the making of the fuse," he said, "in some ways the most important part of the shell, female labour is just as good, and I am not sure that it is not a little better, than the labour of men.

"When I saw all these women engaged in this, to most of them, absolutely novel occupation, I asked whence they had been recruited, and I was told that some had been milliners, dressmakers, waitresses, barmaids, domestic servants—in fact there is not a single branch of normal female industry which has not been drawn upon for the making of shells."

From other sources one learns that a great many women who have formerly done no work have volunteered for armament work. Perhaps it is because this is so very definitely and directly war work that so many of the well over 60,000 women who have registered for service have asked to be employed in this branch of it. Clerical and agricultural employments come next in order of choice.

The Board of Trade has undertaken various schemes for the training of women in agriculture and they show great enthusiasm and aptitude in learning all that pertains to stock feeding, dairying and the like. About thirty-six women had some months ago been placed on farms, chiefly near their own homes, to minimize the housing problem, and they show every promise of being able to fulfil all the tasks a man might be called upon to do.

Footmen, porters, elevator boys and pages are constantly being replaced by women and girls. In Bath I found the big elevator in the station run by a young woman of pleasantly businesslike mien who punched my ticket and was about to show me gently out onto the platform when I stopped and spoke to her about her new occupation.

"Sometimes I go on the train to examine the tickets too," she told me, with quite forgiveable pride. "Oh yes, it is a little hard at first but one soon learns how to answer all the questions. Numbers of women are doing this work now. The elevator on the 'up' platform is run by a woman, too, and at some of the stations they have women porters."

Women ticket collectors on the underground railways seem to be a great success, too.

As to elevator girls, one big department store at least, in London, has a complete staff of them. They wear costumes of pretty blue drill with an initial in white on each point of the collar. They were most courteous and obviously more helpful than men in listening to and answering the queries of tired shoppers as to just where to go for skirt binding or the latest thing in collar supports. It is said, too, that their superior tact and accuracy of instruction often saves the store a customer.

But, alas, with all their superior qualities the women receive inferior pay. A lift man was paid 22 shillings a week and a lift woman gets only 15 shillings.

At an hotel in Harrogate a visitor expressed herself as "surprised to find the place not all gloom and gout, and that there are even flappers there. Youth certainly is making its presence felt, for in one well-known hotel there have been installed a page-girl and a lift-girl in neat blue uniforms, a wealth of brass buttons, and peaked caps."

If one attempted to go into detail as to the number of organizations of women, and men and women together, which are devoting themselves to the needs of their fellow creatures and their country at this crisis, one might fill volumes, but of the women's organizations a very representative and comprehensive one is the National Union of Women Workers with which 155 societies of national importance are affiliated and whose governing body is the National Council. The Queen is the patroness, Mrs. Creighton the president, and on the list of officers appear many names familiar to women who have long been engaged in work for humanity. Among these names are those of the Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D., president of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and Lady Henry Somerset, well known to temperance workers.

One of the newest and most interesting branches of the work is that done by the Women's Patrol Committee. Miss Norah E. Green, the capable and enthusiastic secretary of the Union, put the object of this work very clearly in a sentence.

"When the war broke out many girls between fourteen and sixteen lost their heads completely and to make friends with these girls and help them not to hinder the men is the object of the Patrols."

There are now over 2,000 voluntary workers in the movement and as these have become trained it has been possible to reduce the number of paid organizers. The work is carried on in the vicinity of military camps where a friendly sympathy is shown towards girls who act foolishly, and legitimate places of wholesome recreation for the

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THIS IS ONLY ONE EVIDENCE OF HOW WOMEN HAVE RISEN TO THE NEED OF THE MOMENT AND IN WHAT A PRACTICAL AND DIRECT WAY THEY HAVE SET ABOUT TO FULFILL IT

An Eight Days' Rain

By Nan Moulton

Author of "And Everywhere That Mary Went," "Colonel Steele," etc.

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

DENNIS LANE, mere-cat cuddled under one arm, blinking owl tucked in the other, stood in the door of the hospital marquee and grinned welcome-wise at all the world. Dennis was very long and very lean after weeks' sojourning with enteric and his freckles were of a paler radiance than in the days when he clambered over bad old kopjes, the youngest and shiniest lieutenant in the Queenshire Fusiliers. But neither kopjes nor bullets nor enteric could take the heart out of Dennis Lane's Irish-Australian smile.

Doc. Raydon, glooming up from the Super's house of corrugated iron, feeling "phutt" and carefully nursing a matutinal hump that was still actively humping at eleven on a July morning on the veldt, halted in the rays of that smile and presently warmed into speech.

"Hello, Denny!" he grumped. "How's the Flower of the Queenshires?"

"Right as rain, Doc. and crazy to discover the world all over again. Called at the Teachers' Quarters yesterday. Shook a bit, you know, and spilled some beastly soup or milk or something hygenic like that on my bib, didn't you, Old Dear?"

He waved his resentful mere-cat at Sister Daunt as she came from the Orphanage Tent, bearing by the hand Little Swanipool, deliciously shy and proud and podgy in his first trousers.

"Here you are!" She greeted Denny with a pat. "He's like a baby learning to walk," she told Doc. Raydon. "Loney-proudy, Denny!" she coaxed. And Denny, with a big, shaky laugh, disastrously mixed up his owl and his mere-cat under one arm and caught her motherly waist in the other with a big, shaky hug.

"She's just the God-lovin'est Old Thing!" he beamed at Doc. Raydon. And Sister Daunt shook her tired, sweet old head at him and gathered up her orphan to depart.

"Do all you like to-day, Denny," she told him. "Come home when you're tired."

"'The world is so full of a number of things'" laughed Dennis. "What'll I do first, Doc? What's the Camp doing this morning?"

"Practising hockey mostly. There's a game on with the Mounted Infantry later in the day. Come on up and watch."

"Right-O! Let's take Hylbrecht, too. O Hylbrecht!"

And Hylbrecht stood shy and quiet in the opening of the marquee and lifted questioning brown eyes under the shadow of her big white cappie. Hylbrecht sheltered so under that cappie that the fires smouldering behind the soft dusk of her big eyes went almost unsuspected. But no cappie, however voluminous and frilled, could dim the warm vivid bloom on her brown cheek. And in the centre of the petalled starchiness, her mouth flamed like a scarlet bud when a white mist sways and drops and lifts again. Seventeen is ripe on the veldt, and Hylbrecht's round little figure left no doubt of a Hollander ancestry. Some soft sedate grace of manner came from a Huguenot great-grandmother Francoise, who had long ago bravely trekked away from her people and across the Vaal with big Jan Prinsloo in his *nachtmaal* waggon into wide sun-washed spaces and saffron-and-crimson sunsets and purple evening distances and big black nights full of swinging stars. Poor little Hylbrecht! The soul of a voor-trekker and a faint inheritance of Gallic grace, the sun and swoon and primitiveness of the veldt, the baptism of the war, the glow and stir of her own warm young life, cappie and handschoen and veldt-schoen of all the Boer women, inarticulate soul,—who could be articulate in the Taal?—lovely and blind before a swift-running life! Poor little Hylbrecht!

Hylbrecht couldn't go to the hockey-practice. Doc. Raydon's cynical smile wried down a corner of his ugly mouth as he listened to Denny's beguilingness and watched the slow untangling of Hylbrecht's lashes as she explained in her soft shy voice in the limited Taal and her bit of broken English that she had to go "by de dorp" for Sister Tanke. Denny never found out whether Tanke was the Sister's real name or not. "Tooth," it meant, and was too heavenly appropriate to be quite real. When Sister Tanke spoke, far be it from any little Dutch probationer at the Camp hospital to do aught but obey. Denny knew that, but he was spoiled, and it was good to be a man again, and alive, and to make Hylbrecht's lashes uncurl in protest. So he teased on while Doc. Raydon hummed softly across his hateful smile:

"Girl of the red mouth,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the red mouth,
Love me!
'Tis by its curve I know,
Love fashioneth his bow,"

And then suddenly Hylbrecht had

slipped inside the marquee with Denny's careless, caressing finger-touch warm along her glowing cheek; and the two men faced up the camp to where hockey held high carnival in the winter sun. The whistle shrilled for "Sticks" just as Denny and the Doc. stumbled on Tommy and Sprinkon (meaning 'grasshopper') who lay on their brown little tummies by the donga that bordered the hockey field above the Concentration Camp. Tommy and Sprinkon were the two picannins who played page and valet for the Super and the P. M. O., respectively, who "dug" together in the usual Camp house of corrugated iron with a shaded stoop back and front and a bit garden picked out in white stones. Tommy grinned impudently up at Doc. Raydon and Doc. Raydon grinned back with a more matured and tireder insolence.

"Boots, Tommy?" he mocked.

"Ikona!" flashed Tommy in a tone that invited tribulation, but Doc. Raydon was telling Denny the story.

"It was yesterday. The Super had left a pair of riding-boots to be cleaned and ready for him when he came down from the match. It was a mad game. Tommy waved ecstatic heels from the edge of the donga and his sporty little black soul was too full of the joy of hockey to remember the pain of cleaning boots. But the Camp lost and the Super is a man of wrath at the best of times. Back at the house, the sjambok was raised and the Super advanced with deliberate and vengeful tread to the corner where the sporty but forgetful Tommy had fled. Suddenly a whistle sounded and an inspired Tommy shrieked 'Sticks, baas!' and escaped with the boots while the sjambok dropped and the Super subsided in helpless amusement.

Poor little Hylbrecht, with the baptism of war in the glow and stir of her own young life

"And did you hear about Colonel Tulloch? No? He called on an afternoon when the Super and the P. M. O. were out. But Sprinkon appeared in the mess-room with tray, bottle, siphon, glasses, all the essentials of bachelor hospitality, and advised the Colonel in an off-hand manner suggestive of years of bon camarade to have a whiskey-and-soda. On hearing the story later from the delighted Colonel, the P. M. O. said his only surprise was that Sprinkon had not sat down and had one himself with the Colonel."

Denny was so beautifully receptive and radiant as an audience that Doc. Raydon bit along with the gossip of the Camp.

"Look at Bluebeard limping!" he commented. Bluebeard was the Dutch parson, the reason for his nickname obvious to him who ran. "The teachers call him 'Father' Trink. He's so leaden and evangelical and placatory, that little Canadian one says. She 'thwacked' him yesterday. 'He's always off-side and among my feet and twisted round my stick,' she explained to me in a breezy aside. I like her for the way she shocks the conventional British school-ma'ams over there. I went over Sunday with a fishing-fly in the front of my hat. 'What are you doing with that *bug* in your hat?' she demanded with charming directness. 'Bug!' Heavens! An awful hush fell over the afternoon tea. Someone took her aside and reasoned with her. Her fresh, clear voice came back to the stoop in protest. It's an odd voice, not nasal, but so utterly un-English—it somehow makes me think of a pine-tree. 'I can't help your old English bugs,' she protested, 'in Canada a bug is any decent insect and just as respectable in print as a spider or an armadillo. In another minute I'll go out and say 'bloody.' "

For the first time the Doc's gloating crow joined Denny's chuckle. Then his malevolent eye lighted on Mrs. Lant, the fat wife of the fatter Camp chemist, as she panted after a skipping puck, and his crow mounted.

"For the love of God, look at that

woman against the wind! Isn't she the old robin! A curve, a tail, and a beak—all on a stick—we used to draw 'em on our slates at school."

Denny turned on him in reproof, but the likeness was so absurdly manifest and comic as Mrs. Lant's straw hat and taily skirt and adipose and trailing stick floated against the blue sky that he grinned again widely and his freckles beamed with wicked glee in his thin, droll face. And the Doc. was getting into his stride.

"What do you suppose Lant told me last night? The Lants had a dinner-party; that little Cheltenham girl had a plum-pudding from home and a box of dipped almonds, and Mrs. Lant builded a feast thereon. A couple of the nurses were there and those two noisy Derbyshire girls and prim little Cheltenham, of course, and the Maple Leaf and the Staff Meds. and the Super and Turner. You know Turner, don't you, the Assistant Super? You know everybody, you confounded political candidate! If you know Turner, 'nough said. That ass Lant said to me after everybody had gone, said it in an admiring, awed tone, too—'Turner, you know, has a profound knowledge of the Scriptures.' 'Knowledge of the Scriptures!' quo' I, 'All Turner knows about the Bible is stories about Potiphar's wife and profound ladies like that.'"

"You've a tongue on you like sulphuric acid, Doc," frowned Denny, the creeping shadow of the other's mood falling across the brightness of his day. "What the devil's the matter with you? Did Lant give you to drink of his blue and green drugs? Are you looking through many glasses darkly?"

"It isn't my eyes." The wried smile dropped on Denny's frown. "I've a gad-sake taste in my mouth."

Denny's grin dawned again at the whimsy, "Any relation to dark-brown?"

"No comparison, infinitely worse," the Doc. assured him. "It was that blighted English pudding from Cheltenham and Lant's jokes. But it's half-time now and the female portion of the hockey-match are coming to embrace you. Flee, while yet you're convalescent!"

Catch Denny fleeing from either adulation or woman! Denny loved every inch of the old earth that morning and every woman-creature in it every morning, and the big soldierly men bearing down on him and the little Kaffirs on the edge of the donga and the dapper little doctor with one lung; and didn't every one always love Denny with his beamy freckles and the Irish core of that wide cajoling grin? Sister Leary of Siege of Kimberley fame arrived in middle-aged decorum and thoughtfulness with a camp-chair into which she plumped down the long, lean, excited boy. The burnished hair of slim Sister Rowland had fallen in waves of glory to her knees, she was a zealous half-back. Denny buried his thin face in the glory unrebuked. The hands he wasn't holding he was kissing. The men thumped him on his lean shoulders when they got a chance, when they didn't, they threatened him with hockey-sticks. Even Sister Tanke ruffled his tousled un-military-looking hair.

"Not up to regulations, Denny," she reproved.

"Call to-morrow," promised Dennis.

The Canadian girl leaned on her hockey-stick and looked at him comradely from under her tam.

"My kid brother says it's great to be crazy," she volunteered, "but it seems to me you'd say it's great to be sick."

"No, Maple Leaf," he corrected, "it's great to be better."

"You win, Corn Stalk," she agreed. "It's greater when you can play hockey. Rather be a goal-keeper, Denny, on the Doornkop veldt than—Game's on again. See you later."

"God bless everybody!" said Denny devoutly as they all flowed back to the combat.

"And make Denny a good boy! Amen!" added Doc. Raydon gravely. "You know, Denny, there's something wrong with you. You're *too* popular. There's a slack fibre or a weak link or a punk spot somewhere. For a real man, you're just too damn rotten popular."

"You're plain jealous, Doc.," jeered Denny, stretching lazy arms to the limitless sky, "and your eye *is* jaundiced. Get that gad-sake stuff out of your system. Why Doc.,"—Denny stood up and faced down towards the Camp—"Why Doc., look at all that and be glad! They're alive, man, alive, alive, alive!" His voice mounted in a chant as he turned Raydon about to where hundreds of tents gleamed white in the naked July sun, and sinister old vrows in their black cappies bent over their braziers, and little Coetze shambled round and round the drill-tent playing "Rooinek," and a group of ragged prisoners-of-war just back from Bermuda dismounted stiffly from trolleys, and a scarlet-caped nursing sister started for the dorp in a Cape-cart, and two small Kaffirs hunted for cigarette stubs at the back of the bachelors' quarters, and sun and smoke and song and sullenness and movement and brooding flowed on together to the sleepy brown veldt below.

"God, but it's good!" Denny bared his tumbled, brown young head. "I thought—I thought—once, you see,—that they were all gone. And never again me nor youth nor my soldier-boys nor the wattles back home nor—nor my blessed old Irish grandmother. And then one day I came up, up out of the black; silly and weak and shaky at first and tears coming sudden as a girl's, but alive, Doc., alive. And now I'm a part of it again and it's almighty good, the klyn Kaffirs, and the July sun, and the men with their hockey-sticks, and Brother Boer, and strength creeping down into shaky legs, and a smoke at bed-time, and this bare old Camp, and little old dusty Doornkop down there with a blush of peach-bloom coming over her and the Shropshires playing in the Square in the afternoon—I'm going down to-day—and that lovely, little Hylbrecht, all warm and soft and dusky—what's that infernal thing you're whistling? You've been whistling it all morning, Doc., bad luck to you!"

And Doc. Raydon's wicked, wried smile twisted again across his mocking music—

"—'Tis by its curve, I know,
Love fashioneth his bow,
And bends it—ah, even so!
Oh, girl of the red mouth,
Love me!"

II

When wars are done, women get back their men. Not their actual presences always, just at first, for War Departments are particular about everything-done-in-order; but men's thoughts go woman-ward, one-womanward usually, and an ache deepens in their throats and their eyes brood. In the little block-house half-way between the Concentration Camp and Doornkop, the three Tommies had done every mortal last thing there was to do, even to an eminently satisfactory and comprehensive washing hanging on the barbed-wire at the back. Every stone was white-washed, every shirt mended, and Departments and Boers alike cursed with exceeding thoroughness. They sat now in the late July afternoon in indolent converse, wistful, and weary of block-house inaction, and, as the mists crept up from the river, one by one their strangling thoughts choked into speech of woman. Into their confidences rode Sergeant Leroy of the Constabulary. Sergeant Leroy was "fed up." When the Canadian Mounted Rifles, in which he had held a commission, had gone back home, Leroy had snatched at a post in the South African Constabulary as being the nearest thing just then to active service. Later on, the Mad Mullah might stir up something. But active service! What price active service? Hadn't he just been filling out a "Locust Report?" One locust had passed the S. A. C. camp yesterday in an easterly direction, didn't stay to specify his sort. What were the fellows all

He swung her round by her shoulders and so held her in the quiet space before the hospital tent

talking about when he came along? Bit by bit he heard. Had he never been engaged? Well, he guessed! It was at Halifax where the Canadian Mounted Rifles had stayed a while before leaving. Didn't they have the time of their young lives? Weren't the girls crazy about them, begging buttons, badges, Gee! And she was a peach, the girl he was engaged to when the troop-ship cleared the docks through cheers and tears. He wrote when he could and got her letters when the mail-trains weren't blown up. At Christmas he had sent her the dandiest box of war-souvenirs he had begged and bought and bullied from every man he met; and at Christmas, getting mail for the first time in many weeks, he broke open the seal of her letter with fingers that trembled from the beating of his heart and—there was another man she cared for more, her ring was in the letter. "It was a bit of a jar," said Sergeant Leroy and shrugged a shoulder.

Around the block-house came the voice of Abraham de Beer refuting the learning that had been added unto him that morning in his school-marquee. Hylbrecht had taken Anna Swart with her down to the dorp and, meeting Paddy Mahone and Abraham at the stepping-stones, they had all come along together. The point at issue was the diurnal motion of the earth. Abraham was vehemently denying the new doctrine.

"See, Hylbrecht," he appealed. "I stand so—I *do not* move—de eart' he do not move—Nê!"

Hylbrecht looked puzzled. If Abraham's English teacher said so, the earth must move. Hylbrecht had never thought about the earth that way, but Hylbrecht believed in the Camp teachers. Still, Abraham with his truculent little body and eager flushed face was not moving. Ach, to learn was very heavy! It was only relief from mental strain that flashed into Hylbrecht's worried warm face when Sergeant Leroy rode round the block-house, swung out of the saddle and saluted with something all alight in his wholesome, plain face. But the flash banished all the locust ennui and set to pounding pulses that had pounded before under the stir of Hylbrecht's shaded eyes. When he started up the slope with them, Hylbrecht frowned, but the smallest Tommy spoke to the others saying—"Bit o' a jar—Garn! That jar 'in't jarrin' so bleedin' bad." And they went to heat yet another tin of Machonachies for supper.

"How is Khaki?" inquired Sergeant Leroy, stooping to pat the head of the yellow mongrel chasing at Hylbrecht's heels.

"Hees tail—eet ees long," scorned Hylbrecht. "Voetzak!" she stamped a petulant foot at the slinking Khaki. Leroy looked hurt. Khaki had been his gift to Hylbrecht. She used to carry the little, yellow wabbling ball warm in her arms and croon over it.

Anna Swart had caught Hylbrecht's hand and was whispering to her, "Ees eet de Capeeten?" "Ja Anna," said Hylbrecht, "You must not talk."

Anna Swart was excited. Anna was twelve and loved Hylbrecht and Hylbrecht had whispered to her of an Adventure and a hero, a story of stepping stones and a risen river and dusk, and a slipping of hurrying veldtschoen, and of a big broad-shouldered man who carried a wet little probationer up to the Camp Hospital, a dripping probationer with little breath and her rose of a mouth paled and drooped with sobbing, and the starch out of her flapping cappie. When he had come again to inquire, the glowing real Hylbrecht and her shy thanks sent him away thinking of poppjes; he had never before thought of poppies. Then he had brought her a yellow, tumbling lump of a puppie whom she had evidently adored in her shy, sweet, wordless way. He rode in to the nurses with fresh meat sometimes after that and lettuce from the thrifty garden of the Constabulary and once a dark red rose for Hylbrecht, a rose that had bloomed one early morning along the south wall of the Resident Magistrate's bungalow before the R. M. was awake.

Anna approved of him.

"Je ees not Engels?" to make sure.

"Canadian," he assured her, and all was well.

She tucked her other hand in his and the boys crowded in close in eager discussion of the prisoners home that morning from Bermuda, and so on to the still-shadowing war.

"De Boers ees slim," said Abraham, "De khakis dey stand on *one* hill—so—and shoot. De Boers, dey stay, yust *some*, above a kopje an' de khakis see dem an' vatch, an' den, de udder Boers, Meester, dey creep down de hill an' around an' up after, an' de khakis turn—queek!—an'—dere—ees Boers all around an' dey shoots de khakis. De Boer ees slim—de khakis ees *not*." And Abraham, who had been pointing out positions and indicating kopjes and lines of march with expressive gesture, folded his arms across a chest swollen with pride. Leroy, watching Hylbrecht's sullen pretty

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The Independence of Canada

By Britton B. Cooke

WITH tempers sharpened by the long hot journey eastward from Calgary in the smoking compartment of the train two travellers—Hebrews—discovered an argument. One was short, cynical and American; he carried "men's wear out of Chicago." The other was tall, good-natured and Canadian; he carried "a line of ladies' ready-made clothes out of Toronto." Friendship, like the pinochle they had been playing on the bottom of the American's upturned imitation-seal club-bag, had worn through.

"Hmph !" the American sneered, after a long gaze out the window, "you think this—" nodding at the prairie, "is a *great* country !"

"What ?" cried the other, slowly and with surprise.

"You think this is a great country—Canada ?"

"Well—Ain't it ?"

"Hmph !"

"Ain't you sold more suspenders in Alberta than the whole of your firm sells in Idaho and Montana together Lou-ee Bumerglim ?"

"That's not the way I judge if it is a great country—by suspenders, Willie Rubinsky !. Indeed not. I judge—" with a flourish of one hand, "I judge by your independence. Have you got a Declaration of Independence like *we* got one ? Have you the complete boss-ship of your own business ? No. You have not." He sighed after this effort.

Complete autonomy within the Empire has been the chief concern of Dominion statesmen—while a lack of autonomy in other and important respects flourishes unprotected

"What you mean by a Declaration of Independence ?" asked Rubinsky, slowly.

"I mean a declaration what you Canadians have the right to do your own business in your own way."

"You mean—because there's a Duke at Ottawa——"

"Na. I mean *business*. Keep your mind on *business* always Willie—and then maybe you'll get a big job offered you some day travelling for pants in New York. I mean,—what I say is; can you do your own business in your own way in Canada ?"

"Certainly."

"Certainly *not*."

"What you mean ?"

"Look here Willie. I met a man in Calgary in the King Edward who was telling me he could sell twenty-five thousand carcasses of beef to the Russian War office if only he lived in the United States instead of Canada."

"What you mean ? You mean the Russian War office won't place the order in Canada ?"

"Oh no. They already *place* the order. They say to this man—who is in the packing line—give us twenty-five thousand carcasses of beef and we will pay in Treasury notes——"

"Maybe the Treasury notes ain't any good ?"

"Good as gold—but the man I am talking to cannot sell the order. For why ? Because the Chicago firms got the meat trade right in their own mitts. He has to go to Chicago to see if he can't rent a good little cold storage space in some of the ocean vessels crossing the Atlantic. For why ? Because Chicago packers control it—and they won't sell him any !"

Silence.

"Ya," drawled the Canadian after thought, "that's the worst of your Yankee Trusts !"

"Trusts ! Maybe—but this time the Trust makes you feel it in *Canada*. Eh? Is that independence ?"

"I don't know. What did the Calgary packer do with his beef then ?"

"He left it on the hoof, alive. Some of it he sold to the gentile butchers around Calgary—a couple of hundred carcasses I guess—and the rest he shipped alive in freight cars to Chicago. He sold the cattle to the Chicago Trust—the same people that wouldn't sell him any cold storage."

"Oh then he was all right? He sold the order just the same ?"

"Of course not just the same."

"Why not ?"

"He sold them cattle *lean*,—skinny after the railway ride. He got the live-weight price only. It took Minneapolis people to fatten them—that was one profit Canada couldn't get. Then Chicago people killed them and dressed them. That was some wages Canadians didn't get. Then the Armours and the Swifts they made soap and soup-squares and lard, and fertilizer and leather out of the by-products of those cattle—and they made a profit on all of it."

"All the profit on the skinny cattle?"

"Every bit of it."

The Canadian seemed downcast then brightening he retorted.

"Ya Lou-ee—but that is only cattle. You must remember where would you Yankees be if Canada took away the pulp wood rights of your newspapers ? What would you do then ?"

"We would take off your rights to Pennsylvania anthracite coal."

"Ya, but supposin' we refused to sell you people nickel from the Sudbury mines—the big supply of nickel in this half of the world ?"

"You don't have to let us. We own it."

"You -!" The Toronto drummer choked with rage. "You don't respect the Truth," he shouted. "You—"

"Pooh !" replied the Chicago braggart with an expressive movement of his wrist, "you argue with heat Willie. You should get you a Declaration of Independence like the United States got it—or shut up."

"Independence from what ? England ?"

"England! No—the United States!"

"You always were a liar," retorted the Canadian, with conviction. "Humph ! Well—when you get through lying I'll beat you another thousand at pinochle. I'll beat you silly. Get your bag. Hmph ! Declarations of Independences !"

The Chicago drummer fishing under the seat brought out once more the club bag, turned it up-side down, so that the wedge fitted down between the knees of the two card players, while the Toronto drummer, producing his pack, counted the cards. They resumed play.

II.

Until the War drove all other subjects of discussion into the shade, the autonomy of Canada, that is to say her complete freedom from interference by the Government of the Mother Country was much spoken of by public men. We were, and we are, almost as proud of our autonomy as we are of our British connection. Statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic have always been careful to guard, or to pretend to guard, that autonomy. Canadian voters have been taught to cherish it at all costs. It has just a little of the nature of a fetich. That this is so is evident from the fact that in guarding against anything that might curtail our political freedom we have failed to observe the quality of our economic freedom. Of trade independence we have less than we think.

Taft thought Reciprocity would make Canada an adjunct of the United States. Canada will never come to that pass provided she watches her relations with the United States as closely as she watched her relations with England before the war. We are already partly dependent upon the United States. This dependence is even growing in some respects. The city of Montreal is financing in New York instead of London. Smaller Canadian cities are changing their bookkeeping and their assessment systems in order to meet the more ready approval of American purchasers of municipal debentures. The imports of common food-stuffs from the United States for Canadian consumption are a serious item. These things, you may say, indicate no real flaw in our independence. You call them examples merely of the necessary interdependence of nations, as inevitable with nations as with men. But observe now the story of a single trade—the trade referred to in the above episode between two travellers. It has nothing to do with the tedious story of Reciprocity. It is a matter of fact, not of opinion. It is a symptom of what might become a dangerous disease—complete economic dependence upon the United States of America. You have seen row-boats drawn into the turbulent wakes of fast steamers? You have observed little streams get lost in big streams? You have known young men's characters to be warped by the older men with whom they lived? The same is possible of a nation.

Here is an example.

III.

The trade in beef will be one of the most important branches of agricultural production in the next few years. When the outbreak of war forced the world to take stock of its assets, it was observed that the human population of the chief nations (The United Kingdom, United States, European Russia, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Canada, the Argentine, Australia and New Zealand) had increased by 19.9% in the years between 1900 and 1913 while the cattle population of the same countries had increased only 4%. There were, in short, more beef eaters and there was less beef. This was the fundamental cause of the increased cost of beef. This fact ensures big prices for cattle during the war and after the war. Until the cattle population overtakes the human population meat will be dear. Wheat, on which the average profit to the Canadian farmer in the years 1910 to 1914 inclusive was just eighty-seven cents per acre, and on which world prices have been tending down ever since 1880-1885, is by comparison a seriously unprofitable crop. In raising cattle lies a great part of the Canadian farmer's opportunity.

In the meat trade Canada is *not* independent. She merely supplies the raw materials on which American workmen and American capital are employed. She gets one profit where she should get several. On the pound of beef which sells in New York or London for say twenty-five cents, Canada has received about eight cents. For a pound of pork sold for say eighteen cents in the same cities, Canada has received possibly six cents! Yet it was Canada's steer and Canada's hog.

Now there are two ways of realizing that opportunity. The first is to sell the live cattle to foreign abattoirs. The second is to "complete" the beef in Canada. The first means, say, eight cents a pound live weight for a steer or eighty dollars for a thousand-pound animal. The second means perhaps the same rate per pound but it can be calculated on a fattened animal instead of a lean animal. It means *finishing* this product of our farms in Canada, giving Canadian abattoir workmen, Canadian abattoir capital and Canadian railway workmen and capital, employment. It will keep the by-products of the abattoirs, soap, lard, fertilizer, soup-squares and leather, in Canadian hands. It means that $34,631,818 worth of cattle can be transformed into $41,208,796 worth of finished meat of which $2,400,000 will be wages and salaries. Remember our export of approximately $8,000,000 worth of live cattle per year—chiefly to the United States—might be turned into an export of say $11,000,000 worth of meat and by-products. The Canadian annual imports of six million pounds of dressed beef, a quarter of a million dollars' worth of lard; a million dollars' worth of soap and from eight to twelve million dollars' worth of hides might then be wiped out and replaced as they should be replaced by Canadian products. More wages for more Canadians. More Canadian customers for more Canadian producers. Less Canadian debt to foreign countries. More surplus to sell to foreign countries to wipe out what we already owe.

Yet is Canada sufficiently independent of the economic machinery of the United States to be able to handle this one department of her own wealth in this second—and most profitable way?

IV.

Last fall there were a million hogs offered for sale in Alberta. For reasons of his own the Alberta farmer wanted to sell his grunters quickly. The Canadian abattoirs absorbed what they

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"Perhaps," said Bronson, "you will be good enough to explain who this man is"

Brandy Sauce

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

TO begin with, the fourth assistant pastry chef at Brownley's by mistake put a double quantity of brandy in the sauce for plum pudding.

The third assistant chef discovered it a few minutes later and reported it to the man higher up. Thus in turn it was brought to the notice of Monsieur Favart who has the same authority in Brownley's kitchen that one Nicholas wields in the Siberian Steppes.

He tasted the sauce, he, himself.

"*Ventre bleu*!" he murmured, withering the fourth assistant pastry chef by looking over his head. "It is lucky we find it out before somebody is served."

"But," objected the guilty chef, "an order of plum pudding with this sauce has already gone out."

"When ?" Monsieur Favart jerked out the question like a general on the battlefield.

"Not five minutes ago."

"Quick. We must get it back. Here Pierre," he addressed a waiter. "Hasten to Henri and bring him to me."

Henri was the head waiter. His imperial dignity melted from him like a lemon ice in August and in an instant he stood respectfully before Monsieur Favart.

"You must find out who has ordered this so dreadful sauce," he commanded after he had explained what had happened. "Then convey my apologies and ask the guest to have something else."

"Very well."

IT was a comparatively simple matter to trace the plum pudding through the checker and the waiter to the ultimate consumer. Henri called the waiter to one side and told him to retrieve the offending dessert.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "It is not possible."

"Not possible ?" Henri looked at the guest who was leisurely dipping up the forty horse power sauce and conveying it to his lips with a spoon. "It is not all gone yet."

"No monsieur," the waiter admitted, "but he has just ordered a second portion."

And he got it, thus saving his job to the fourth assistant pastry cook and settling more firmly than ever in Monsieur Favart's mind the conviction that Canadians will eat anything.

"SLATS" Conover had never taken a drink of Peruna in his life. He had practised prohibition scientifically because he knew that all alcohol reduced efficiency. Possibly that is why he did not recognize the insidiousness of that plum pudding sauce which topped off so cheerfully his midday luncheon. At any rate he was not to be deprived of what was quite the most delightful experience of an otherwise gloomy day spent in the depressing atmosphere of the law books which surrounded his empty office.

There, the secret is out. "Slats" Conover was a lawyer. He was a good one, too, although nobody knew it. He had an absolutely fireproof legal education but couldn't find a case to try it out on.

Most young lawyers have difficulty in scaring up enough business to make any kind of a showing for the first year or two, but "Slats" had other handicaps to overcome besides youth. He didn't look like a lawyer any more than a rabbit and in addition to that he was painfully shy. He didn't inspire confidence.

To refer back to his looks. His nickname was descriptive. Ladies used to gaze after him and murmur, "If I only had his figure." If you know the ideal toward which the shape of the modern woman is tending you can picture him at once. He was so thin that he had to anchor his collar or it would slip down over his shoulders to the floor. He wore a belt but not for utilitarian purposes. It was merely to give the casual observer a place to rest the eye when looking from his feet to his face. Architects will understand the value of the device. Like the equator his waist was merely an imaginary line.

Of course he wasn't really eight feet tall, but seen by himself he gave that impression. You know how a factory chimney looks all by itself out in the open.

"SLATS" was sober and serious. You could tell that by his face. He hadn't laughed heartily since he had first discovered that "Torts" were not something to eat. In truth carrying around as much actual knowledge of the law as "Slats" had was no laughing matter. Where other students had skimmed, Conover had digested. The unconsidered exception that escaped the memory of many a fledgeling had found an indexed niche in his mental scheme. Especially was he a "bear" on real estate tangles in which he had specialized.

He wanted to be a regular fellow, too, but he didn't know how. The art of frivolling is something that most of us learn in our youth at the expense of Latin, Greek, History, Trigonometry and other useful but not ornamental divisions of knowledge. When the science of wasting time has been neglected until later in life it can only be acquired by painful application.

Unless, of course, you get crackerjack tutors.

The transformation of "Slats" Conover from a slaving recluse to a popular idler is worth noting as an exhibit in efficiency of instruction. The first step in the transformation was taken almost immediately after the second helping of plum pudding had disappeared.

"Slats" looked up as the waiter removed the dish and reflected with a pleasing sense of physical comfort that the world was a very pleasant place to live in.

HE gazed about him. To his surprise nearly everyone bowed to him. That was curious. Could it be that he was better known than he suspected? The fact that some of his eyesight had been sacrificed on the altar of legal education sank for the moment into the negligible background.

He realized poignantly that man is a gregarious animal. Individuality is all right but there ought to be some one to tell about it.

The restaurant was pleasantly alive. A not too unobstrusive orchestra played dance music and a few early tea-dancers were taking advantage of the cleared space in the centre of the room. When the music began for a number "Slats" noticed that some of the men from various tables would get up and dance either with their luncheon companions or with other ladies at adjoining tables.

It seemed to be tremendously simple and everyone was having a good time. In the holiday mood in which "Slats" found himself he could see no reason for being left out of the merriment. The trifling fact that he had never taken a dancing lesson in his life was so far back in his consciousness as to be absolutely neglected. Not a close observer of social events, he had remained an isolated island of decorum in a world gone dance mad. The eddies and swirls of the dancing current had raced by him without shaking his solidity. Like a lighthouse upon a rock he had neither swayed nor dipped though all about him was restless motion.

BUT now he was waking up. He looked at the adjacent tables. As before everyone nodded pleasantly. That was enough. "Slats" unfolded his unbelievable length and proceeded gravely to a table about two distant from his own where sat a lone young woman. Who she was he could not determine off hand and especially not until he got closer but that she knew him he was convinced. Had she not nodded and smiled?

In a moment he stood over her just as the other men had when seeking dancing partners. She looked up a little startled, a question in her eyes.

He saw it and answered it with his name. "I am Mr. Conover."

"Oh," she said relieved. "You are a friend of Jack's, are you not?"

"Yes," he admitted wondering meanwhile what Jack's last name was and what relation he was to the young lady. Of course he must know Jack but the world is so full of Jacks and Bills and Dicks that any particular one is hard to locate without more information.

"I am afraid I don't dance the new steps," she faltered as he led the way toward the open space on the floor. "Out in British Columbia where I come from they are still doing the hesitation and the one step. But I learn very rapidly," she went on, "and if you will just lead I will follow the best I can."

She had undertaken a rather larger contract than she realized. "Slats," not hampered in any way by a knowledge of the conventional steps, invented all new ones as he went along, some of them unintentionally difficult.

One by one the other dancers on the floor stopped either for safety or to admire and wonder at the marvelous evolutions of the tall thin young man and the beautiful girl who slavishly copied his every move.

"IT is a hard dance to learn isn't it?" the girl panted half apologetically, as she regained her feet after a step which included a three foot slide on the left foot and ended up with a backward trip. "It is hard because there are so many steps and they are all different. Did you notice that we are the only ones doing it?"

"Slats" was too busy to notice but the orchestra wasn't. They had become so fascinated watching him that they forgot to play and one by one they dropped out until only an oboe was wheezing all by himself. Then embarrassed he looked up suddenly and stopped. Amid wild applause "Slats" escorted the girl to her seat once more and in the flush of success ordered a couple of plum puddings. The waiter who had attended to his wants before passed the word to the one who was stationed at the girl's table and the sauce which was served with the dessert was the old reliable forty-two centimeter variety.

"This is lots of fun," volunteered the girl shyly. "I do hope Jack won't mind. I am sure he won't, though, as you are such old friends."

"ISN'T this Stella Heystek?" said a musical voice.

"Slats" and the girl looked up. Beside the table stood another young lady. The young man's heart dropped down to the neighborhood of the plum pudding when he realized how beautiful this one was. He had never known before that the world was populated with such ravishing creatures and he looked back with regret over twenty-five years spent in male companionship. As far as he could tell she was mostly all eyes with an adorable mouth located conveniently. There were other details of course but he absorbed them gradually later.

"My name *was* Stella Heystek," said his companion.

"Of course," broke in the other. "I knew you were just married. I saw it in the social column of the home paper. Your name is Mrs. Bronson now isn't it?"

"Yes. And you are Evalyn Gilbert," Mrs. Bronson cried delightedly. "You are so beautiful that I hardly knew you. How you have grown up."

"I suppose I have," the girl admitted and then turning to "Slats." "You haven't introduced me to your husband yet, and I am just dying to meet him. If you are going to be stingy I'll do it myself. How do you do Mr. Bronson ?" she greeted him extending a slim cool hand. "I am Evalyn Gilbert and Stella's husband may call me Evalyn."

"I am very glad to meet you, Evalyn." He paused and smiled over the name. For a second he flashed a question with his eyes at Mrs. Bronson and in reply met only tortured indecision. A moment later the opportunity to correct the error gracefully had passed.

"Are you going to live here ?" the girl enquired turning back once more to the bride.

"Oh dear no. Jack has some real estate in the city that is tied up in some sort of a legal difficulty. He had to come to see about it and get a good lawyer to handle it for him so we made it part of our honeymoon trip. Jack is very anxious to get one of the best attorneys in the city. Do you know any ?"

"No," the girl laughed merrily, "not yet, but papa will, and I'll find out from him."

"Thanks, that will be much better than dealing with some one we know nothing of personally. I'm sure Jack will be very grateful."

"Will you ?" Evalyn asked archly including "Slats" in the conversation.

"Me ?" He started from a reverie. "Sure. I'm grateful already."

The orchestra started up again.

"May I borrow your husband for just one dance ? I am dying to teach somebody the new step I have just learned. After that you and I will go somewhere and have a long talk and maybe you will let me go shopping with you. Will you ?"

MRS. BRONSON agreed to all of Evalyn's proposals. She had to. There was no time to think up evasions as the girl was already leading her emergency husband out on the floor.

Fortunately Evalyn regarded this dance as a lesson and instead of allowing "Slats" to make up his own steps as he went along she took the lead and actually taught him how to put one foot in front of the other without breaking his ankles.

While they were deep in the mysteries of the last invention of the Castles' there was a harsh interruption. A heavy hand was laid upon "Slats" shoulder and he was rudely separated from his fair partner. As soon as he stopped spinning his eye made out dimly the figure of an athletic young man with a pointed Van Dyke beard crouched in the accepted position of a pugilist.

Intuition told "Slats" that he was supposed to be the party of the second part in the encounter which was imminent and as the other rushed at him he put up his long arms in imitation of a man about to strike a blow. He lashed out wildly and was fortunate enough not to hit himself. The other man didn't hit him either. This was owing to the fact that unless he stands perfectly still a man of the stuffed string build is very difficult to locate with the fist. "Slats" was not standing still. Quite the contrary, he was staggering from the blow he had inflicted upon the air.

Before hostilities could go any further, Henri the head waiter and his corps of assistants intervened.

The entire party was invited to step into the manager's office. As this was an alternative to arrest they gladly complied.

"NOW what's the matter ?" began the hotel manager in the conciliatory tone of one who does not wish to offend a patron at any cost.

"This scoundrel," began the athletic young man scowling ferociously, "this viper insulted my wife."

"And is this lady your wife ?" said the manager turning to Evalyn.

A chorus of protests came from all the members of the party.

"Very well," said the manager, "I understand. How did it happen ?"

The young man began. "I was married a week ago in the West, and we came here yesterday on our honeymoon. To-day I had an appointment to meet my wife at this restaurant and arrived a trifle late. Imagine my surprise to see her dancing with this gentleman. Not dancing in a dignified fashion like the other people on the floor but doing steps and acrobatics which would not be tolerated in any ball room in the world. I could scarcely believe my eyes. After the dance they sat down and were eating and drinking together when this strange woman whom I do not know came up to the table and shortly afterwards stepped out on the floor with this low hound and began to dance again. My impulse got the better of me. Out where I come from we do not allow a menace of the community to be at large. I admit that I took things into my own hands."

"I see," said the manager beginning to sympathize with the owner of the Van Dyke. He turned to "Slats." "Did you dance with this gentleman's wife ?"

"NOT that I know of," said "Slats" doubtfully.

"Of course he didn't," put in Evalyn smiling sweetly and overpoweringly at the susceptible manager. "He was dancing with his own wife."

"You see," said the manager allying himself with the lady, "there has been some mistake. You were deceived by some fancied resemblance."

"I guess I ought to know my own wife," the young man retorted. "However, it's none of your business and I don't care for your assistance. As for you," he turned fiercely toward "Slats," "you be fairly careful what you do. You are going to hear from me again, you heartbreaker. Just so you won't forget me I'll tell you my name. It's John Bronson." Uttering the last words in the intense tones of a curse he slammed the door after him.

The girl laughed. "He certainly is crazy," she explained to the manager. "He isn't Mr. Bronson at all. This is Mr. Bronson. I know because Mrs. Bronson introduced him to me."

The manager, trusting verbally that all would be well, escorted "Slats" and Evalyn back to the restaurant. At the door he spied the young man with the Van Dyke threading his way between the tables.

"Here boys," he motioned to a couple of porters. "See that fellow with the whiskers ? Get him and put him out and don't let him come in again. He is an imposter and a trouble maker. I think he is drunk besides."

THE porters hadn't had a thing to do for a week except smash overweight wardrobe trunks and they welcomed the prospect of a slight ruction. The way they handled the athletic young man was very creditable indeed. They hardly tore his clothes at all except one arm of the coat and a slight rip in a trouser seam.

Outside the revolving glass doors the young man took up his stand with a brick in each hand waiting for "Slats" to come out.

"Slats" and Evalyn watched him, fascinated, until the police patrol came and took him to the station.

With a sigh "Slats" turned away and said, "Well Evalyn, what shall we do now for excitement ? The world appears to be revolving several hundred miles a minute and we might as well go with it."

Evalyn looked at him queerly. "We had better go back and find your wife, hadn't we ? What do you suppose she thinks about us being gone so long ? She will be worried to death about you."

"My wife ?" "Slats" struck his brow a sharp blow with the palm of his hand trying to remember.

"Surely. Don't you know, you had one a little while ago ? Stella is her name."

"Oh yes," he responded. "Let's go back to her," and to himself he added a fervent hope that he would remember what she looked like.

THEY zig-zagged their way to the table at which they had left Mrs. Bronson. There was no one there. The waiter was putting on fresh table linen and silver.

"Where is the lady who was sitting here with me?" "Slats" demanded secretly relieved that she was not there.

"She left," volunteered the waiter, "about ten minutes ago."

"Where could she have gone?" said Evalyn. "The poor girl doesn't know the city. I am afraid she won't be able to find her way. We must go to her."

"Sure we must go to her," "Slats" echoed. He was in favor of anything that would keep up the relationship with this fascinating young woman.

They returned to the lobby of the hotel. "The first thing to do is to go to your room. Maybe Stella went there to await your return."

"Yes that's it," said "Slats." "We will go to our room."

"Where is it?"

"Oh don't you know where it is? Let's see." He tried to think. There was no reason why he should know where Mrs. Bronson was staying.

"Is it in this hotel?"

"I—I—I don't know."

"Don't know? Don't you know what hotel you are stopping at?"

"They all look so much alike," he explained lamely. "I'll find out. Just wait here while I step over to the desk and ask the clerk."

EVALYN laughed and took a seat in one of the chairs in the lobby.

"Slats" went to the desk and inquired pleasantly of the clerk who at last deigned to notice him if John Bronson were registered there. He was not. While standing at the desk wondering what the next move would be the bright idea occurred to "Slats" to telephone to the other principal hotels and ask at each one until he found the Bronsons. With this in view he went to a telephone booth and rang up the Prince George. Of the clerk who answered he inquired if a party by the name of Bronson were registered there. In the course of time the information was forthcoming. Bronson was in seven hundred and four.

Relieved, "Slats" rejoined the fair Evalyn and gravely informed her what his address was.

"Good," said Evalyn. "That's only four or five blocks away. I'll just go over there with you and see if I can do anything to help Stella out."

"Wouldn't it be better if you went by yourself?" suggested "Slats" tentatively.

"Oh no," she objected. "Your wife will be so worried about you. It wouldn't be fair for you to stay away any longer."

So they walked over to the hotel and with a confidence born of a knowledge of the room number "Slats" conveyed her to the elevator. The floor clerk happened to be on the floor below or they never would have gotten past. As it was he discovered the number right around the corner from the elevator and followed by Evalyn he unhesitatingly opened the door and walked in.

A SHRIEK of feminine surprise followed by a masculine "Damn" greeted their entrance.

A lady built on the general plan of a Percheron wearing an elaborately brocaded dressing gown was surprised in the act of curling her hair. When she shrieked she very nearly swallowed a hairpin. A man, very bald on the top of his head, but on the front of his face not very, was engaged in the widely advertised pastime of lathering his face.

The two parties regarded each other in silent amazement and while they did so a thin spiral of blue smoke rose from the heavy-set lady's hair and shortly thereafter one of her bangs dropped off into her lap.

"There must be a mistake," stuttered "Slats" backing into Evalyn and turning hastily to apologize to her.

"I should say there had been a mistake," growled the man truculently.

"I thought that Mr. Bronson had these rooms."

"He has," said the man. "I am Bronson."

"Oh," "Slats" collapsed inside of himself for a moment and then brightened as he said, "If you are Bronson you are the wrong one and I am terribly sorry." They beat a hasty retreat and descended to the lobby.

Evalyn laughed so hard that she scandalized the elevator boy. "My goodness, man," she said at length, "where DO you live? If you can't find a home pretty soon I'll

The young man's heart dropped down to the neighborhood of the plum pudding when he realized how beautiful this one was

Continued on page 300.

Moses and the Moose

By Richard G. Tobin

Illustrated from Photographs

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TO CLICK OFF A FEW THOUSAND FEET OF FILM OF SOME OBLIGING MOOSE

"GOT a fine little job for you Moses,—rich guy wants a few thousand feet of real game pictures—wants 'em right out of the wild and in their native trimmins. Says he don't want to go shooting but thinks he'd like to have a wild game show out at his stone-front some time this fall. He says it will be easy enough to go up to New Brunswick and click 'em off most anywhere. He's got the money—we've got the order, so that's your job until you come back and show us that Moses discovered a moose in the New Brunswick bull rushes."

That was my introduction to moose and big game hunting with a cinematograph camera in New Brunswick. The way the boss told it to me that morning, I thought it would be something like going out to Banff park and taking some pictures of the big rocks. I had heard of a lot of people going to New Brunswick and the North country every fall and I had read some stories about big game hunting. But I had about as much idea of what I was going against as a girl out of a convent has of the meaning of the bright lights on Broadway. And the worst part of it was the "rich guy," who had given the order to the boss, knew little more about big game hunting than I did.

"This million dollar person's name is Horden—son of old man Horden who owns all the milk wagons in this town. Guess you will find him down in the McCormick building. Better call him on the 'phone and see what he wants," continued the boss by way of turning me loose on my new assignment.

It certainly must be great to possess lots of money that some one else has worked like the old Nick to earn! After trying several times I finally got Horden on the 'phone about noon. He had just come into town and was going out somewhere to a horse show in the afternoon, so I had to hustle down and catch him before he went to luncheon—l-u-n-c-h-e-o-n, get that.

"Some folks think it is quite the proper thing to fill up their houses with heads of animals they have slaughtered in the woods," began Horden, as he leaned back in a high-backed swivel chair, put my card to one side and motioned me to a chair by the side of the hand-carved desk. "I'd like to have some myself, but I simply couldn't think of going through those terrible forests and put up with the inconveniences I understand one must endure while hunting big game. I've been told some of the hunters go a whole week without a bath. Fancy that!

"I think it would be great fun though, to have some pictures—movies—of the moose and deer as they run about in the primeval forest. I plan to have a big house party this fall and want the pictures as a sort of stunt. Do you think you can get them?"

That certainly was a great question to ask a man who had served as a staff photographer for the *Morning Courier* for four years. Of course I could get the pictures—yards and yards of them. I promised Mr. Rich Guy, as the boss called him, he would have a regular thriller for his house party when he produced my moose and deer films.

So I went over to the Canadian Pacific Railway ticket office and arranged for transportation to St. John by way of Toronto and Montreal. I did not tell the ticket office man what I was going after—my long training as a newspaper photographer taught me to get to the place of my assignment and then "phone the office" if I needed help. All the way up to St. John, I had the time of my life. Think of it! A Detroit millionaire actually was paying real money and lots of it to send me rattling along on a corking fine train, through a country that was filled with interest and at the end of my journey all I had to do was to go out into the woods and click off a few thousand feet of film of some obliging moose. Arriving at St. John, after a night run out of Montreal, I made inquiries as to the nearest woods in which moose could be found.

"Well, I wouldn't wonder you might stumble on some eight or ten miles out," replied the hotel clerk. "Your guide will know that better than I can tell you. Who's going out with you?"

"Oh, I don't want a guide. I'm just up here to take some moving pictures of some moose. I'd better have some one to help pack the camera, I suppose, but I'm not expecting to stay more than a day or so."

From the character of the sneer and grin that chased each other over the clerk's face I knew I was "in wrong" in some particular.

"Say, Sonny," he said at last, apparently taking pity on me, "you'd better take some one along with you to hear you say your prayers at night. One of those brown bears out there in the brush might take you for a bunch of fresh cabbage and neglect to send us back word he'd detained you. Now you trot right over to Fairville to old man Raynes and tell him you want an outfit to go into the woods. He will fix you out with a guide and a cook kit and a supply of grub, a canoe and the rest of the things you need. If you want to hunt in this neck of the world you had better do as I say. Why say, man, some of those old boys who have been tramping over this part of New Brunswick all their lives won't admit they know the woods yet."

I saw Raynes at once. You can guess that I was about as meek as a cub reporter, too, during that interview with the old outfitter. I confessed I did not know a cussed thing about the woods—the real woods. I told him of my assignment to take moving pictures of moose and wild game to provide a Roman holiday for the young millionaire back in Detroit.

"Well, I swear if it ain't true our public schools are turning out a pack of fools every day," snarled old Charlie as he twisted a strand of his long mustache into the right corner of his mouth.

"I suppose you brought a lot of salt along with you ?" he continued, as he looked me over from head to foot.

"Salt ? What'd I do with salt ?"

"Why, to catch the moose with—you gotta pour salt in a moose's right ear before you can make him stand to have his picture taken."

I could feel the blood rising back of my collar. I certainly did not like the idea of being made a fool of by a New Brunswick woodsman, even if he did know more about moose than I happened to know.

"Save your jokes, Raynes," I blurted out in a flash, "I am up here to fill an order for pictures and I'm going to get 'em if they are to be had. If you want to supply me with two guides and an outfit to take me to where the moose are to be found, I'm ready to pay your price. What do you say, do you want the job or will I have to look elsewhere ?"

Raynes changed his tune at once.

"Well, I will charge you $5 a day for each guide and you'll have to buy the grub. Of course you'll want a hunter's license. I'll loan you a gun to take into the bush with you."

"You're on, here's $50 advance for the guides and $20 for grub, now when can we start ?"

Raynes figured a second and allowed it would be possible to get to the head camp by dark that night.

I sat around his place for an hour or more while his men went scurrying to get together the grub and the other things needed by a "tenderfoot." About the middle of the afternoon we started out of Fairville in an automobile for what Raynes said was to be a ten mile run into the wood to Prince of Wales. It was more like twenty miles. At that point our stuff was loaded into a buckboard and we started off over roads that no other vehicle in the world other than a buckboard could have traversed—it was one continuous line of stumps, ruts, and obstructions. After a trip over this sort of a road for about six miles, through the "brush," as they call it up there, we arrived at Perch lake. Raynes' head camp is located on an island in the center of this lake. The head camp consists of three log cabins built in a little clearing. One was arranged for a living and eating room. The other two are for bunks. The cabins are not very attractive, but they serve their purpose in that rough country, admirably.

The two guides Raynes had sent on from Prince of Wales were right at home in the camp and started in to make things comfortable for a long stay. Big Mike, the guide who could talk English, seemed to regard me in the same degree of scorn that Raynes had shown toward me when I first mentioned my mission back at Fairville. The other guide, a lanky French Canadian, seemed to take it for granted he was along merely as a sort of beast of burden. As he could not speak more than a few words of English, I was perfectly willing he should thus pick out his own work.

"Mike, do you understand what I am up here for ?" I asked of the big guide after we had settled down for a smoke after supper.

"To hunt moose, bear and deer," was his blunt reply, which gave me to understand my question was a useless one.

"That's not the case, Mike—I don't care a cuss about shooting any game. But I do want to take pictures of moose, bear and deer—moving pictures with that big camera."

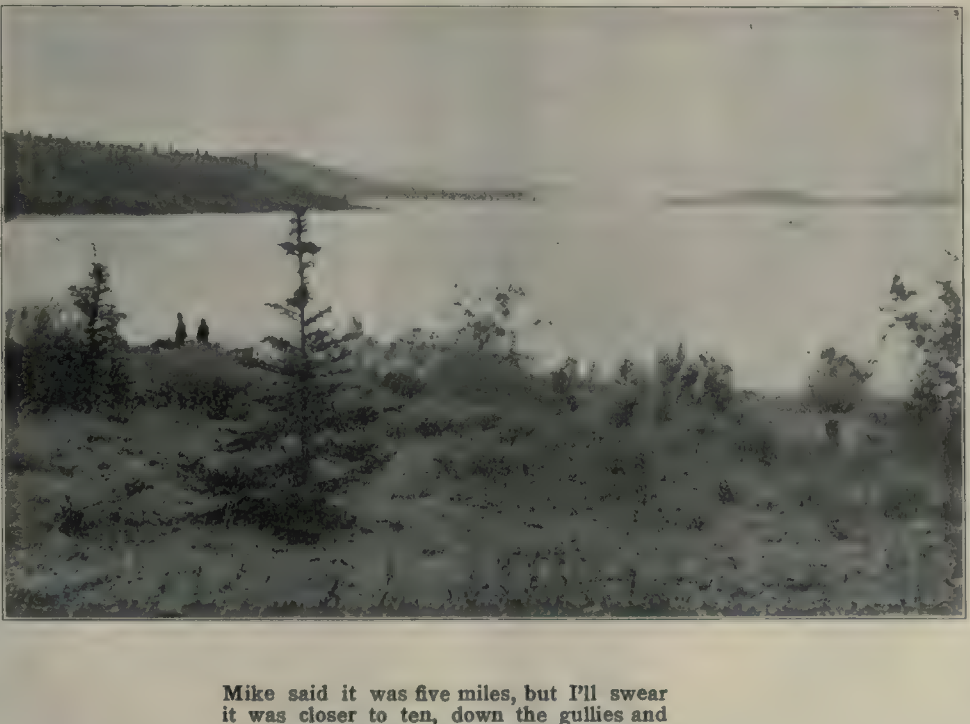
"How far will your picture machine shoot ?" Mike enquired in a tone of voice that indicated he still looked upon me as sort of a joke.

"Well, I can take pictures a hundred and fifty feet away but the object really ought to be closer than that to make the pictures show up right when they are reproduced."

"Hundred and fifty feet ? Holy smoke, man, you don't count on getting close as that to any moose or bear unless he's tied to a stump somewhere?"

"Mike, listen to what I am telling you now for we might as well start right — I don't know a damn thing about moose or bear or deer except the few I've seen in the circus or at the park zoo. This young millionaire down in Detroit wants some big game moving pictures to show at a blow-out he's going to have. He ordered my boss to get them for him. The millionaire don't know any more about big game and hunting than I do. Now what you've got to do is to go out and lasso a bear and a moose, if we can't get them any other way. There's a bright yellow $20 gold piece for you for every picture I get of these three wild animals. Now what do you say, are you for it, or do you want to start back to Prince of Wales to-morrow morning ?"

I thought I'd made a great strike with that offer of $20 gold pieces for Mike suddenly became quite serious.



Mike said it was five miles, but I'll swear it was closer to ten, down the gullies and up the hills, the way we had to walk

He sat thinking for a moment, then his face lightened with a smile that told me Mike was on my side.

"Forget about those twenties, Mister. You're paying for our work and we're here to do the best we know how to nake your trip a winner," Mike said by way of a general peace offering.

"I tell you though you've marked out a mighty big job for us. Now let me tell you some of the A B C's of big game in the woods and you'll see what you're going up against. Take moose first. They can't see very far and are not much on hearing, but they can wind you almost as far as you can see with specks. They not only can wind you but can tell just about where you are through this sense of smell. Bear and deer are about the same way.

"Now, then, I've been in these woods since I was big enough to tote a pack on my back. I've been out here with a lot of different hunters and have seen a heap of moose shot at and a lot less of them killed. The closest I've ever been to a bull moose was fifty yards and that one was goin' away from us at the rate of about a hundred miles an hour the second he got wind of us."

Mike's little lecture on nature study left me about as near to being floored as I had ever been in my life. There I was spending the boss's money on a job that couldn't be delivered. I was sick—squeamishly sick. I even thought of the form of the letter I would have to write to the boss to tell him of my failure and that I was going to work in New York hereafter.

"We won't give up without making a try," Mike finally said in rather a cheerful tone. "We will go over on the Green Ridge trail early in the morning and see what we can find. I've told you just how the land lays so you must not be disappointed if we don't get what we want."

Mike sat in silence for a while apparently thinking of how he was going to manage the "impossible" stunt in the morning. Then he went into the bunk house. I told him I was going to sit up for a time and smoke.

As long as I live I'll never forget that first night in the "brush." I was tired—very tired—but I did not feel a bit sleepy. I had been in the habit of getting in bed around midnight. Ten o'clock seemed quite early. I sat thinking over the events of the day—how my cocky hopes of the morning had been so completely dashed by night fall.

Suddenly it dawned upon me that the fire was getting low. I knew where the woods were but it was so dark I could not see a tree. Then, too, it was so still. Every crack of an ember in the fire sounded almost like the report of a rifle in my ears. Once in a while I heard a long, lonesome howl which seemed to come from somewhere on the other side of the lake. Then it was still again—and dark,—murdering cats, but it was dark!

Continued on page 313.

Truth

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by
John Edwin Jackson

WHEN MAY A MAN LIE TRUTHFULLY? NEVER, OF COURSE. WHAT ABOUT A WOMAN WHO IS TWENTY-FIVE FOR THE SECOND TIME? HERE'S HOW SAPPHIRA THE SECOND ROBBED A BANK, INVENTED A BURGLARY, SAVED A BOY—AND MARRIED A MAN

MR. HEMINGWAY had transacted a great deal of business with Miss Tennant's father; otherwise he must have shunned the proposition upon which she came to him. Indeed, wrinkling his bushy brows, he as much as told her that he was a banker and not a pawnbroker.

Outside, the main street of Aiken, broad enough to have made five ordinary streets, lay red and glaring in the sun. The least restless shifting of feet by horses and mules tied to hitching posts raised clouds of dust, immense reddish ghosts that could not be laid. In the bank itself, ordinarily a cool retreat, smelling faintly of tobacco juice deposited by some of its clients, the mercury was swelling toward ninety. Unless Miss Tennant was cool, nobody was. She looked cool. If the temperature had been 40 degrees below zero she would have looked warm; but she would have been dressed differently.

It was her great gift always to look the weather and the occasion; no matter how or what she really felt. On the present occasion she wore a very simple, inexpensive muslin, flowered with faint mauve lilacs, and a wide, floppy straw hat, trimmed with the same. She had driven into town, half a mile or more, without getting a speck of dust upon herself. Even the corners of her eyes were like those of a newly laundered baby. She smelled of toothpowder (precipitated chalk and orris root) as was her custom, and she wore no ring or ornament of any value. Indeed such jewels as she possessed, a graceful diamond necklace, a pearl collar, a pearl pendant, and two cabochon sapphire rings, lay on the table between her and Mr. Hemingway.

"I'm not asking the bank to do this for me," she said, and she looked extra lovely (on purpose of course). "I'm asking you——"

Mr. Hemingway poked the cluster of jewels very gingerly with his forefinger as if they were a lizard.

"And of course," she said, "they are worth twice the money; maybe three or four times."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Hemingway, "you will take offense if I suggest that your father——"

The muslin over her shoulders tightened the least in the world. She had shrugged them.

"Of course," she said, "papa would do it; but he would insist on reasons. My reasons involve another, Mr. Hemingway, and so it would not be honorable for me to give them."

"OH !" SHE CRIED, WHEN HER FATHER WAS SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED TO LISTEN, "THERE WAS A MAN IN MY ROOM!"

"And yet," said the banker, twinkling, "your reasons would tempt me to accommodate you with the loan you ask for, far more than your collateral."

"Oh," she said, "you are a business man. I could give you reasons, and be sure they would go no further—even if you thought them funny. But if papa heard them, and thought them funny, as he would, he would play the sieve. I don't want this money for myself, Mr. Hemingway."

"They never do," said he.

She laughed.

"I wish to lend it in turn," she said, "to a person who has been reckless, and who is in trouble, but in whom I believe. . . . . . But perhaps," she went on, "the person, who is very proud, will take offense at my offer of help. . . . In which case, Mr. Hemingway, I should return you the money to-morrow."

"This person—" he began, twinkling.

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't bear to be teased. The person is a young gentleman. Any interest that I take in him is a business interest pure and simple. I believe that, tided over his present difficulties, he will steady down and become a credit to his sex. Can I say more than that ?" She smiled drolly.

"Men who are a credit to their sex," said Mr. Hemingway, "are not rare, but young gentlemen——"

"This one," said she, "has in him the makings of a man. Just now he is discouraged."

"Is he taking anything for it ?" asked Mr. Hemingway with some sarcasm.

"Buckets," said Miss Tennant simply.

"Was it cards ?" he asked.

"Cards, and betting—and the hopeless optimism of youth," said she.

"And you wish to lend him five thousand dollars, and your interest in him is platonic ?"

"Nothing so ardent," said she demurely. "I wish him to pay his debts, to give me his word that he will neither drink nor gamble until he has paid back his debt to me, and I will suggest that he go out to one of those big Western cities and become a man."

"If anybody," said Mr. Hemingway, with gallantry, "could lead a young gentleman to so sweeping a reform, it would be yourself."

"There is no sequence of generations," said Miss Tennant, "long enough to eradicate a drop of Irish blood."

Mr. Hemingway swept the jewels together and wrapped them in the tissue paper in which she had brought them.

"Are you going to put them in your safe—or return them to me ?" she asked plaintively.

Mr. Hemingway affected gruffness.

"I am thanking God fervently, ma'am," said he, "that you didn't ask me for more. You'll have to give me your note. By the way, are you of age ?"

Her charming eyes narrowed, and she laughed at him.

"People," she said, "are already beginning to say, 'she will hardly marry now.' But it's how old we feel, Mr. Hemingway, isn't it ?"

"I feel about seven," said he, "and foolish at that."

"And I," said she, "will be twenty-five for the second time on my next birthday."

"And by the way," she said, when the details of the loan had been arranged, and she had stuffed the five thousand dollars into the palm of a wash glove, "nobody must know about this, because I shall have to say that—my gewgaws have been stolen."

"But that will give Aiken a black eye," said he.

"I'm afraid it can't be helped, Mr. Hemingway. Papa will ask point blank why I never wear the pearls he gave me, and I shall have to anticipate."

"How ?" he asked.

"Oh," she said demurely, "to-night or to-morrow night I shall rouse the household with screams, and claim that I woke and saw a man bending over my dressing table—a man with a beautiful white mustache and imperial."

Mr. Hemingway's right hand flew to his mouth as if to hide these well-ordered appendages, and he laughed.

"Is the truth nothing to you ?" he said.

"In a business matter pure and simple," she said, after a moment's reflection, "it is nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Not being found out by one's parents is hardly a business matter," said Mr. Hemingway.

"Oh," said she with a shiver, "as a little girl I went into the hands of a receiver at least once a month——"

"A hand of iron in a velvet glove," murmured Mr. Hemingway.

"Oh, no," she said, "a leather slipper in a nervous hand. . . . But how can I thank you ?"

She rose, still demure and cool, but with a strong sparkling in her eyes as from a difficult matter successfully adjusted.

"You could make the burglar a clean-shaven man," Mr. Hemingway suggested.

"I will," she said, "I will make him look like anybody you say."

"God forbid," said he. "I have no enemies. But seriously, Miss Tennant, if you possibly can, will you do without a burglary, for the good name of Aiken ?"

"I will do what I can," she said, "but I can't make promises."

When she had gone, one of the directors pushed open the door of Mr. Hemingway's office and tiptoed in.

"Well," said he, "for an old graybeard ! You've been flirting fifty minutes, you sinner."

"I haven't," said Mr. Hemingway, twisting his mustache and looking roguish. "I've been discussing a little matter of business with Miss Tennant."

"*What* business ?"

"Well, it wasn't any of yours, Frank, at the time, and I'm dinned if I think it is now. But if you must know, she came in to complain of the milk that your dairy has been supplying lately. She said it was the kind of thing you'd expect in the West, but for an Eastern gentleman to put water in anything—"

"You jump in the lake," said the director. "Everybody knows that spoons stand up in the milk from my dairy, and as for the cream——"

In the fall from grace of David Larkin there was involved no great show of natural depravity. The difference between a young man who goes right and a young man who goes wrong may be no more than the half of one per cent. And I do not know why we show the vicious such contempt and the virtuous such admiration. Larkin's was the case of a young man who tried to do what he was not old enough, strong enough, or wise enough to "get away with." Aiken did not corrupt him; he was corrupt when he came, with a bank account of thirty-five hundred dollars snatched from the lap of Dame Fortune, at a moment when she was minding some other small boy. Horses running up to their form, spectacular bridge hands (not well played), and bets upon every subject that can be thought of had all contributed. Then Larkin caught a cold in his nose, so that it ran all day and all night, and because the Browns had invited him to Aiken for a fortnight whenever he cared to come, he seized upon the excuse of his cold and boarded the first train. He was no sooner in Aiken than Dame Fortune ceased minding the other small boy, and turned her petulant eyes upon Larkin. Forthwith he began to lose.

Let no man who does not personally know what a run of bad luck is judge another. What color is a lemon? Why, it is lemon colored, to be sure. And behold, fortune produces you a lemon black as the ace of spades. When fortune goes against you, you cannot be right. The favorite falls down; the great jockey uses bad judgment for the first time in his life; the football team that ought to win is overtrained; the yacht carries away her bowsprit; your four kings are brought face to face after much "hiking" with four aces; the cigarette that you try to flick into the fireplace hits the slender andiron and bounces out upon the rug; the liquor that you carried so amiably and sensibly in the city mixes with the exciting air of the place where the young lady you are attentive to lives, and you make four asses of yourself and seven fools, and wake up with your first torturing headache, and your first humiliating apology.

Larkin's judgment was good; he was a modest young fellow of very decent instincts, he was neither a born gambler nor a born drinker; but, in the popular phrase, "he was *in* wrong."

Bad luck is not a good excuse for a failure in character; but God knows how wickedly provocative thereof it can be. The elders of the Aiken club did not notice that Larkin was slipping from grace, because his slipping was gradual; but they noticed all of a sudden, with pity, chagrin (for they liked him), and kindly contempt, that he had fallen. Forthwith a wave of reform swept over the Aiken club, or it amounted to that. Rich men who did not care a hang about what they won or lost refused to play for high stakes; Larkin's invitations to cocktails were very largely refused; no bets were made in his presence (and I must say that this was a great cause of languishment in certain men's conversation), and the young man was mildly and properly snubbed. This locking of the stable door, however, had the misfortune to happen just after the horse had bolted. Larkin had run through the most of his money; he did not know how he was to pay his bed and board at Willcox's, where he was now stopping; his family were in no position to help him; he knew that he was beginning to be looked on with contempt; he thought that he was seriously in love with Miss Tennant. He could not see any way out of anything; knew that a disgraceful crash was imminent, and for all these troubles, he took the wrong medicine. Not the least foolish part of this was that it was medicine for which he would be unable to pay when the club bill fell due. From after breakfast until late at night he kept himself, not drunk, but stimulated. . . And then one day the president of the club spoke to him very kindly—and the next day wouldn't speak to him at all.

The proper course would have been for Larkin to open his heart to any of a dozen men. Any one of them would have straightened him out mentally and financially in one moment, and forgotten about it the next. But Larkin was too young, too foolish, and too full of false pride to make confessions to any one who could help him; and he was quite ignorant of the genuine kindness and wisdom that lurks in the average rich man, if once you can get his ear.

But one night, being sure they could not be construed into an appeal for help, or anything but a sympathetic scolding, which he thought would be enjoyable (and because of a full moon, perhaps, and because of an arbor covered with the yellow jasmine that smells to heaven, and a little sweeter), he made his sorry confessions into the lovely pink hollow of Miss Tennant's ear.

Instead of a scolding, he received sympathy and understanding; and he misconstrued the fact that she caught his hand in hers and squeezed it very hard; and did not know that he had misconstrued that fact until he found that it was her cheek that he had kissed instead of her hastliy averted lips.

This rebuff did not prevent him from crowning the story of his young life with further confessions. And it is on record that when Larkin came into the brightly lighted club there was dust upon the knees of his trousers.

"I *am* fond of you, David," she had said, "and in spite of all the mess you have made of things, I believe in you; but even if I were fonder than fondest of you, I should despise myself if I listened to you—now."

But she did not sleep all night for thinking how she could be of real, material help to the young man, and cause him to turn into the straight, narrow path that always leads to success, and sometimes to achievement.

Every spring the Mannings, who have nothing against them except that they live on the wrong side of town, give a clematis party. The Mannings live for the blossoming of the clematis which covers their charming porticoed house from top to toe, and fills their grounds. Ever since they can remember they have specialized in clematis; and they are not young, and clematis grows fast. The fine old trees that stand in the Mannings' grounds are merely lofty trellises for the vines, rich deep purple, to sport upon. The Mannings' garden cost less money, perhaps, than any notable garden in Aiken; and when in full bloom it is, perhaps, the most beautiful garden in the world.

Even Larkin when he paused under the towering entrance vines, a mauve and a purple, forgot his troubles. He filled his lungs with the delicious fragrance, and years after the consciousness of it would come upon him suddenly. And then coming upon tea tables standing in the open and covered with good things, and finding, among the white flannel and muslin guests, Miss Tennant, very obviously on the lookout for him, his cup was full. When they had drunk very deep of orangeade, and eaten jam sandwiches followed by chicken sandwiches and walnut cake, they went strolling (Miss Tennant still looking completely ethereal—a creature that lived on the odor of flowers and kind thoughts rather than the more material edibles mentioned above), and then Larkin felt that his cup was overflowing.

Either because the day was hot or because of the sandwiches, they found exclusive shade and sat in it, upon a white seat that looked like marble—at a distance. Larkin once more filled his lungs with the breath of flowers and was for letting it out in further confessions of what he felt to be his heart's ultimate depths. But Miss Tennant was too quick for him. She drew five one thousand dollars bills from the palm of her glove and put them in his hand.

"There," she said.

Larkin looked at the money and fell into a dark mood.

"What is this for?" he said presently.

"This is a loan," said she, "from me to you; to be a tiding over of present difficulties, a reminder of much that has been pleasant in the past, and an earnest hope of future well-doing. Good luck to you, David."

"HOWEVER, MISS TENNANT, IF YOU POSSIBLY CAN, WILL YOU DO WITHOUT A BURGLARY, FOR THE GOOD NAME OF AIKEN?"

"I wish I could take it," said the young man, with a swift, slanting smile. "And at least I can crawl upon my stomach at your feet, and pull my forelock and heap dust upon my head. . . . God bless you!" And he returned the bills to her.

She smiled cheerfully, but a little disdainfully.

"Very well, then," said she. "I tear them up."

"Oh!" cried Larkin. "Don't make a mess of a beautiful incident."

"Then take them."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oh, you know as well as I do that a man can't borrow from a girl."

"A man?" asked Miss Tennant simply, as if she doubted having heard correctly. Then, as he nodded, she turned a pair of eyes upon him that were at once kind, pained, and deeply thoughtful. And she began to speak in a quiet, repressed way upon the theme that he had suggested.

"A man," she said; "what is a man? I can answer better by telling you what a man is not. A man is not a creature who loafs when he ought to be at work, who loses money that he hasn't got, who drinks liquor that he cannot carry, and who upon such a noble groundwork feels justified in making love to a decent, self-respecting girl. That is not a *man*, David. A man would have no need of any help from me. . . . But you—you are a child that has escaped from its nurse, a bird that has fallen out of its nest before it has learned to fly, and you have done nothing but foolish things. . . . But somehow I have learned to suspect you of a better self, where, half strangled with foolishnesses and extravagance, there lurks a certain contrition and a certain sweetness. . . God knows I should like to see you a man. . . "

Larkin jumped to his feet, and all of him that showed was crimson, and he could have cried. But he felt no anger, and he kept his eyes upon hers.

"Thank you," he said; "may I have them?"

He stuffed the bills into his pocket.

"I have no security," he said. "But I will give you my word of honor neither to drink, neither to gamble, neither to loaf, nor to make love until I have paid you back interest and principle."

"Where will you go? What will you do, David?"

"West—God knows. I *will* do something. . . . You see that I can't say any thanks, don't you? That I am almost choking, and that at any moment I might burst into sobs?"

They were silent, and she looked into his face unconsciously while he mastered his agitation. He sat down beside her presently, his elbows on his knees, his chin deep in his hands.

"Is God blessing you by any chance?" he said. "Do you feel anything of the kind? Because I am asking Him to—so very hard. I shall ask Him to a million times every day until I die. . . . Would it be possible for one who has deserved nothing, but who would like it for the strengtheningest, beautifulest memory. . . ."

"Quick, then," said she, "some one's coming."

That very night screams pierced to every corner of the Tennants' great house on the Whiskey Road. Those whom screams affect in one way sprang from bed; those whom they affect in another hid under the bedclothes. Mr. Tennant himself, a man of sharp temper and implacable courage, dashed from his room in a suit of blue-and-white pajamas, and overturned a Chippendale cabinet worth a thousand dollars; young Mr. Tennant barked both shins on a woodbox and dropped a loaded Colt revolver into the well of the stair; Mrs. Tennant was longer in appearing, having tarried to try the effect upon her nerves and color sense of three divers wrappers. The butler, an Admirable Crichton of a man, came bearing a bucket of water in case the house was on fire. Mrs. Tennant's French maid carried a case of her mistress's jewels, and seemed determined to leave.

Miss Tennant stood in the doorway of her room. She was pale and greatly agitated, but her eyes shone with courage and resolve. Her arched, blue-veined feet were thrust into a pair of red Turkish slippers turning up at the toes. A mandarin robe of dragoned blue brocade was flung over her nightgown. In one hand she had a golf club—a niblick.

"Oh!" she cried, when her father was

sufficiently recovered from overturning the cabinet to listen, "there was a man in my room."

Mr. Tennant	*"A man?"*	furiously
Young Mr. Tennant		sleepily
The butler		as if he thought she meant to say a fire
The French maid		blushing crimson

Then, and again altogether:
Mr. Tennant— "Which way did he go ?"
Young Mr. Tennant "Which man ?"
The butler— "A white man ?"
The French maid (with a kind of ecstasy)— "A man !"

"Out the window !" cried Miss Tennant.

Her father and brother dashed downstairs and out into the grounds. The butler hurried to the telephone (still carrying his bucket of water) and rang Central and asked for the Chief of Police. Central answered, after a long interval, that the Chief of Police was out of order, and rang off.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tennant arrived, and having coldly recovered her jewel case from the custody of the French maid, prepared to be told the details of what hadn't happened.

"He was bending over my dressing table, mamma," said Miss Tennant. "I could see him plainly in the moonlight; he had a mask, and was smooth shaven, and he wore gloves."

"I wonder why he wore gloves," mused Mrs. Tennant.

"I suppose," said Miss Tennant, "that he had heard of the Bertillon system, and was afraid of being tracked by his finger marks."

"Did he say anything ?"

"Not to me, I think," said Miss Tennant, "but he kept mumbling to himself so I could hear: 'Slit her damn throat if she makes a move; slit it right into the backbone.' So, of course, I didn't make a move—I thought he was talking to a confederate whom I couldn't see."

"*Why* a confederate ?" asked Mrs. Tennant. "Oh, I see—you mean a sort of partner."

"But there was only the one," said Miss Tennant. "And when he had filled his pockets and was gone by the window—I thought it was safe to scream, and I screamed."

"Have you looked to see what he took ?"

"No. But my jewels were all knocking about on the dressing table. I suppose he got them."

"Well," said Mrs. Tennant, "let's be thankful that he didn't get mine."

"And only to think," said Miss Tennant, "that only last night papa asked asked me why I had given up wearing my pearls. And was put out about it, and I promised to wear them oftener !"

"Never mind, my dear," said her mother confidentially; "if you are sorry enough long enough, your father will buy you others. He can be wonderfully generous—if you keep at him."

"Oh," said Miss Tennant, "I feel sure that they will be recovered some day—it may not be to-morrow, or next day—but somehow—some time I feel sure that they will come back. Of course papa must offer a reward."

"I wonder how much he will offer !"

"Oh, a good round sum. I shall suggest five thousand dollars if he asks me."

The next day Miss Tennant dispatched the following note to Mr. Hemingway.

Dear, kind Mr. Hemingway:

You have heard of the great robbery, and of my dreadful fright. But there is no use crying about it. It is one of those dreadful things, I suppose, that simply *have* to happen. The burglar was smooth shaven. How awful that this should have to happen in Aiken of all cities. In Aiken where we never have felt hitherto that it was ever necessary to lock the door. I suppose Mr. Powell's nice hardware store will do an enormous business now in patent bolts. Papa is going to offer five thousand dollars' reward for the return of my jewels, and no questions asked. Do you know, I have a feeling that you are going to be instrumental in finding the stolen goods. I have a feeling that the thief (if he has any sense at all) will negotiate through you for their return. And I am sure the thief would never have taken them if he had known how badly it would make me feel, and what a blow he was striking at the good name of Aiken.

I am, dear Mr. Hemingway, contritely and sincerely yours,

Sapphira Tennant,
(formerly Dolly Tennant).

But Mr. Hemingway refused to touch the reward, and Miss Tennant remained in his debt for the full amount of her loan. She began at once to save what she could from her allowance. And she called this fund her "conscience money."

Miss Tennant and David Larkin did not meet again until the moment of the latter's departure from Aiken. And she was only one of a number who drove to the station to see him off. Possibly to guard against his impulsive nature, she remained in her run-about during the brief farewell. And what they said to each other might have been (and probably was) heard by others.

Aiken felt that it had misjudged Larkin, and he departed in high favor. He had paid what he owed, so Aiken confessed to having misjudged his resources. He had suddenly stopped short in all evil ways, so Aiken confessed to having misjudged his strength of character. He had announced that he was going out West to seek the bubble wealth, so Aiken cheered him on and wished him well. And when Aiken beheld the calmness of his farewells to Miss Tennant. Aiken said: "And he seems to have gotten over that."

But Larkin had done nothing of the kind, and he said to himself, as he lay feverish and restless in a stuffy upper berth: "It isn't because she's so beautiful or so kind; it's because she always speaks the truth. Most girls lie about everything, not in so many words, perhaps, but in fact. She doesn't. She lets you know what she thinks, and where you stand. . . and I didn't stand very high."

Despair seized him. How is it possible to go into a strange world, with only nine hundred dollars in your pocket, and carve a fortune ? "When can I pay her back ? What must I do if I fail ?. . ." Then came thoughts that were as grains of comfort. Was her lending him money philanthropy pure and simple, an act emanating from her love of mankind ? Was it not rather an act emanating from affection for a particular man ? If so, that man—misguided boy, bird tumbled out of the nest, child that had escaped from its nurse—was not hard to find. "I could lay my finger on him," thought Larkin, and he did so—five fingers, somewhat grandiosely upon the chest. A gas lamp peered at him over the curtain pole; snores shook the imprisoned atmosphere of the car. And Larkin's thoughts flitted from the past and future to the present.

A question that he now asked himself was: "Do women snore ?" And: "If people cannot travel in drawing-rooms, why do they travel at all ?" The safety of his nine hundred dollars worried him; he knelt up to look in the inside pocket of his jacket, and bumped his head, a dull, solid bump. Pale golden stars, shaped like the enlarged pictures of snowflakes, streamed across his consciousness. But the money was safe.

Already his nostrils were irritable with cinders; he attempted to blow them clear, and failed. He was terribly thirsty. He wished very much to smoke. Whichever way he turned, the frogs on the uppers of his pajamas made painful holes in him. He woke at last with two coarse blankets wrapped firmly about his head and shoulders, and the rest of him half naked, gritty with cinders, and as cold as a well curb. Through the ventilators (tightly closed) daylight was struggling with gaslight. The car smelled of stale steam, and man. The car wheels played a headachy tune to the meter of the

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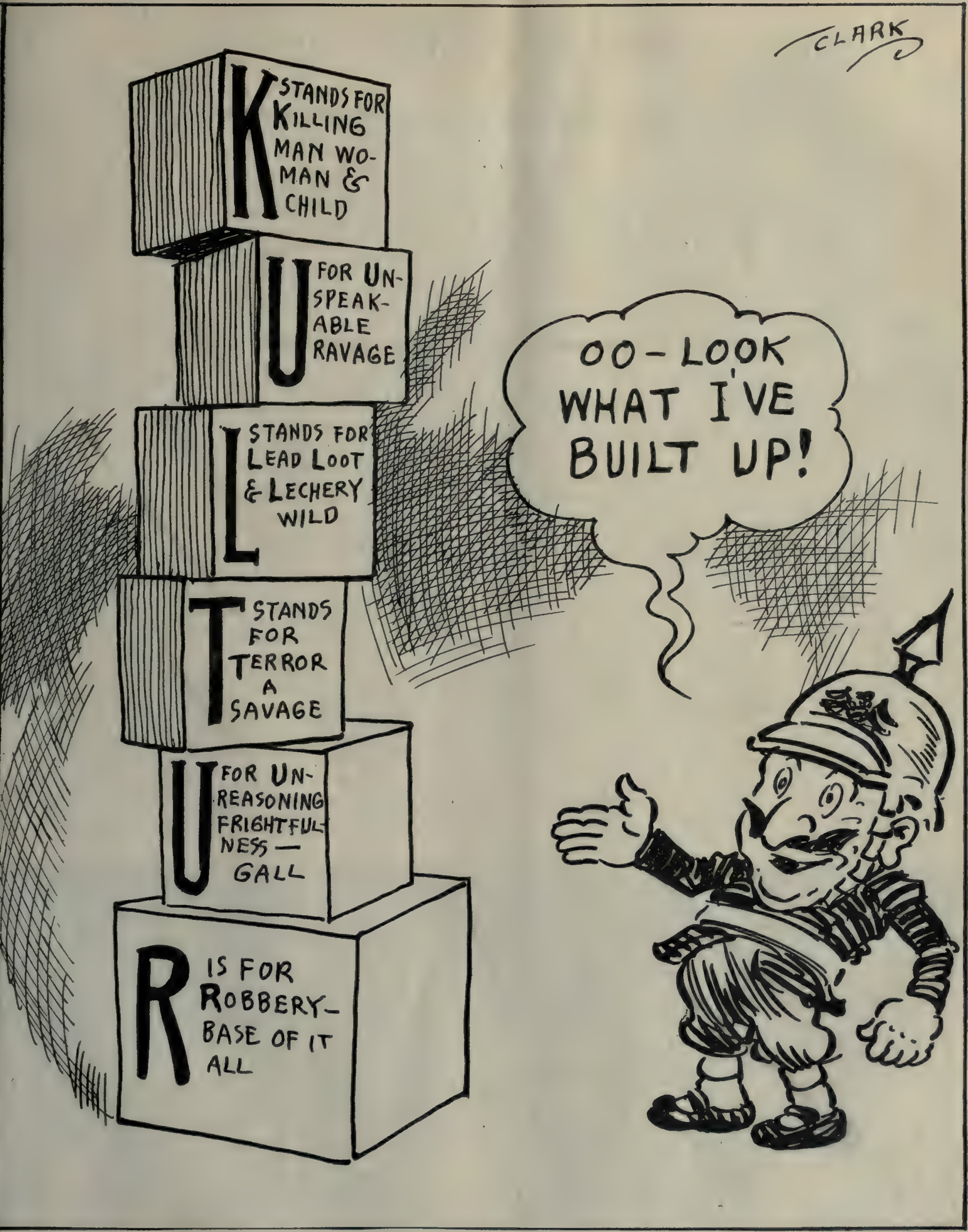
CLARK
K STANDS FOR KILLING MAN WOMAN & CHILD
U FOR UNSPEAKABLE RAVAGE
L STANDS FOR LEAD LOOT & LECHERY WILD
T STANDS FOR TERROR A SAVAGE
U FOR UNREASONING FRIGHTFULNESS — GALL
R IS FOR ROBBERY — BASE OF IT ALL
OO-LOOK WHAT I'VE BUILT UP!

BE CAREFUL, WILLIE, LEST IT FALL ON YOU

In the Forefront

SIR JOHN EATON, THE KNIGHT OF THE BIGGEST STORE; JEAN BLEWETT, POET AND STORY WRITER; SIR PERCY GIROUARD KITCHENER'S RIGHT HAND MAN

The Knight of the Biggest Store

Sir John Eaton whose twenty thousand subjects find him a beneficent ruler

By Helen V. Islington

EVERY time an Ontario town hits the ten-thousand mark, another city is credited to the Dominion. But if the employees of The T. Eaton Co.—Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg—were to be called out and settled by themselves you could make two cities.

Supposing you put Eatontown with its western edge at Toronto's Kingston Road and Timothyville with its eastern boundary at Port Credit, and then blew a whistle and arranged the inhabitants in line between them, they'd touch hands all the way across the nineteen miles! If you marched them out in like array, and added the average daily Eaton shopping crowd in behind, they'd reach well on to twice the distance between Toronto and Hamilton!

But no matter how big a pyramid may be, there's just the one stone at the top. And Sir John, who was a Birthday Knight of this year, is the T. E. Co. crown and summit.

To be sure he was born up there, Sir John was. He didn't have to climb. But, Timothy Eaton who built the great structure being just the sort of wonderful man you'd expect, the future head of the firm was given a free ride to the bottom and asked please to work up. And he did.

This is probably the reason for Sir John's broad sympathies; his concern for the ordinary man with his ordinary hands in his ordinary pockets; and his determination—not altogether unmindful of the interests of the T. E. Co.—to keep the hands at their maximum skill by suitably refilling the pockets.

Sir John has two ways of doing this—no, three. He gives to public enterprises largely. He remunerates his employees fairly. He treats the buying public honorably.

Someone remarked not long ago that his total contribution to things owned by other people or the community, ran up to a million. And this was before the hundred thousand dollar Eaton Battery was added and the private yacht "Florence" turned over to the Militia Department. The Toronto General Hospital, the Y. M. C. A., Victoria College and the Eaton Memorial Church have benefitted most largely and will doubtless continue to do so.

But after all, it isn't the dressed-up photo that tells you the sitter's real character. It's the snap shot.

J. C. Eaton was in Montreal when the *Empress of Ireland* was sunk and the penniless survivors returned, sick and stunned and friendless.

"He just lost his head, that's what," said a worldly-minded acquaintance, "why he fairly shelled out money! He said he didn't care if the people were good or not. They needed it. And

SIR JOHN AND LADY EATON ON BOARD THE YACHT "FLORENCE" that was enough for him. He brought a crowd of them up to Toronto on Saturday and after the store was closed, he took them all in and outfitted the whole bunch."

And indeed this is just the sort of uncalculating generosity that you would expect from an enthusiastic yachtsman, who is also his own most reckless chauffeur and the owner of a big pipe organ which he plays like a master. But then—the original Eaton came from Ireland, which is excuse enough for anything.

When that same Eaton first began to talk "bargains" to the people, in his little Toronto store, started in 1859, he was dynamiting the old science of Canadian business and putting up the steel structure for the new. And every time an advance has been made along this line, even if John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, yet his soul goes marching on.

He it was who started the early closing idea, and all the Eaton employees, together with many other fortunates whose firms have followed suit, get the benefit of an eight-thirty-to-five day, with one o'clock as the benediction hour on Saturday. When a public holiday comes on a Friday, all the little Eatonettes may go out of town for the week-end, just as if they owned limousines, for Saturday sees nobody inside the Big Store but the wax ladies and gentlemen who smile at the windows.

And when four hundred and ninety two men from the store and factories decided that E. stood for Empire even more than it did for Eatons, the little "On Active Service" card in the time-room didn't disqualify them for a pay envelope. Every single man still living draws half, and every married man, full salary.

Last winter things looked pretty dark you remember. Big factories were of course still running full time, but the little fellows were getting out their poor stepladders and tacking "Closed" signs on their front doors.

Then the Biggest Store came to the rescue with a co-operative proposition.

"If you'll let us have one, two or three lines at cost, all that we can dispose of for a month," the T. E. Co. said, "we'll sell them at cost too. You won't make directly and we won't make. But the public will get bargains, your work people and ours will be given employment and the whole current of trade will be hustled along."

The little fellows jumped, you may be sure. One waist manufacturer in Montreal untacked his sign, got in a hundred hands and ran overtime to make the order. Incidentally the present writer who doesn't live in Toronto and didn't know anything about the experiment, happened to go into the Big Store while the sale was on, and bought a blouse whose price ticket is pinned into a favorite and strictly feminine corner of her mind as evidence of one of the greatest bargains she ever landed.

Such actions on the part of the Dominion's most dependable firms give the public courage. No wonder that Canada's export trade in manufactured goods as announced in May had jumped from $5,997,277 for that month of 1914 to $16,121,149 for 1915.

Christmas was marvellous. Toyland flourished, all a-dance around Santa Claus, and although the department had decreased space, the result showed a bigger sale than ever.

Part of this was doubtless due to the indefatigable advertising staff that *will* put on a new stunt every season or die in the attempt. The Santa Spectacle employed a hundred and eighteen kiddies and grown ups from the mother right down to her wee baby who was good enough never, never to cry on the stage.

The latest festival introduced was the May Day Fete of this spring, where seventy-two young sprigs from three to six years old drew a bigger audience than has ever attended an Eaton event before.

"They were a great little human salad, those kiddies," said a man who had to do with them, "young Violet there—front row with her chin in her hands—haled from the Ward. One of the little girls behind her will own lots of money when she grows up and one of the boys—I won't say which—has a near relative who is a lawmaker of the most exalted sort."

"But I thought children weren't allowed on the stage," I objected.

"Oh no," said my informant with a grin, "the only thing forbidden is that they get a paycheck for it. It's quite easy however, to—er—see that interesting presents find their way to certain homes."

Every day during the rehearsal-and-performance week of breathlessness, a big Seeing-Toronto tallyho called at a formerly soberminded church on Perth Avenue, whence some sixty imps and fairies presently appeared with unsabbatic whoops, and were driven through a town that thoroughly appreciated them, to their destination in the Big Store.

"We couldn't starve them you know and yet their mothers might have objected to miscellaneous feeding," my informant said, "so we just gave them arrowroot biscuits. Say, there were enough eaten to set up a small shop!"

And then, when the rehearsal was over and the future Drews and Terrys were piling in again, everybody from the gracious leading lady down, received—a bag of candy!

JEAN BLEWETT

Jean Blewett

Poet and Story Writer

By Irene B. Wrenshall

ONCE in a while, like the perfume of old time mignonette, or the lovely garden rose which attempt no comparison with the exotics of the conservatory—forced into bloom for a moment's passing show—one comes across a character or personality, which by its unconscious charm, its strength and sincerity of purpose, attains a place in the minds and hearts of the people which would never be gained by all the trumpet blowing in the world. It matters little in such a case just how the personality is placed. The genius, which is more often than not an excess, a very over-flow of human sympathy, and a thorough understanding of human nature, will burn, whether it is placed upon the hill-top or in the valley. Such a personality is Jean Blewett—so often called "our own Canadian poet"—so thoroughly Canadian is she in every thought and feeling.

The Canadian children who learn by heart her poetry, scattered through the various Readers, love her without hardly understanding why. Somehow it is easier to learn her stanzas than those of other poets and they don't need to be explained. But those who know her personally can fathom the reason. As someone remarked recently after a visit to the brown bungalow which looks down into the green heart of High Park in summer, or watches with the benign sympathetic eyes of the mistress of it, the young people tobogganing or snow-shoeing down the wooded slopes in the winter. Her writing is just as she talks. You get a poem or a dear homey story every time she speaks. It's little wonder then that when anyone needs advice or counsel it's generally to Mrs. Blewett that they go. Or if any of the teachers of the province, those hard working individuals upon whom such a tremendous responsibility is placed get "blue," it's the poetess they call upon to open the door leading into sunshine and blue skies again. "I love to talk to the teachers," she will tell you, in her soft celtic tones — for she is Highland Scotch on both sides — "I feel as if I understood the things that discourage them — and I could talk for hours to them to cheer them up." It doesn't seem natural to ask Mrs. Blewett if she is a suffragette, or a believer in the various political questions of the day. You know quite well that the same outlook upon life which drifts through her writings, the same tender compassion for need, and the enthusiasm for right will cover those things without a word. Home is her hobby she confesses, and in all her lecturing and her talks given to thousands, you feel the same throb of the centre of the universe.

She Just Keeps House For Me

The following is one of Mrs. Blewett's best known poems and a selection which she frequently chooses for recitation, since it embodies her own philosophy of life and "woman's rights."

SHE is so winsome and so wise
She sways us at her will
And oft the question will arise,
What mission does she fill?
And so I say with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

A full content dwells in her face,
She's quite in love with life,
And for a title, wears with grace
The sweet old-fashioned "Wife,"
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

What though I toil from morn till night,
What though I weary grow,
A spring of love and dear delight
Doth ever softly flow,
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
The woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

Our children climb upon her knee
And lie upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me
The highest and the best,
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

If you ask her that time-worn question as to when she began to write, she will confess that she was but sixteen, living in her old home near Scotia, in Kent county by the shores of Lake Erie. It was a girlish poem entitled, "Sunbeam and Shadow," and idealistic as possible but it caught the fancy of the editor of Frank Leslie's Monthly, and was published almost immediately. "I heard nothing from it for what seemed to me a long time," she said, "but one day I went into the city, and had dinner at the hotel, and among their magazines was the newest issue of the Monthly. I picked it up, and there, the first thing in the book was my poem. It was put in so nicely and with the surroundings occupied the whole page, and the editor had made a note of it, calling me their youngest contributor.

"In a few days I got a letter from the editor enclosing me a cheque for five dollars and telling me that the poem was accepted as much for the letter which accompanied it as for itself."

Immediately after this Jean Blewett began to write for the *Globe*, then under the editorship of Sir John Willison, who commented editorially upon her poem "Good Night" which was the first to appear in the *Globe*.

Since the first little poem appeared in the *Globe* that day, that publication and many others, Canadian, English and American have been enriched with both poetry and prose—fireside stories, of life, East and West—on the farm—in the city, or in the village, or verse, strong and true of ideal, and deeply expressive. For Jean Blewett has had the most liberal of educations, —a close touch with human nature both in the old world and the new. She has gathered inspiration from poor and rich alike.

One of her earliest honors was the winning of a prize of six hundred dollars for a poem on "Spring" from the Chicago *Times-Herald*.

It is an easy matter to understand what a picture of spring she drew, this lover of nature who revels in the delights of her native land as only a Canadian can do.

Following swiftly upon the first larger honor came others.

When the London England Board of Education were bringing out their reader for the various schools, they wrote to Mrs. Blewett to ask for her poem "Native Born," as hers had been selected from all the poems of this country to represent Canada among the poems from each of the colonies. There is an amusing incident connected with this which Mrs. Blewett laughs so over. The cheque came to Jean Blewett Esquire—so strongly written was the poem — and the poetess laughingly asked an old friend in journalism whether she should undeceive them,—"Most emphatically no," was the answer. "They would never believe a woman capable of being chosen as the poet to represent Canada." Which is hardly fair to the English critics, but the advice was followed and the note to the poem "Native Born" was to the effect that the poem was the work of the "eminent Canadian man of letters, Jean Blewett."

It's the human touch in her stories that appeals most to her Canadian readers perhaps, though the same humanity runs through every line of her verse. One time in the west each Mrs. Blewett and her daughter each took with them a camera. When they returned home, while her daughter had dozens of films, Mrs. Blewett had only one. It was typical, for, as her daughter told her, "You won't take a picture unless there is a person in it." Each individuality is a per-

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Colonel Sir Percy Girouard

Kitchener's "right hand man," Lloyd-George's Lieutenant and Chief Organizer of the Committee to secure Munitions

By Madge Macbeth

A VERY small boy sat in a corner of his nursery, apart from the other children, diligently transferring a collection of tin soldiers by means of toy trains, from one side of a map to the other. The maps were covered with lines along which the transports travelled, as intricate a system to the uninitiated as one might see in the C. P. R. yards in Montreal, to-day.

There were no collisions, no delays. The little boy saw to that. He also arranged that all his trains should not be empty or full at the same time. He had tremendously interesting flagging systems, and he worked out plans for the transport of the greatest number of tin soldiers in the shortest possible time from one station to another. He fed them at way-stations and carried supplies with the men. As years went by and he still worked at his maps and trains, he perfected his system so that there was no wasted trackage. He was interested in little else.

And as he played he tilted his fair head sidewise.

For years, no one knew that the sight of little Percy Girouard's right eye was very defective. He was never the sort to complain.

The child's father, a widower, did not take great interest in these shipments. He thought them a rather waste of time, and decided to send the boy off to school where he would be obliged to study along more useful lines. So Edouard Percy Cranwill, son of Mr. Justice Désiré and Mme. (Essie Cranwill) Girouard born in Montreal, January, 26th, 1867 went when still a little boy to the Seminary at Three Rivers in order that he might learn something more useful than railroading !

He did not like the Seminary. In the first place he could not speak his father's tongue, having learned only English at his mother's knee, and he did not take much interest in the boys or their games. Then, too he had no taste for mathematics; one might as well confess that he hated grammar, and Latin was not extremely interesting. The long and short of it was that he hated a school which taught nothing of military matters or the transportation of troops.

Edouard Percy Cranwill Girouard ran away

His father and step-mother returned from a trip to their handsome home and found the lad, then a boy of about fifteen waiting for them.

"I've run away from the Seminary, father," he said, somewhat after the manner of another truth-telling son, whose name looms large in the history of our southern neighbor. "I am going to Kingston. I've already written M. (afterward Sir Adolphe) Caron about it."

"Very well," replied the Judge struggling between astonishment and amusement, "it is your own affair. You must make all the necessary arrangements."

He did.

He studied under a tutor all summer and in the following autumn—1882—he entered the Royal Military College, the youngest pupil ever admitted.

His sense of humor crops out in a letter written to his father shortly after this triumph.

"It was a good thing," he wrote, "that they examined my good eye, instead of the other—or both !"

Graduating in 1886, he was anxious to get immediately into the Army. A consolation to other ambitious youngsters may be gleaned from the fact that he failed in his examinations, and philosophically did the next best thing. He got a berth with the C. P. R., and for two years was engaged in practical railroading in the state of Maine. Just about this time, several extra commissions were placed at the disposal of the Dominion, by the British Government, and Girouard obtained a second Lieutenancy in the Royal Engineers.

He went to Chatham for a few months, studying hard, and then on to Woolwich where it was soon discovered that the young Canadian knew more about practical railroading than his superior officers. His promotion was, therefore, incredibly rapid, and at twenty three he was appointed Traffic Manager of the Royal Arsenal Railroad.

The interested observer might have stepped into his office and might have seen a fair head bent low over charts and plans just as it had been nearly twenty years before. Only instead of transporting tin men and make-believe supplies across maps on the floor, the young manager was diligently figuring how he could save coal. I am not a practical railroader, so I can't tell you how. I can only tell you that he did, to the tune of some six hundred pounds a year, which was not too bad for a bally Colonial, doncherknow !

Having brought his road as near perfection as good management could bring it, Lieutenant Girouard turned his restless energy into a scheme for the coast protection of England. A masterly paper written on the subject, created widespread interest, and a part of his scheme has been adopted. He has since written other articles on a large variety of subjects.

It is not within the range of imaginative possibility that so brilliant a man could remain long hidden from the keen eye of Kitchener, who was ever on the alert for the best men the Empire could produce. And he at once decided that here was a man, probably the best available man, to undertake the construction of the railway across the

COLONEL GIROUARD IN THE PICTURESQUE DRESS OF A MAJOR OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY

Soudan, a stupendous piece of work, but a necessary one if the British troops were ever to reach Khartoum from Dongola.

A little influence was all which was required in the transfer of Lieutenant Girouard from the Arsenal to Egypt where he was to be not the least of the factors who won for England her victories.

The story of that railroad's building reads like a romance—a good old fashioned romance in which a happy termination is only accomplished after troublous scenes with villains, arch-villains and various lesser unsympathetic characters. One cannot go into the desert and make it seeth and hum without a struggle.

The work began with a voluminous report comprising several hundred pages from the Lieutenant to his Chief in which he set forth all the materials he would require from rails and ties down to the number of hand spikes. . . which was not too bad for a boy who never could endure mathematics!

The work ended even more interestingly, from a mathematical point of view, for he saved the British Government TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS beside completing the road in the time specified!

The interim is filled with such a wealth of incident as to be bewildering. One story reminding me of this was told by a U. S. contractor. A superintendent came down the line to inspect a certain piece of work and found that it was not being accomplished with enough speed to suit him. He wheeled upon his foreman rather sharply and complained.

"I'm doin' all I can," replied the man.

"Well," snapped the superintendent, "You'll have to do more than you can, then. You're wasting both time and money. Get more work out of your men."

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Appearing In Manuscript

WHEREIN THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION OF FUNDS SPELLS, "THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW" FOR JIMMY

By Helen E. Williams

Illustrated by E. C. Lonsbury

COUSIN LUCILE TURNED BACK TO REPEAT HER ASSURANCE THAT JIMMY WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL—IN SOMETHING

LEFT-HANDED Jimmy was hard up. Not the first time in his brief and somewhat checkered career, but before there had always been some member of the family who had weakened when confronted by Jimmy's frank young face and had "the facts of the case" laid before them by Jimmy's guilelessly guileful tongue. But this time they were adamant.

It was not as if they were poor. There might have been some excuse for them, then. But they, the Brittons, were rich, grossly almost vulgarly rich, Jimmy had been made to feel by the scions of less moneyed parentage. No. He could have given class dinners at every hour of the day and night, had the spirit moved him, but for the perverted notions extant as to how wealthy men's sons should be brought up. Some people had weird, quixotic ideas that unlimited funds at one's disposal naturally resulted in bounders. Consequently he was fed and clothed and educated and travelled, but given a monthly pittance, which most effectually curtailed his native propensity for lavish expenditure.

He had learned the futility of expostulating with the powers that be, and had for the most part contrived by the proverbial hook and crook to sustain his reputation for doing his part in college circles. But lately his inability to say "No" had let him in for more than he had any immediate prospect to call his own. And his tentative appeal to the head of the establishment had been productive of nothing more substantial than strictures upon the salutary effect of learning to govern your inclinations, and even if you are possessed of much being able to get along with little. Jimmy recognized the sound common sense of the advice, as one is apt to do when it is beyond one's power to profit by it. But the interview left him low-spirited. He had not actually said he was in debt. His father had not, in so many words, refused to advance him money. But it amounted to the same thing. He had got himself into a scrape. Let him get out of it. That was the attitude the family took. And in view of his past record, he had to acknowledge that it might by an impartial mind be considered justifiable. But he was not impartial. And he had to have that money.

He wandered disconsolately about the grounds, and finally sought refuge in the library, where he would be most likely to be unmolested. All sorts of possible and impossible alternatives by which he could raise the money passed through his mind, only to be rejected. As he dismissed the last with a rueful, "No. That wouldn't work," his eye fell on a current magazine, and he started.

A second cousin of his had once written an article, which had been accepted by it, and to the accompaniment of a cheque with three figures on it. And it had not been much of an article, either. He remembered thinking at the time that they must have been jolly hard up for material to put it in, and that he could have written something better himself. That was the stunt. He would write an article to pay off his debt. He had travelled pretty much across Europe. There were some rather good anecdotes he could work in. True, he had never paid much attention to the part of travel, which he summed up as the Gothic and the picturesque. But all that sort of thing had been done to death. He had often seen it deplored that writers felt impelled to describe *what* they saw, instead of *how* they saw it. He would pass lightly over the "what" to the "how" in his article, strike the personal note. And when he had polished this one off, perhaps he would go on and write a series, and be independent of the family coffers. He wondered he had not thought of it before. Ideas seethed in his head. There might be some difficulty in knowing where to stop.

When he came to start he experienced some trouble in knowing where to begin, and his first few pages were pretty much erasures. But it went better afterward, and his pen slid along so easily that he felt his respect for novelists diminishing. His sister, coming in and seeing the copious supply of paper littered about, wanted to know what he was writing, and his, "Oh, only an article," awed her by the offhand inflection he gave it.

"WILL I DISTURB YOU IF I STAY?" SHE INQUIRED, UNCERTAIN AS TO THE WAYS OF GENIUS

"Will I disturb you, if I stay?" she inquired, uncertain as to the ways of genius.

"Surely not. And talk if you like. I can write just as well."

"How clever you must be, Jimmy!" Gladys remarked, with all a younger sister's admiration.

"Oh, it's all in practise, you know."

The family were quite impressed by the literary bent Jimmy had developed. And when the second cousin called, told her he had "taken to writing, too."

"Go and get that article you wrote the other day and read it to your Cousin Lucile," his mother enjoined him. And, nothing loth, Jimmy departed, and soon "On the Wing" was having its first hearing. With the exception of Cousin Lucile, who, rather than cause any family estrangement cryptically delivered herself of assurances of its ultimate success, his audience were enraptured. How he could write such things! How *think* them! And with so little effort. . . .

Cousin Lucile smiled wanly, conscious of the reflection aimed at herself, remembering the hours of seclusion, thought and revision to which she subjected the least consequential of her output before she, all-fearfully, let it go. But Jimmy accepted their homage with easy grace and when Gladys asked how much he expected to get for it, mentioned a sum considerably in advance of his cousin's.

"Do authors receive as much as that for just short articles?" his mother asked, impressed.

"Well, of course Cousin Lucile didn't get quite as much as that for hers, but you see mine is about twice as long, and treats of things no one could possibly know without actually visiting the places—and that counts for a great deal with an editor. Then, too, it's lighter. Now and then you'll find a person who can understand and appreciate the high-brow, involved style, but what the ordinary reader endowed with an average intellect relishes most is an article like mine. It's really harder to write than the other. Anyone can write sense, but it takes genius to knock out nonsense, you know."

"Where are you going to send your article, Jimmy?" his mother asked, deferentially.

"Well, Mater, I have just been thinking about that—just been thinking about that."

"Any of the big magazines ought to be glad of it," put in his sister loyally.

Cousin Lucile said nothing.

"You see the thing of it is this," explained Jimmy, drawing his chair up to his mother's with his most confidential and persuasive smile. "Every magazine has a certain standard of requirements, as they call them, and though your manuscript may be quite all right and its return in no way reflects upon its merit, as they are fair enough to state, if it doesn't happen to jibe with those precious 'requirements,' it's all up with it, so far as that particular magazine is concerned. At least that's how I have figured it out. And the only way writers can get round it is to keep their manuscripts trekking till they light upon a magazine whose 'requirements' are identical with the *motif* of their manuscript. And there they are. Isn't that so, Cousin Lucile?"

"They have to be available, certainly."

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Whence the Gypsies

By Felix J. Koch

Illustrated from Photographs

Autumn, like Springtime, brings with it each year the gypsies. When the late autumnal hazes fall, as when, in the words of the poet:

> "Under my window, spring-time sings,"

watch out for the caravan of gaily-hued wagons filing out the suburban highway to some convenient camp-ground near the river; watch out for the dark-skinned woman who comes to the back-door, presumably to tell fortunes, but more probably to pilfer any stray spoons your maid left handy; watch out for your hen-roost,—time was when one would have told you watch out for your children; though to-day kidnapping is almost *passe* with the gypsies. But, above all else, watch out for the autumn and the spring,—for they and the gypsies go hand in hand!

Whence come the gypsies?

Oh yes, your particular visitors, if you live in Ontario, will tell you they "did" the country from Windsor to Toronto, and if you live in the West they'll tell you they camped from Calgary to Winnipeg. So, back into their history, year on year, the story is the same. On these marches or these winter encampments, gypsies are born, grow up, marry, elect their queens and die, and they are buried often in the nearest country graveyard. But whence, originally, came these gpysies?

The one clue to the origin of this isolated, unlettered race, without tradition and without history, is in the names by which they are called: *ROUM* for Man and *ROMM* for Wife, and *ROMAIN* for their language. From this clue historians have overthrown the tradition of their Egyptian origin, a tradition so long given credence that some of the Gypsies of Western Asia and north Africa themselves have come to believe it. Other ethnologists, however, have gone a step or two farther. Taking the name *Zigeuner* as their clew, they discover Mesopotamian, Saraeen or even Indian origin, while some of them seem to trace a descent from the tribes that wandered from ancient Egypt. To-day the Indian idea seems to meet with most favor among students, although it is agreed that the gypsies must have left the Peninsula before 99 A.D., perhaps in the hordes of Genghis Khan. The conclusions are that they spent some time in Persia, whence one section of the tribe went via Syria to Egypt and to northern Africa, while another passed across Asia Minor to Turkey, entering Europe by way of Greece about 1398, when definite mention of a gypsy chieftain in Hellas is found. In the 14th century gypsy bands traversed the Balkans, and by 1417 were established over Hungary and Transylvania. Despised by the peoples among whom they came for the simple life they observed, they took refuge behind delusions, and claimed descent from ancient kings, though to-day these fables are scouted by those few who settled down to spending at least a year in one place.

Gypsydom, however, is to be found to-day at its best in Hungary, at its worst, its most pitiable misery, in the heart of Roumania, where Romany is most numerous.

A gypsy town in Carmen Sylva's land is different from any other town in Europe. There is no semblance of city government, no hotel or even inn; in fact no place where even the plainest provisions may be purchased. One rides out from the nearest peasant village into the flats, where only an occasional wicker fence, such as the Gypsies are so clever at weaving, stretches off to mark a neighbor's fields, or one of the homes of wattling, coated with blue-painted adobe, or some of the long caravans of ox-teams plodding market-ward break the monotony of the farmland.

Then the Gypsy town, the home of some twenty to twenty-four families, all most closely inter-wed, is sighted, only little hillocks, three or four feet high, upon which the sod seems to grow greener than elsewhere, possibly because not so frequently walked over, and with a dog, half-breed of wolves, snarling at its litter on the mound. There is but one thing to indicate the proximity of a human settlement, and that is the children. Long before the first hillock is sighted, the Gypsy boys and girls, slapping their faces and tearing their hair until the tears start in their eyes, in order to evoke our pity, begin following our *droshky*, begging for a BANI or frane. Like the little Dutch boys along the canals of Monniekendam, who follow the tugs, begging, these gypsy children also have a set form of cry, far more plaintive and touching to the heart. However, they spoil their pleas by over-doing them, causing the visitor to become weary of paying for their self-inflicted pain.

Once ready to dismount at the village itself, the swarm of children is joined by the savage dogs, and between the yelps of these animals and the cries of the children the town is immediately informed of our arrival. From the curious under-ground homes, men, women, and babies appear in legion, verily rising from the ground.

The dwellings of Gypsydom, in Roumania, are subterranean throughout, narrow little cellars just under the surface, with the sloping roof of strong oak timbers, covered by a matting of reeds, upon which the soil, excavated for the dwellings, has been thrown to form a low mound. Occasionally this exterior will be smoothed over, and even given a coat of whitewash, but usually it is left as the soil chances to fall. One low door pierces the home and to it a path is dug through the earth, much as are the entries to snow forts of our boys and girls at home. In winter, when the deep snows almost block these roads, the Gypsy boys tunnel through the ice perforce, in order that they may quit their dwellings, and it is not an unusual thing for a prowling wolf to fall suddenly through the crust into such arcade. Occasionally a little portico, where strings of fish from the brook dry in the summer, adorns the forefacade of these homes.

Gypsy life, however, is little concerned with the home; we are back in the age of the nomads, and nomadic to the last degree is the character of such a village, fitted for use to-day and left to the moles and the hungry dogs without regret on the morrow. Everyone living out-of-doors and staying outside to the hour of retiring, the brown-skinned, dark-eyed men and the women and the children, happy-go-lucky as the American negro, are out in the open, spending their leisure time smoking at the door-side or sauntering among the dogs and the pigs in the road, down to the edge of the corn-fields and the meadows that stretch off to all horizons, their undulating waves broken only here and there by the tremendous Rouman haystacks, for hay in this region is the one great staple and the peasants are forced to gather it all into one large communal stack, that possible incendiaries may suffer with their victims. Vast patches of red peppers, furnishing the national dish of this region, cabbage-fields and tomato-patches also encompass Gypsyland, and to these Bulgarians come to work in the summer, since irrigation from the Danube has made these lands so fertile. But the Gypsies look on and idle.

The road-side, too, swarms with the Gypsies. They loll in the shade of sweet-scented accacias. Though small in stature, the clear-cut, oval features make these folk beautiful to the lover of native types,—the black eyes piercing from beneath the wild, black hair, the pearly teeth standing out against the olive and the brown of the complexion, and the slight, dainty hands and unshod feet adding to the picture.

Reticent only as to their origin, which they claim their elders alone know, these people have a certain frankness and kindliness refreshing to the sojourner among the Balkan folk. Their story, as they tell it, out under the trees, is that of the nomad par excellance:—

"We came here from a camp ground at——, and came there from another at——, and so on, so far back as the oldest *roum* can remember. On these stops we were born, we wed and we will die, and, as were our ancestors, so we will be buried beside the trail. We stop when our leader wills it and build our homes. We work for a year for some landed proprietor, who settles for all of us with the chief—and then we go on, and on, and on."

Dismounting and approaching the huts, they remind us of nothing so much as the dug-outs of Iceland or the cyclone-cellars of Kansas, save for the little portico which the larger hovels possess—of thatch or of reeds, cut from governmental preserves on the Danube.

Crossing the slanted earth floor of this veranda, stooping low at the doorway, one passes underground into a dark, foully-aired chamber, much the shape of a tent, due to the sloping side-walls meeting at an angle overhead, and closed off by a perpendicular framework behind. The supports to these walls are a dozen or more logs, that protrude like ribs into the interior, over which small limbs are laid. The earth, taken over when exhuming the burrow, is thrown over the tops for support. Inside, this soil is smoothed into adobe between the slats, and finally, coated with whitewash. An open hearth, where a cat or two lie, a circular table standing six inches from the ground and serving the entire family; a toy chair, which is the elder's seat—the rest of the family squatting on the earth and a chest or two—constitute the furnishings of the chamber. Two walls of wattling extend upward from the ground to the slanting roof, at right and left, giving the hut a pair of side-chambers, intensely dark and cramped and more fit for wild beasts' lairs than human habitations. In fact in all Europe no more abject homes than these miserable Gypsy huts are to be found.

Smaller families will utilize one of these two cubbies—they do not rise to the dignity of rooms—for barn and stable, where disconsolate geese and chickens mope in the dark, with a miserable cow or hog, beneath a single slit of window.

The other wing of the dwelling consists of a similar apartment, though this may be extended a trifle, and, when whitewashed and given a window or two, possesses a certain coziness, despite its utter poverty and compression.

This is the parlor and living-room of the home, and here the Gypsy wife keeps her choicest possessions. Over the latter the Gypsy, when at home, is fond of puttering, between twirlings of his whiskers — picturesque, he, in long gingham shirt of

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THE PICTURESQUE DRESS OF THE ROUMANIAN GYPSIES IS IN MARKED CONTRAST TO THAT OF THE CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TRIBES

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blueish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut; had imagined a picture wherein the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along, but Dr. Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith, his opinion that she was insane, and his treatment of her, which included substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had marked after the manner of the Salem witches. Claire's death by smallpox had caused her aunt to believe herself responsible and had unhinged her mind, but the new photo made her think it all a dream. Then the spiritualists got hold of her and upset everything. Crow finishes his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary.

CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHT RIDE.

ALL he waited for was my somewhat dubious nod of assent. Already he was in my desk-chair, and by unhooking the telephone-receiver he cut short the flood of questions I'd have overwhelmed him with, if he'd given me the chance.

"There's a taxi-stand on the corner, isn't there? That'll be quicker than phoning for one. Do you mind getting it?"

I answered by catching up my coat and hat. "While you're at the phone, though," said I, "do you mind calling my house and telling Jack or Gwendolyn that I sha'n't be home to-night. Luckily Madeline's away."

"That's a good notion, Drew." He spoke as though it were a particularly shrewd idea, and not in the least satirically either. Evidently it had suggested something to him so instantaneously that he thought the suggestion itself had come from me. He often did that. I wondered what the idea was, but he waved me away, so I rushed out after the taxi and left him to arrange matters his own way.

When I came back with the cab, I found him waiting at the curb. That surprised me, because I had got the idea that secrecy was to be part of the programme. If any one were on the watch, it would be easy enough to see us starting off together, at any rate. Just as Jeffrey took his seat beside me another taxi came up behind, rather slowly, as if waiting to see what we wanted of the road before it tried to pass.

Jeffrey glanced back at it and then called an address to our own chauffeur. The address was that of my own house up-town!

In a moment I thought I had the idea. The taxi behind meant to follow us and Jeffrey had called out that address to throw them off the trail.

Our chauffeur, with a warning gesture to the car behind, pulled out into the road and turned around, the other taxi checking up at the curb to give us room. The occupant of it was an insignificant looking young man who gave you an impression of flashiness and shabbiness all at the same time. He didn't look at us at all, seemed to be looking along for a street number. His taxi was still jogging along close to the curb when we turned the corner.

"We needn't have taken so much trouble to mislead him after all," said I. "I thought for an instant he was a detective, and so, evidently, did you. What address do you really want to go to?"

"That's the right address for your house, isn't it?"

"What are we going to my house for?" I demanded.

"Why," said Jeffrey, "I thought that was your own idea? But it doesn't matter which of us thought of it," he went on as I started to protest. "It's the right place for us to go."

At that the light went out of his eyes and he leaned back limply against the cushions, so completly absorbed in the train of thought that was occupying him that I hadn't the heart for any more questions.

The taxi was chugging along, not so very fast, and I, with the need for haste that Jeffrey had impressed upon me strongly in mind, reached for the speaking tube and was about to tell the chauffeur to speed up a little, when Jeffrey took it away from me and shook his head.

"No hurry," he said. "He's going fast enough."

So by the time we had pulled up at my own door I was pretty completely mystified.

There was another car standing there, and when we got near enough, I recognized it as Jack's big touring car. Evidently he and Gwendolyn were going out somewhere, for the door opened just as our car stopped and they came down the steps.

"Shall we want the taxi again, Jeffrey?" I asked.

"No," he said. "We're through with him."

So I turned to pay the driver. Jeffrey lounged out of the cab and at sight of him, Gwendolyn and Jack both exclaimed their pleasure at the meeting.

I got my change back from the driver of the taxi and then, just as I was turning away to join the group, I saw another taxi round the corner. It might have been fancy, but I thought I recognized it for the same car that had come up behind us just as we were leaving my office. We had been followed then, after all. The car was jogging along in no greater hurry than we seemed to be in ourselves.

"WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING TO DO WITH YOURSELVES?" ASKED GWENDOLYN AS WE CAME UP

"What are you people going to do with yourselves?" asked Gwendolyn as we came up.

"Why, I don't know," said Jeffrey. "We've nothing in particular to do. Why?"

"Then come along and dine with us," said Jack. "We're going down to dine at one of the restaurants."

All the while the other taxi had been drawing closer. Just as it came opposite us, Jeffrey said:

"We'll have to run away afterward. We've an engagement for the end of the evening."

"Let's waste no time beginning it then," said Jack, and he caught Jeffrey by the arm and began pushing him toward the car.

"All right," said Jeffrey.

I followed without a word. The other taxi had gone by, still rather slowly.

Our car started off with a jump the minute the door was shut behind me. Evidently the chauffeur had been told what to do. At the corner we turned to the right, which was natural enough, if one wanted to follow the avenue down-town. But at the first corner we whipped around to the right again and in a minute were flying along on the high speed, northward.

"We timed that pretty well, I think," said Gwendolyn. "I never dressed so fast in my life and I'm sure the hooks up my back are just caught into anything. But it certainly went as smoothly as if it had been rehearsed. I was so afraid I wouldn't be able to say Lafayette at the right time. But he did hear, I'm sure." She turned and peered out of the little back window. "And he isn't following."

"Oh, it worked," said Jeffrey, "like a charm. Even when we don't turn up at the Lafayette, he won't know that we haven't changed our minds and gone to some other restaurant."

"An awful clever idea," said Gwendolyn.

"Drew thought of it," said Jeffrey.

"All I thought of," said I, "was to ask Jeffrey to telephone you that I shouldn't be home to-night. Whenever I've tried to ask him any questions since, about what all these maneuvers meant, he's told me it was my own idea. But I've only just got it through my head what it's all about. Did Jeffrey also tell you," I concluded, "where we were going and what we are going to do, and did he tell you that this was my idea too?"

"He only told us," said Gwendolyn, "that you were going to burgle Beech Hill."

I don't believe any professional ever spoke of cracking a crib more casually than Gwendolyn did.

"I think I've got everything you need in here," she said, "everything you spoke of, and I have put in an extra suit of clothes of Cliff's and one of Jack's for you. It ought to fit pretty well, I think. And then, if anything happens, if your looks get damaged or anything, the fresh clothes will be much more respectable."

"Bully for you," Jeffrey said. "You know you people are a pair of trumps to turn in and help us out this way. We're making criminals of you too. 'Accessories before the fact.' That's the term, isn't it, Drew?"

"We're going to be ever so much more 'accessory' than you think," said Gwendolyn. "We're going all the way to Oldborough. Oh, Jack says it's all right," she went on in answer to my movement of protest. "What's the sense of our getting off at the ferry and going back when we can just as well go all the way and see the fun?"

"I don't doubt if it turns out to be precisely a picnic," said Jeffrey seriously. "I don't see exactly how we're going to work the trick ourselves. And as for taking a gallery along to cheer—"

"Gallery, indeed!" said Gwendolyn indignantly. "I don't believe you have figured it out. What are you going to do with the car while you're burgling? You can't go chugging right up the driveway in it. If you leave it beside the road somewhere, it will attract as much attention as an elephant. If you send it to the garage in Oldborough just with James, that'll look queer, and if you appear yourselves and don't go to the hotel, then you'll have to be accounted for. If you send the car home without you, then you'll have to take a train or the day boat, and that may turn out to be awkward too."

"You've got the difficulties down cold," said Jeffrey, "but I'm hoping that the spur of the moment will supply us with something."

"Wait till you've heard my plan," said Gwendolyn. "Then perhaps you'll apologize for the word 'gallery.'"

"You can't help four people being more conspicuous than two," said Jeffrey with a shake of the head.

"It needs people to account for the car," Gwendolyn retorted. "Jack and I can do that to-night and to-morrow morning. We look pretty respectable. When we turn up at the Oldborough hotel with a punctured tire, no matter what time of night it is, no one will think that there's anything queer about it. And you won't have to appear at all."

"You're right," said Jeffrey. "I withdraw the word 'gallery' and apologize. In the morning, of course, you'll start out for town and pick us up at some lonely bend of the road."

"Perhaps," said Gwendolyn. "But we thought we'd take two rooms—on the ground floor, because I'll be nervous about fire. We'll only use one of them and leave the other so that if you happen to need a place to hide in, or change your clothes again, you'll have it. We'll leave the window open a little and something, oh a towel—hanging over the sill so you'll know. You may not want it but it may come in handy."

Jeffrey laughed. "Richards says you ought to be a member of the force," he observed, "but upon my word, I believe your real talent is for crime."

"It's pretty much the same," she said rather soberly. "You've got to be able to think crimes either to commit them or to detect them."

"I'd argue that point with you," said Jeffrey, "if duty didn't call me to the front. That chauffeur of yours knows the town like the palm of his hand, but it's a dark night and once we get out on the country roads, a cat eyed person like me, who can see in the dark, will be helpful."

We didn't protest very strongly against his going, because we had seen from his air of preoccupation that he wanted the solitude of his own thoughts rather than our talk.

He opened the door, slipped out on the running-board and clambered into the seat beside the chauffeur.

His going turned loose a flood of questions and surmises. What puzzled Jack and me the most was the object of this night journey. What purpose had Jeffrey in mind that could justify this rush in the dark, the risk of detection and capture in the very act of committing a crime? For house-breaking was a crime, even if one didn't mean to make away with the family jewels or plate.

"Whatever his object is," said Jack, "why doesn't he tell us?"

"I doubt if he could tell us any better than he has," said Gwendolyn. "He's found out enough, evidently, to make it clear to him that the crime was committed in that house and his instinct tells him if he can get into the house and look at the actual scene, he will see something that will explain the crime itself!"

Then she set me to work recounting the events of the afternoon—Richard's call, Jeffrey's arrival and the narrative of his adventures on his former visit to Beech Hill, and finally the coming of Dr. Crow.

I told his story as nearly as I could in his own words. And, as I told it, the conviction his narrative had carried with it came back to me.

"I declare," I concluded, "I don't see what more there is to explain. Jeffrey was saying just before Crow came in that no case was complete as long as it contained a single contradictory circumstance. But I am blessed if I see any contradiction in that, because Crow's story fits in absolutely with Richard's present theory of the case, with Mrs. Barton's confession and what Jeffrey himself heard in his stateroom on the night boat."

"What was it that Mr. Jeffrey said when Dr. Crow got through with his story?" asked Gwendolyn.

"Something perfectly trivial," said I, "about returning the photograph they'd given him to paint from. Dr. Crow, said he could mail it to Beech Hill."

"And then?" asked Gwendolyn.

"That was all," said I. "Jeffrey said he wanted to get all off his mind and there wasn't anything else, was there? Crow said no, and that Jeffrey could congratulate himself on a highly successful outcome."

There was a moment of silence. Then Gwendolyn caught her breath. "Oh," she said.

There was another minute of silence and then she asked: "Didn't Dr. Crow see he'd made a slip? Didn't he try to come back and say anything more?"

"You and Jeffrey will be the death of me," I exclaimed. "Yes, he did. That is, he started to say something and checked himself. But how did you know he'd done that? How did Jeffrey know? What was the slip!"

"He'd forgotten the gown," said Gwendolyn, "Don't you see? They loaned Mr. Jeffrey Claire's own gown to pose a model in. It was ever so much more valuable than the photograph, and an infinitely more intimate souvenir of the girl herself. He couldn't have forgotten it, unless—"

"Unless what?" I asked, for she had hesitated there.

When she went on, her voice was graver. "Unless, Cliff, he knew what had become of the gown—unless he'd seen it so often since that he'd almost forgotten Mr. Jeffrey ever had it. He couldn't have forgotten it—not when Mr. Jeffrey had spoken of the photograph and asked him straight out if there weren't anything else."

"*Unless he had known what had become of the gown*!" I sat for five solid minutes trying to fit that stubborn circumstance into Crow's story. He didn't know the gown had been stolen. He couldn't have known—not if he knew no more of Irene Fournier than that he'd bribed her to disappear and give his patient a second chance for recovery.

"There's something else," said Gwendoly thoughtfully, "something else that doesn't fit. There are the earrings, Cliff."

To be continued.

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Colonel Girouard

Continued from page 290.

"I am drivin' 'em as hard to the limit," returned the other doggedly. "What do you think—that they're amphibious and can work *both* day an' night?"

This story might almost be applied to the Chief and his Lieutenant because the former wanted the work rushed and the latter said it could not be done. In the first place he pointed out that he had not sufficient labour and what he had was splendidly picturesque but sadly unimpressive from the point of efficiency. Lord Kitchener could not see it, argued and finally gave some directions as to changes which he thought would expedite the work.

With faith in himself and his methods, with the sublime courage of youth in his convictions, and with a very French Canadian temper, the Lieutenant turned in military fashion upon indignant heel, displayed a haughty and retreating back and was soon lost to view. His Chief meanwhile talked on to the enervating atmosphere.

In a few days Girouard was recalled and the work proceeded as it had been planned—the reconciliation being a lasting tribute to the bigness of two big men.

Lieutenant Girouard is perhaps the only man under Kitchener who persisted in wearing a monocle—not wholly a form of ornamentation in his case—but an appendage which our famous General particularly dislikes.

In the course of the Egyptian campaign the young engineer took part in the operations at Hafir, receiving mention in despatches twice for his services and the brevet of Major on the very day following his promotion to a Captaincy (July 29, 1899) as well as the D. S. O. the British medal and the Khedive's medal with two clasps. A little later he took part in the operations resulting in the capture of Abu Hamed and carried himself with such distinction that he was again mentioned in despatches beside having a clasp added to the Khedive's medal.

His photograph taken in the picturesque head dress of the "Bimbashi" or Major of the Egyptian Army is familiar to many.

A peculiar circumstance paved the way for Major Girouard's work in South Africa. He was seriously retarded in the construction of the Soudan road by the scarcity of locomotives, and learning that several had just been completed for South African use, he got in touch with the late Mr. Rhodes, then Prime Minister of the Cape, arranged that the locomotives be transferred to him and that more be made for the southern part of the continent. This piece of diplomatic engineering led at the outbreak of the Boer war, to his recommendation by Mr. Rhodes as well as other leading figures in various parts of the Empire, as the man to control the Imperial military work in South Africa.

In giving up his work in Egypt to take over the work in the South, Major Girouard relinquished a salary of $10,000 a year for $3,000, beside passing from already arduous work to that which was superlatively difficult.

The observer might have entered his office (often a tent) and again might have seen a fair head bent over maps and charts as it had been nearly thirty years before, tracing out routes and schedules for troops and supply trains over the interminable miles of railway threatened at every point by the enemy.

There is a story told of the discomfiture of a gray haired officer who waited with his men and supplies at a small station and who stopped the train on which the Major was travelling at high speed.

Jumping to the platform the latter demanded by what right the officer stopped his train! The officer who did not know this blond youngster from a hole in the ground, replied that he and his men wanted to get on to——.

He added that the train would stand there all day if necessary until his men and supplies got aboard.

"I'll wait here just five minutes for you and no longer," said the Major, perhaps mentioning his name. At any rate the astonished officer, men and supplies were all pitched on and the engine coughed along its way in the time stipulated.

Sir Percy received his knighthood in 1900 as an Imperial appreciation of his work during the Boer war. He was appointed Director of Railways in South Africa and a year later, Commissioner of Railways for the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

The Commissionership gave him less constructive work than anything previously undertaken and after some bickering in the Commission, Sir Percy resigned. A testimonial in a handsome silver casket signed by 2,700 employees who had worked under him, signifying their regret at his resignation, was presented him. Nor were these employees more appreciative than the British Government which gave him a bonus of five thousand pounds as a means of showing its approval of his services to the Empire.

One of the most unique honors conferred upon him was the presentation of the Freedom of the Ironmonger's Guild. The casket containing the "Freedom" parchment was a miniature replica of the wrought iron old monument box of the Company. Sir Percy is the first soldier and Colonial to receive this honor.

In 1908 he was appointed High Commissioner of the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria, the six year old outpost of the British possessions. It was but natural that he should combine with civil administration a scheme for bringing his vast railroading knowledge into use. Following up a report of the Commissioner, the Home Government decided to build six hundred miles of railway to stimulate the Nigerian cotton industry. Sir Percy had the satisfaction of opening the road, in the presence of 30,000 persons.

One of his most noteworthy pieces of work was the issuing of a proclamation, the intention of which was to forbid "trial by ordeal of sass wood, eserebean or other poisons, boiling in oil, fire, immersion in water, exposure to crocodile or wild animals—in fact any trial liable to result in the death of the victim." He made laudable efforts to abolish witch-craft, the burning of witches and the practice of ju-ju.

Following his appointment in Nigeria Sir Percy was made Commander in Chief of the Protectorate of East Africa, living for some time in the beautiful capital Nairobi. Here he had the honor of entertaining Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess.

The Duke went big game hunting with the Governor, for hunting is Sir Percy's favorite form of recreation.

Back in London he shunned reporters, photographers and the limelight. His intimates know him as the most modest of men, anxious for no exploiting and no loud singing of praise. He has the rare faculty of being able to cast responsibility aside and become merely a big boy again which endears him to the younger generation.

His organizing ability is too well known to require any eulogizing. Because of it he was selected for his present post, and Canada has every confidence in his success, for in the words of Lord Desborough, "He is a great civil servant who has succeeded in every position he has undertaken."

Whence the Gypsies

Continued from page 293.

blue and white, hanging down over white trousers; with a brown coat slung over the shoulders and a rude black hat on his head. The young Gypsy wife, for they are monogamists, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, is close beside; an immaculate white kerchief about her head, but not over her chin, as is the custom with other Roumanian women. A string of coral encircles her neck of bronze—an entail from distant generations—a waist of white, a skirt of blue, and a brown apron to match her complexion.

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common coal oil, and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Children run it. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

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to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new ***Aladdin*** (details of offer given in our circular.) Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to the merits of the ***Aladdin?***

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the ALADDIN on our easy plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 51 lamps the first seven days." Another says: "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls.". Thousands who are coining money endorse the ALADDIN just as strongly.

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The gypsies marry very early and, while the women retain their vivacity and sweet kindliness—the traits which makes the maidens so charming—their beauty fades rapidly, and one sighs with regret that the hideous old crones that chatter in the musical language of Romany should have come to such stage as we find them!

A gypsy's son, in pajamas of white and wearing the tall alpaca cap of these people, assists his mother in getting dinner. And his voice, we note, is, by contrast, almost shrill, having not yet attained the melody of the mature adult. A wrinkled old hag, but with pristine black hair, may also be present—doing her share of the work, for the gypsies attain to great age—living in the open, tilling the fields, camping and trekking—and remain robust to the last.

These, then, are the typical gypsies, in the traditional home of the race. Whether all the tribes have come from here at one time or other is a question. The language seems to say they did. Other things say they didn't. That, though, is a question for the savant. The gypsy himself would put period to your further inquiries by leading you to believe you're right in supposing it is.

Brandy Sauce

Continued from page 277.

turn you over to the dog pound."

"Just a minute. I'll find out by telephone." Finally he found another Bronson registered and made sure of his party this time by asking if it were John Bronson.

Armed with the information he triumphantly escorted Evalyn by taxicab absently holding her hand part of the way.

"You mustn't do that," she protested at first. "Stella wouldn't like it."

"Not as much as I do I'll admit," he said pathetically, "but she surely wouldn't care because it makes me feel less confused."

At the hotel they went up to the Bronson rooms.

This time they rapped on the door. A voice bade them, "Come in."

They did. Seated on the bed crying disconsolately was Stella with her pretty hat over one ear and her nose very red from weeping.

At the window looking out and down and not deigning to turn around stood a man with rumpled hair and hands jammed into his trousers pockets.

Evalyn was naturally surprised and shocked at the presence of a man.

"Why Stella," she began and then she turned in time to grab "Slats" by the coat tails. He was beating a furtive retreat.

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"Wait a minute Mr. Bronson."

At the words "Mr. Bronson" the man at the window turned. It was he of the Van Dyke. His eye lighted with a gleam of malice as he discovered the shrinking form of "Slats."

"Oh ho," he exclaimed, "you even follow my wife to her room do you? By the lord Harry I'll teach you."

"Slats" was no coward and besides he had had three plum puddings so he did not run. Perhaps it would have been better if he had. The women folk hastily congregated in the sitting room adjoining and looked fearfully through the door at the scientific wrecking of the bedroom by the struggling contestants.

Every time that Bronson would throw "Slats" over his head the long arms and legs of the latter would brush a picture off the wall or break some of the glass in the chandelier. It was a royal rough house. Fortunately the walls of the rooms were sound proof so that the struggle was continued to a finish without any interference on the part of the hotel employees.

The fight ended the only way it possibly could, with "Slats" under the bed ruining a genuine Turkish rug by having nose bleed in the middle of it while Bronson danced up and down in the centre of the room brandishing a Louis Quinze chair and inviting "Slats" to come out if he dared.

It is only fair to "Slats" to say that he had not voluntarily sought refuge in the intrenchments. It would never have occurred to him to hide under the bed. He got there quite accidentally because Bronson lost his grip while swinging his opponent around the room by his feet. Centrifugal force carried him to the wall. It was only by chance that it happened to be beneath the box springs of the bed.

"Now," said Bronson at length when there seemed to be no signs of any further resistance, "come here Stella. There is your lover."

"Wh-wh-where?" she asked trembling.

He strode over to the bed and lifted up the scalloped fringe that went around the edges disclosing the pale face of "Slats" who has just succeeded in stopping the flow of blood. "There he is," said the husband pointing dramatically.

"Slats" looked out at her gravely. "Peek-a-boo," he exclaimed. There was a sudden laugh from the doorway where Evalyn had arrived in time to hear the last remark.

"Perhaps," said Bronson ignoring the laughter, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain who this man is."

"Why certainly," began Mrs. Bronson. "Didn't you know who it was all the time?"

"No."

"You tell him, Evalyn."

Evalyn suddenly thrust into the limelight twisted her handkerchief around her forefinger while she thought. At last her memory yielded up a suggestion. "Why this is the attorney you wanted me to get to attend to that property of yours here in Toronto. He is the best lawyer in the city."

"Yes that's who he is," agreed Mrs. Bronson throwing a look of gratitude toward her rescuer. "You see how unreasonable you have been, Jack."

"Humph," her husband sniffed. "He says he is a lawyer, does he? He don't look like one. I'll soon find out. I know enough about law to trap a shyster. You ladies go in the other room and this gentleman and I will soon find out what's what."

Doubtfully the two girls allowed themselves to be shut out from the conference.

"What have I done?" said Evalyn in dismay when she was alone with her friend. "I have only got him into more trouble but it was the only thing I could think of that sounded reasonable. Stella, how could you? And on your honeymoon too!"

"How could I what?"

"Meet clandestinely this old sweetheart of yours?"

"Old sweetheart? I never saw him before. I thought he was a friend of Jack's."

"Then he isn't in love with you?"

"How could he be?"

"Oh dear. I hope Mr. Bronson doesn't kill him. Do you suppose he can fool your husband into thinking he is an attorney?"

"No chance," said Mrs. Bronson gloomily. "Jack took a full law course before he went into the mining game and it wouldn't be possible to fool him."

The two women waited in an agony of suspense. There were no sounds of violence from the next room, only the continued murmur of voices.

After a full hour of talk the door opened and Bronson led out the slender Mr. Conover attired in a broad short suit that left nothing of "Slats" shins to the imagination but successfully

Thirty-Six Highest Awards
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THE International Jury of Awards, at San Francisco Exposition, gave to the International Harvester exhibit thirty-six highest awards covering not only the full line of harvesting, haying and corn machines and binder twine, including **Deering** and **McCormick**, but also the newer lines—the oil engines and tractors, manure spreaders, tillage implements, farm wagons, corn planters, corn cultivators, feed grinders, and seeding machines.

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In 1851 the first reaper was exhibited at the World's Fair in London, and there received the Council Medal. Since 1851 it has been the Company's policy to exhibit and demonstrate its machines wherever the opportunity was offered.

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Mennen's Talcum can be obtained in a variety of tints and perfumes, all made according to the famous Mennen formula, as follows: Borated, Violet, Sen Yang, Narangia (a rich cream color) Flesh Tint (not a rouge but a delicate pink talcum) and Talcum for Men. For sale by more than 20,000 dealers. Send 5c for sample of any variety, or 25c for samples of five. Address, Sales Agents for Canada—

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MONTREAL - QUE.

concealed the rest of him as if he had been wrapped in a circus tent.

"His own suit wasn't fit to wear," explained Bronson, "so I lent him one of mine to get home in." Then he turned to Evalyn who was smiling a vague and ingratiating smile, not knowing whether he was going to strike her or not. "I want to thank you, young woman, for bringing Mr. Conover to see me. Why didn't you tell me who he was in the first place? He is without a doubt the best equipped lawyer I ever met. Stella, where is my check book? I want to give Mr. Conover five hundred dollars as a retaining fee. He is going to handle my case."

"Listen dear," said Mrs. Bronson in alarm, "is that absolutely necessary?"

"Not necessary but customary," said her husband indulgently, "and I am not going to take any chances of losing the services of as smart a man as Conover."

Reluctantly his wife found the check book and watched him with mingled dismay and relief while he wrote an order for five hundred dollars.

When "Slats" and Evalyn were on the street once more she said, "Hadn't you better give me that check?"

"Why?" he asked in surprise.

"Because you got it under false pretenses. He thinks you are a lawyer."

"Well, I am."

"Honest?"

"Exceptionally so."

She drew a sigh of relief. "Well, then I suppose it is all right."

"I'll tell you what," he suggested. "I'll just give you this check and you keep it until I have won Mr. Bronson's case. On that day you can give it back to me."

He handed her the check.

When he left her at her own door she said, "I am glad after all that you aren't her husband."

"Why?"

"Because," she said slowly, "you are too nice to be married to any body—yet."

She laughed and went inside.

He went to the nearest telephone booth and called her up.

"I forgot to ask," he said, after he had told her who he was, "if I could come over once in a while and look at that check to see if it is still safe."

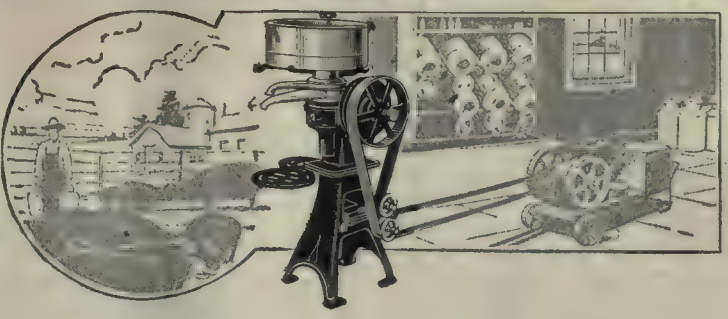
"Why I don't know," she doubted. "How often do you think you would have to come to make sure?"

"Once or twice a day would be all right until we get better acquainted."

She laughed. "Come this evening and we'll talk it over."

When he stepped out of the telephone booth he tapped the breast pocket of Mr. Bronson's coat to see if the legal papers were still there. They were.

"Slats" smiled to himself. "Gee, this is a nice world."



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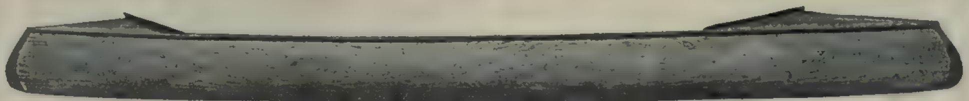

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This letter was received from J. T. Mitchell, of Swift Current, Sask., who purchased the first canoe from this model.

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TORONTO, ONT.

Walter Dean, Esq., Toronto, Ont. Swift Current, Sask.,
Dear Sir, May 25, 1915.

Canoe as per our recent order has been received in good shape.

Let me say that this model is in my opinion the acme of canoe construction. In Eastern waters I had learned to thoroughly appreciate your superior craft but this model surpasses anything which I have heretofore seen. While built for comfort she makes remarkable speed, answers rapidly and is easy to handle in rough and windy weather, an ideal feature in this country. Her lines are superb and I agree with my friends that she is the prettiest as well as the most carefully built boat we have ever seen.

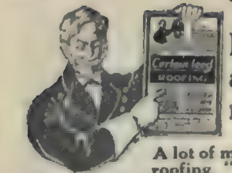
Congratulating both of us, I am,
Very truly yours, J. T. MITCHELL.

Truth

Continued from page 284.

Phoebe, Snow-upon-the-road-of-anthracite verses. David cursed Phoebe Snow, and determined that if ever God vouchsafed him a honeymoon, it should be upon the clean, fresh ocean.

In the smoker bound West there was a fine old gentleman in a blue serge suit and white spats who took a fancy to David; just when David had about



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A lot of manufacturers call their roofing "Rubber Roofing," "Rubberine," "Rubberoid"—Rubber-this and Rubber-that. The life is all out of rubber if exposed to the daylight for six months. There is no such thing as "Rubber Roofing" of any kind. There is no rubber in

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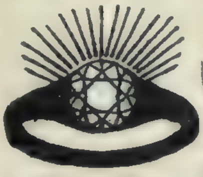

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come to the conclusion that nothing in the world looked friendly except suicide.

If David had learned nothing else from Miss Tennant, he had learned to speak the truth. "Any employer that I am ever to have," he resolved, "shall know all that there is to be known about me. I shall not try to create the usual impression of a young man seeking his fortune in the West purely for amusement." And so, when the preliminaries of smoking-room acquaintance had been made—the cigar offered and refused, and one's reasons for or against smoking plainly stated—David was offered (and accepted) the opportunity to tell the story of his life.

David shook his head at a brilliantly labeled cigar eight inches long.

"I love to smoke," he said, "but I've promised not to."

"Better habit than liquor," suggested the old gentleman in the white spats.

"I've promised not to drink."

"Men who don't smoke and who don't drink," said the old gentleman, "usually spend their time running after the girls. My name is Uriah Grey."

"Mine is David Larkin," said David, and he smiled cheerfully, "and I've promised not to make love."

"What—never ?" exclaimed Mr. Grey.

"Not until I have a right to," said David.

Mr. Grey drew three brightly bound volumes from between his leg and the arm of his chair, and intimated that he was about to make them a subject of remark.

"I love stories," he said, "and in the hope of a story I paid a dollar and a half for each of three novels. This one tells you how to prepare rotten meat for the market. This one tells you when and where to find your neighbor's wife without being caught. And in this one a noble young Chicagoan describes the life of society persons in the effete East."

"Whom he does not know from Adam," said David.

"Whom he does not distinguish from Adam," corrected Mr. Grey. "But I was thinking that I am disappointed in my appetite for stories, and that just now you made a most enticing beginning as—'I, Roger Slyweather of Slyweather Hall, Blankshire, England, having at the age of twenty-two or thereabouts made solemn promise neither to smoke nor to drink, nor to make love, did set forth upon a blustering day in April. . . .'"

"Oh," said David, "if it's my story you want, I don't mind a bit. It will chasten me to tell it, and you can stop me the minute you are bored."

To be continued

One of the most distressing things about life is its so-called pleasures.

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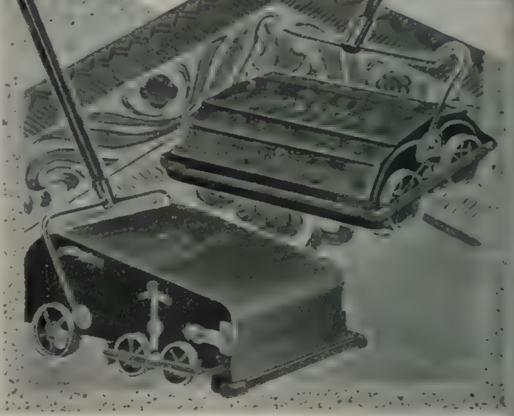

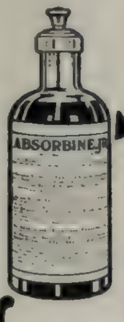

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A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

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512 Lymans Building, Montreal, Canada.

Woman's Work

Continued from page 267.

girls and their soldier friends are provided as well as clubs, where the girls learn to do work which is of real service to the men. How very tactfully such an object must be pursued one can imagine and it is the more remarkable and encouraging that it has met with so much commendation from all quarters, from the girls and the soldiers, to those in places of authority. Lord Kitchener and the Home Secretary have both given instructions that military and police officers shall afford the Patrols every possible backing.

But this is only one evidence of how women have risen to the need of the moment and in what a practical and direct way they have set about to fulfil it. There are hundreds and thousands of other things that they have done and are doing at home and abroad, singly and collectively, to accomplish the work and foster the spirit that this day calls for, and, after the war, what an insight women are going to have into the conditions under which other women live and labour. What a spirit of tolerance will have grown up among them. The "woman movement" will have assumed a new aspect and a new appeal to both the mind and the heart of the nation.

An Eight Days' Rain

Continued from page 271.

face when Anna swung her slightly in walking, attempted no justification of the khaki in whom was no guile and Paddy Mahone contributed—a harrowing tale. Paddy was Irish in freckles and temper and face and body and soul, but he had eaten Boer salt from his infancy and knew no speech but the Taal until the Camp schools brought the difficult English to him.

"Dere was 'n oud man, Baas, an' he fight mid de Engles and hees son, he fight mid de Dutch, Baas, an' dey marched, an' one day dere was—wat you call it baas, in Engles? Battle?—dere was 'n battle, Baas, an' dey shoot, dat one man he shoot hees son. Den he see vat he hev made an' he run to hees son, var he makes bluidy and dies an' he say, 'Oh, vat can I do for you ?' but hees son say"—Paddy's tone grew bitter— "Nê, for me kan you nutting do—no more,' an' hees son take de bluid from hees—hees—meat, where eet ees torn an' he mark wit' it on hees fader's face an' he say, 'Dar, ven you die, you will kome up wit' dat mark upon you for yudgment before Yesus—you have killed my—' an' he died."

The dramatic pause was broken by an ill-favored young Boer who shambled past saying "Dag !" and looking appealingly at Hylbrecht as he half-hung on one awkward foot. "Voetzak !" hissed Hylbrecht and flushing darkly he dropped his ill-clothed shoulders and hurried on while the children called "Bluid-dog !" after him until the purple shadows of a kloof swallowed him. By the "bluid-dog" Leroy knew him for a National Scout and Anna informed him, after looking at Hylbrecht's outraged face, that he was Dirk Potgieter who had once hoped to make Hylbrecht his vrouw until he with

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GRAND TRUNK ROUTE

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO. Sarnia Ontario

his father had gone hunting brother Boers for the detestable English.

"Wit' de Engles I *would* even mak friend," said Abraham, "wit de bluid-dogs—never !"

Anna Swart's lips went tight at every mention of the English. Her father had been a field-cornet before the war—he was now a prisoner-of-war in the West Indies. One of her uncles had been a Colonel and one a Commandant during the war.

"I hev see them fight," she told Leroy, "on my own farm. The Boers were here and the khakis there—so—and you could not see—it was all dark, the shooting make it so."

"The smoke," suggested Leroy.

"Yes, that ees it, de shmok. Fifty Boers can fight one hundred and five khakis and beat them." Up went Anna's expressive nose. "De khakis is silly. Dey comes like dis—all together—so—how you say it ?—"

"Steadily, shoulder to shoulder," Leroy helped out.

Apparently satisfied, Anna went on, "De Boers go, one here, one dere, one dere—so—an' de Boers shoot and keel—oh, so many at one time. De English is *not* good."

"But it's all over now, Anna, and you must be friends with the English," advised Leroy cheerily.

"Nê, capeeten, with the English I will *never* be friends," Anna protested stoutly. "They took us from our farms, they throw our chairs—if they had but leave the wives an' kinders on de farm, we would not have care, but dey took us and bring us here—my fader say he will never surrender now—never."

But the Camp gates were at hand and Anna, unmollified, and the boys, argumentative, scampered off to their waiting mothers in the dim tents. Through the wood smoke and the twilight hush and the slow droning of Dutch hymns went Leroy and Hylbrecht silent save for the horses' feet and the whining of Khaki at their heels. Once Leroy caught her hand, but she drew it away, without petulance, however. The hospital tent was near now and near was a certain Australian lieutenant with a certain careless sweetness in all he said and did, and Hylbrecht's steps danced on a little in spite of her awkward veldtschoen and she forgot the outrage of the National Scout and a little warm current stirred and tingled through her young veins.

"Hylbrecht !" Leroy's honest Rocky Mountain voice held a hint of pleading.

Hylbrecht shook an impatient cappie at him. "Sister Tanke waits. I make hurry, if you please. Good-Night !"

He swung her round by her shoulders and so held her in the quiet space before the hospital tent.

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G. T. BELL,
Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal, Que.

W. P. HINTON,
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Montreal, Que.

"You are queer to-day, Hylbrecht," he said, "and—and different somehow. It is two weeks since I saw you. It may be two more before I see you again. I—I can't stand not knowing. I love you, Hylbrecht. You are mine—my salvage from that old river. Do you—can you love me, dear? Will you marry me—soon?"

Hylbrecht lifted her slow, shy eyes, but the fires had not kindled for Leroy. In the dim light she could see his kind, wholesome face and his straight uncompromising hair combed up in an unbecoming pompadour, she caught the slight cross of his grave, not-very-blue eyes and the slight scar on one cheek, memory of an explosion in a Rocky Mountain mine, and she felt his bigness and sureness and goodness as she had on the night he had carried her up from the overful river, but she tangled her lashes again down over her eyes and shook her head.

"Marry is not good," she said soberly.

Leroy laughed and because of the tangling of the lashes and the soft shy voice and the glow of her face and lips even in the dusk, he suddenly stooped and—

"Look out" called Hylbrecht sharply, her hands shielding her glowing face where a certain careless, caressing finger-touch was still palpitant.

"Sorry," said Leroy. "See you again, Hylbrecht. You're not yourself to-night."

He bent over her hand, vaulted into his saddle and clattered off down the darkening Camp, a little puzzled, a little hurt, but thinking it was a bad enough time she'd been through, poor girl, and those kids poking up old memories with their chatter, and small wonder her mood was wrong. His indomitable cheeriness rose again. Things would be all right next time he saw her. Poor little Hylbrecht!

Hylbrecht, rather breathless, bumped into Sister Daunt at the entrance to the hospital tent.

"There you are, Hylbrecht! That's good. They've sent for me from the Orphanage. Little Swanipool's got bad croup. You tuck up Mr. Lane and give him his medicine. Good Night!"

Denny's eyes were blazing with the day's excitement and his cheeks flushed with weariness and pleasure as he lifted his rumpled, young head from the pillow to receive the last night rites of spoon and bottle. He had driven down to the dorp and heard the Shropshires play in the square and watched columns of brown legs move off through the dust. He had been at cantonments and surprised his own mess, who had gone wild over him. His doctor had promised he might be back in a week. Where he had loved and beamed on the world in the morning, he was now just

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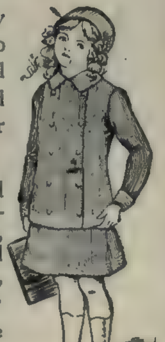

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bursting with gratitude and joy and adoringness. He caught Hylbrecht's wrists when she said "Sleep well!" to him in her soft lulling voice.

"It's been such a broth of a day, I'm flying to pieces, Hylbrecht, being glad I'm alive. You're a darling, Hylbrecht, God love you! Run along now to your cot. Slaap mooi !"

And because she was the nearest living lovely thing of all the golden, singing, rapturous world, he impulsively leaned up and kissed her on her warm sweet young lips, then snuggled back to contented sleep and dancing dreams. If Sister Daunt had tucked him up, Sister Daunt would have got the same kiss. Well, perhaps not *just* the same kiss, one doesn't kiss glowing seventeen and motherly fifty in the same terms. But Denny, as the topmost of his mood, just had to kiss somebody. That was all.

But hours later, when a mellow radiance of moon-light wrapped the whiteness of the tents, and the old vrows slept in their clothes, and little Swanipool began to breathe naturally again, a silent, shining little Hylbrecht lay awake on her narrow camp-cot, filled with a tumult for which she had no words and a sweetness beyond any adequacy of thought, guarding with primitive fierceness that new fire on her lips. Doc. Raydon, stubbing over tent-pegs on his syncopated way home to the Doctor's quarters from a bachelor evening at the Super's, lifted up his muffled, lilting tenor as he passed the hospital tent in the poisoned, reminiscent music,

"Girl of the Red Mouth,
Love me! Love me!"

and Hylbrecht's heart, that had never responded to the painfully trolled cadences of the ancient Dutch hymns, the only music she had ever known, throbbed madly to the wicked, subtle call of that mocking, waving tenor; and all the tumult and the sweetness and the fierceness and the shining that were racking inarticulate within her, found expression in the passionate coaxing of the music that beat around her narrow cot long after the tenor with the ripple in its delivery had died away into the night,

"Oh, Girl of the Red Mouth.
Love me!"

III.

Thomas Mark Leroy, in correct afternoon civilian attire, waited in the little sitting-room of the cottage hospital at Doornkop for the coming of Sister Chamberlin. It was the homiest, cosiest bit of an English sitting-room in all that long, pretty, old, Dutch dorp. A man's soul relaxed into the hominess of its atmosphere with the same content that his shoulders settled to the comfort of its chintz

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To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 8 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm—our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already established—ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. These improved farms have houses and buildings, well, fences, fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results; all planned and completed by practical men who know—our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of great Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

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increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such **low prices and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of the Prairie Provinces and want them for your neighbors, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY—always the best day.**

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Left: Big Ben, London's famous clock, undergoes repairs. Center: The frankfurter vender—a welcome visitor at German military camps. Right: Pretty high-school girl, whose dancing was the feature of a pageant at Long Beach.

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The September number, containing two hundred striking illustrations and over fifty timely articles, will be on the newsstands August 17th. Of the public's verdict on this issue we have no fears. The variety, interest and importance of its contents have never been surpassed. A broad statement, perhaps, but glance over this list of titles and see if you don't agree with us.

Features for September

CAN EDISON RECONSTRUCT OUR NATIONAL DEFENSES?—A clear analysis of the great inventor's gigantic new problem

"WHEN FUNDS ARE AVAILABLE"—How the General Staff plans to build up an adequate army—when it gets the money!

"ON PARADE"—Classic dancing and plastic posing by society women—Photographs

FIGHTING FOR LIFE IN ANTARCTIC ICE—The heroic struggle of a starving man to cross the South Pole's frozen wastes

BUMPING THE BUSINESS BABY—How our characteristic American "business genius" hampers the growth of infant industries

"AMONG THE RUSSIANS"—Exclusive new photographs of the Slav forces

COLLEGE FARMERS MAKE GOOD—The college-trained farmer and his value to the nation

SEEING MUSIC IN COLORS—New orchestral music delights both ear and eye

A MOVE TO BEAT THE TRADE-MARK PIRATES—How a great business evil is being successfully combated

A SPECIALIST IN BEING HUMAN—Why Clare Briggs, the creator of "Skinnay," is winning nation-wide popularity. Illustrated with examples of his recent work

TELESCOPES FOR SHARPSHOOTERS—When Uncle Sam was right, and Europe was all wrong

WHAT DRIVES MEN TO DRINK—Recent investigations throw new light on an old problem

THE "EASTLAND" DISASTER IN PICTURES—Vivid photographs of Chicago's greatest tragedy

VALUE OF THE REPAIR SHIP TO OUR FLEET—New auxiliary that will aid our fleet in case of war

ODDITIES OF LIFE—Unique tasks and unusual ways of doing common things

SHOOTING THE CHUTES AT TRUCKEE—Irrigation engineers unwittingly provide a more exhilarating ride than any park can boast of

VIEWS OF THE WAR—Pictures of unusual interest from every front

INVESTING A THOUSAND DOLLARS—Leading American business men give four rules for safe investment

"WHERE RECRUITS WON'T DO"—"In peace prepare for war." Photographs show that Uncle Sam's jackies are profiting by this advice

USING AS LITTLE MOISTURE AS POSSIBLE—How government engineers are seeking to reduce the need for irrigation

SHE FLIES AND DIVES—Aviator's widow follows her late husband's vocation, and engages in submarine diving as well

SAVING A GREAT PIPE LINE—Quick work in zero weather maintains a city's water supply

WHAT INFANT PRODIGIES TEACH OUR EDUCATORS—An instructive and entertaining article by an educational authority

X-RAY MACHINE SAVES TOBACCO—Deadliest foe of the tobacco grower vanquished by this new device

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arm-chairs. Already the grim line of Leroy's mouth had softened a bit as he picked up a book and read a paragraph, then wandered to a mirror and surveyed himself long with the utmost detachment.

"That," he said as he turned to shake hands with Sister Chamberlin, ‘that is the most uncomfortably honest mirror I ever looked into. Look at me! Every feature on me is crooked some way."

Sister Chamberlin sat down and studied him. "Perhaps," she answered, "and yet, Mark Leroy, you've got the straightest front I ever saw—even if it took a collection of crooked features to make it. But what are you doing in mufti?"

"That's what I came to tell you. I've got my release at last. And I'm off to Delagoa Bay to-morrow to outfit and then into Swaziland prospecting for the G. and R. Company. It will be rather fun chasing a mine again, and there is the gamble once more, wild tribes and chances of life or death. And, speaking of mufti, aren't you glad I can call on you again properly at the proper tea-hour without embarrassing your officer friends?"

"You're a silly, Mark," scoffed Sister Chamberlin. "That's the only thing I ever found in you that wasn't adequate, your caring so about the social aspect. It wasn't the fault of the officers and it wasn't any fault of yours and it wasn't anything I could help. Why did it rasp you so terribly?"

"I don't know. You never can tell what fool thing is going to get you on the raw, can you? But we had been ‘brother officers,' you know, and a sergeant in the Constabulary didn't belong any more. I think it was most that I couldn't come to see an old friend like you when there was a chance of my meeting your gilded grasshoppers. Lord, I'm sore now when I think of it! Where did you come from?"

"From ‘The House of the Sorrowful Soldier!' To me it's most sorrowful now because the ‘sorrowful soldiers' are just about all gone. They can talk all they like about war being hell and all that—it is, of course—but I tell you there's something about war that makes men different. I've bound them up and fed them and said their prayers to them, boys by the hundred with their bodies burning with wounds and their hearts full of their mothers—and now—now I loathe these prosperous civilians and their pains. Mark, doesn't an expedition into Swaziland need a nurse? And why are you going? Cross your heart, now! Is it—?"

"Hylbrecht? Yes, I'm afraid it is. It's so absolutely hopeless. Once I was almost sure she cared. But for three months now—why, she won't tolerate me at all. She is so sort of wordless, but so terribly effectual in her silences. So I'm off. To go away is always best when there's nothing left to do."

"Men make me tired," mused Sister Chamberlin. "A woman nurses them well again, they must marry her. They save a woman's life, they must marry her. Mark, because you pulled a little Boer girl out of the river, you haven't *got* to marry her, you know."

"I haven't *got* to marry her, No. But I *want* to, most almighty bad. It isn't because I saved her from the river, it's because her face in that white cappie is like a bright poppy in a field of blossoming buckwheat."

"What am I like, Mark?"

To be continued

Speaking of blood-thirst—as who is not?—the Orpheum Theatre programme, carries this ad: "Don't Kill Your Wife. Let the Western Columbia Laundry Do the Work."

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Harry Allan, of Penniac, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, reports prospects of one of the best Moose Seasons in years, so get out your gun and prepare for your share. Other excellent reports from Ontario, Quebec and indeed every Province where moose may be had.

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The Independence of Canada

Continued from page 273.

could. Still there were hogs offering. In came the American packers from Chicago and practically cleaned Alberta of hogs at something like four cents a pound. Canada lost heavily on that transaction because now hogs are increasing in value. Even if Canadian abattoirs had bought the hogs at the four cent rate the Dominion as a whole would have benefitted to some extent by the later rise in prices and by the fact that Canadians were employed in the finishing of the product. Not only did the farmer lose but everybody else in Canada lost. The pork was swallowed up in the American packing plants there to be kept in cold storage until such time as the American meat speculators there were ready to sell. As with the pork so with cattle. The price of meats in Canada is to a large extent determined by the situation in Chicago. In the meat trade Canada is *not* independent. She is not able to transform her own raw material into finished product. She is kept in a position where she merely supplies the raw materials on which American workmen and American capital are employed. She gets one profit where she should get several. Of the pound of beef which sells in a New York or a London butcher's stall for say twenty-five cents a pound Canada has received about eight cents! For a pound of pork sold for say eighteen cents in the same cities, Canada has received possibly six cents! Yet it was Canada's steer and Canada's hog.

The United States has a remarkable system of trade digestion. Canada's system, being as yet incomplete, is not so successful. If you take any map of North America on which railways are indicated, you will discover more than twenty faint little lines of black ink that wander westward and north from Chicago to the Canadian border, and distribute themselves along that border fairly evenly between the great Lakes on the East and Vancouver on the West. These are the "suckers" of the Canadian West. The country through which these lines pass before reaching their Canadian terminals or connecting points, is well supported by revenue-producing country all the way—they encounter few long undeveloped and non-traffic yielding stretches such as the North shore of Lake Superior on the C. P. R. Rates on these railways are favorable because fixed charges are split up among a great number of customers. Through these lines of railway the cattle and hogs of the West can be gathered easily, and cheaply transported to suitable fattening byres

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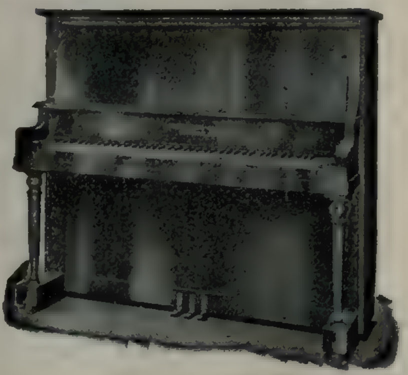

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Write Department 11 for our handsome Art Catalogue "D" and it comes to you by return mail with satisfactory proof of every claim we make.

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LONDON (No Street Address Necessary) CANADA

convenient to Chicago. In Chicago the raw product is "transformed." Every by-product is made use of for it is in the by-product the money lies. Great cold storage warehouses offer infinite keeping capacity. Here is the greatest centre of dressed meat supply in the world.

The transformed material moves eastward now to the New England States where there are forty million souls directly or indirectly concerned in the textile and other manufactures. This market is capable of absorbing from five to ten billion pounds of meats per annum, and—if there is any surplus—here are the ports of Portland, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, well served with vessels capable of carrying in cold storage any surplus there may be straight to hungry Europe. Nothing could be more simple. From the western plains to the transforming market of Chicago! Chicago to New England! New England to Europe! A tide flows constantly in this channel. It seems to draw Canadian trade with it, irresistibly. Canada is forced into the position of hod carrier—for mere raw material producers are not much better than hod carriers—to the American builders. The freight cars that carry cattle south carry American manufactures north.

What *should* be the situation?

The steer should die in his native land. Should be "transformed" say at Winnipeg or Port Arthur and Fort William, or at Montreal. Canadians in the industrial sections of Ontario should have a fair meal before the carcass passes on to Europe, or, if necessary to the New England States and so to Europe. There can be no objection to New Englanders eating Canadian beef but it should be Canadian-finished beef, not just Canadian grown. It should have passed through the hands of Canadian workmen and Canadian railwaymen, thus making more traffic over which the fixed charges of Canadian railways may be spread thinner than they now are. This would be consistent with the real interests of Canada, but can it be done? The beef raising farmer is content to get the American price for his steer. He does not see that what robs the country as a whole robs him, in the end, worse than if he had received a less price for the animal. The sheer inertia of the trade movement through Chicago is seemingly impossible to overcome. It is like a current that draws everything with it into the maelstrom. It is the same tide that would, if it were not for the American tariff—which again is dependent upon the Canadian tariff remaining in statuo quo—draw the grain products of Canada through Minneapolis mills and out through the

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These six firms are Blaisdell customers. It goes without saying that "enlightened self-interest" is their sole guide in buying. When you are considering your pencil item, could you do better than profit by their example?

These concerns, and many others of like importance, buy Blaisdells because Blaisdells do the work to the best satisfaction at the least cost. Hard-headed purchasing agents don't chase butterflies. They buy Blaisdells because Blaisdells *produce*.

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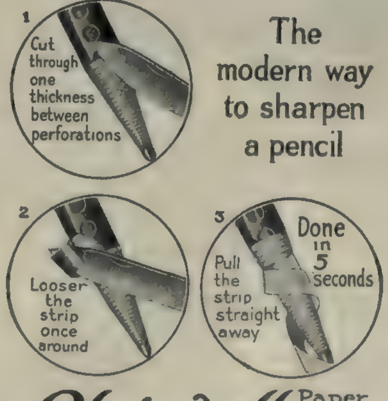
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A big advantage to homeseekers and settlers who select their free farm now. The present high prices of grain are taking thousands of Eastern farmers to Western Canada.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN

United States to Europe, robbing Canadian railways—whose prosperity remember is bound up with our own prosperity whatever we may sometimes think of them—of traffic, reducing the number of customers among whom their fixed charges are split up, robbing Canadian mill employees and Candian ports.

IV.

The two pinochle players spoke once at Maple Creek, once at Swift Current, once at Moose Jaw. At Regina the Toronto traveller added up the long list of figures on the back of an old invoice form and allowed the Chicago man to check them.

"You win," he said, and became thoughtful.

"Right Willie," grunted the Chicagoan.

At Indian Head, the Canadian opened fire.

"I been thinking," he said.

"What about?"

"About the Independence of Canada. We got to get it."

"Get it? What?"

"A declaration of Independence from the United States. What right you got, Bumerglim, selling suspenders up here any how? Were they made in Canada? No. Will the profits go to Canadians? No. Do Canadians get commissions and wages and so on? No. If I wasn't your friend Bumerglim I'd like you kicked out."

"You get very patriotic all at once!" sneered the other.

"Sure I get patriotic when I come to think it over. What right have we got selling our raw materials just to give jobs to lazy loafers in the United States. Let them be Canadians if they want Canadian raw material to work with. Let them come here and pay their rent here, and buy their clothes here, and have babies and things here."

Bumerglim looked suddenly alarmed.

"Aw," he said, "what's the harm you lettin' us have raw material to work up? We're the clever workers. We finish it right—see? *Right.* Why you guys—"

"Can't we finish goods right either?" retorted William Laurier Rubinsky. "You got the nerve to say so? I tell you Bumerglim there's *nothing* Canadians can't do."

"All right Willie. All right. But why should that keep them from selling us their raw material?"

"Because—" and the Toronto drummer leaned forward with outthrust chin as he spoke, "because I been thinking raw material is like what my father leaves me when he dies—a little capital, or maybe much capital. It doesn't matter whether it is a little or it is much—if I live on my capital I am a no-good—no ? If I add my own labor to my capital and live on the earnings I can save the capital and maybe add something more to it. Then I am a—a hum-dinger ! Ain't it ?"

"You mean wheat and cattle and trees and fish and minerals—these are all raw materials and raw materials are all Capital ?"

"Yes."

"But why shouldn't you—"

The other leaned over the up-turned club bag once more. "Listen Bumerglim," he snarled, "you put me wise without thinking you were putting me wise. Now you know old Isaac Isser that made so much money with a little jewelry shop on Agnes streeet in Toronto ? Ya ? Well there was a guy came into his shop one day with a little piece of raw silver from Cobalt. Maybe he had stolen it, but Old Isaac asked no questions. He paid the guy two dollars for the silver—so much an ounce. Then do you know what he did with it ? He made a fine candlestick for the widow of Max Rosen the pawn-broker and he charged her five dollars for it. It was classy."

"Well—"

"Well if we sell you our unfattened cattle, our raw materials, we are like selling the silver by the ounce crude. If we finish the raw materials—the cattle—we are like selling the candlestick to the widow."

"Who's the widow ?"

"The world !"

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3,000 years ago the women of ancient Egypt, skilled in toilet arts, learned the wonderful cleansing qualities of Palm and Olive oils.

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Ask, also, for PALMOLIVE CREAM, a delightful cold cream which softens and invigorates the skin.

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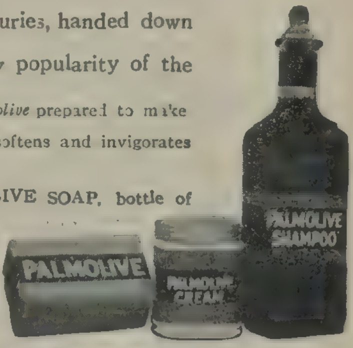

Moses and Moose

Continued from page 280.

My pipe burned out and I loaded up again, feeling perhaps that the smoke might charm away the things—whatever they were—that were hidden away in the thick, silent darkness off in front of me. Then I fell to philosophizing about the stillness. "Why shouldn't it be still," I tried to convince myself. "The people of the forest know enough to go to bed with the coming of night, so why don't you turn in, too ?" I was just arising to carry out this action when a deep bellow split the silence and set the woods resounding with what to me was a terrible roar.

"What's that, Mike ?" I asked in a whisper as I stepped inside the bunk house door and noticed the guide rolling under his blanket.

"Just a moose, a big bull out for a midnight spree or perhaps out to look up his suffragette wife."

"Can't we get out and find him ?" I asked with an air of bravado that I assure you was mostly assumed.

Mike grumbled something about one being liable to lose one's way in the woods when it was so dark the blazes could not be seen. Then there was another bellow and then a long silence. I went to sleep waiting for a third bellow, but it did not come.

Next morning Mike and the Frenchman were up with the dawn. The smell of cooking breakfast brought me out of the blankets with a bound, for I certainly had developed an appetite in that one day in the brush. Mike took charge of affairs and had us landed on the main land and well on the way to the Green Ridge trail before six o'clock. I felt my confidence returning every time I looked at Mike. Even the sight of his big broad back seemed to assure me I was to shoot some moose that day. The Frenchman took it upon himself to tote the camera and tripod, much to my delight, for the big awkward thing seems to weigh close to a ton after the first half mile.

Mike said Green Ridge trail was about five miles from the home camp. I learned afterward, he, like most guides in that north country, estimate distances by "crow lines." It may have been only five miles by his measure, but I'll swear it was closer to ten miles, down the gullies and up the hills, the way we had to walk. Finally Mike stopped and waited for us to catch up

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with him. We sat down on the near side of a slope up to a "barren"—one of the spots found in the New Brunswick territory, apparently cleared by fires. Beyond the "barren," the brush and alders extended in a strip perhaps a mile wide down the ridge. "I have often heard of a scheme we'd better try here," began Mike in a low voice. "What I plan to do is to plant you here on the underside of this barren while Frenchy and I sweep out around this strip of brush and try to call and drive a bull moose out here in the open where you can get a shot at him with your machine. This'll be your only chance to get one of these boys alive, unless as you said last night we lasso one and tie him to the stump of a tree."

Mike certainly was a brick—I had felt the night before he was on my side, now I knew it. I'd gamble a dollar to the hole in a thimble, Mike had been doing a lot of tall thinking between the time he delivered that nature study lecture and when he landed us at the top of the Green Ridge trail that first morning in the woods.

Mike was to take the trail to the right and through a series of signs and single words finally succeeded in explaining to Frenchy what was to be done on the left trail. They slipped off into the brush and soon were lost to view. I busied myself getting my camera set up under the brow of the hill so that just the box could be seen, from the brush side.

Finally I was ready for Mike to bring on his moose and I was sure I could make a picture that would thrill young Horden's friends from the city limits to Grosse Point. I ought to have known of course, it would take quite a long time for Mike and Frenchy to go far enough back in the brush so they could surround anything in the way of game. But I was not going to be caught off guard and thus lose out on the picture I wanted so much. Then—suddenly—I heard kind of a crashing in the brush—it came from about a hundred yards back in the alders. I listened again and finally located the sound. I swung my camera around to where it came from. With my hand on the crank, I stood ready to start clicking off the film the instant I could see the animal. I did not have long to wait—right there not twenty yards in front of me I saw a big brown head poking out from the alders. The animal came right out toward me—then stooped down and snooped around on the ground. It stood so close to me I could see the texture of the thick, shaggy brown hair on its neck.

Then the echo of what I afterwards learned to be a "call," came floating out from the far end of the brush. The moose in front of me heard it the same instant I did. It raised its head as if trying to locate the "call." Then it wheeled around and darted over the brow of the hill. There the moose discovered it was not the only person in the "barren." It halted, took a look at me as if I was the most peculiar sight it had seen in many a day and then scampered off down into the gully and out of sight.

To say I was delighted was putting it mildly. I was wondering what Mike was talking about when he gave me that yarn about moose being so difficult to get close to. My train of thought was interrupted by another "call." This time the sound came from the central portion of the brush. Then I heard a "call" off to the right. Then one came from the left. Before long it was regular chorus of calls. First one side and then the other and each time a bit nearer. At last I heard the same crackling sound as when the other moose had appeared. This time I did not have so long to wait. A huge animal—a much larger one than the other, with horns branching out five feet or more—plunged out of the forest

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Makers of Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Carriages, Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling and General Rubber Specialties with his head back and the brush rolling off his back. The animal stopped in almost the identical spot the other one had. But it only was for an instant. It looked right at me. "He's winded me," I said almost aloud, remembering what Mike had said the night before. The animal gave a little snort and ploughed back into the brush, only to dart out again and make a dash over the brow of the hill to my right at a rate of speed that was entirely too fast for me to follow with my camera.

Mike and Frenchy soon appeared. Mike was as deeply interested as I and danced with joy when I told him I had clicked the brute at such close range. As we started off over the trail, I told Mike of my experience with the other moose.

"What kind of horns did it have?" Mike asked.

"It didn't have any."

"Oh! Fiddle, that was only an old cow moose—they're almost as tame as a milk cow."

Mike seemed sorry later he had taken the joy out of my experience and told me it would make a good picture to show anyway.

The trip back to the home camp was a lot shorter—so it seemed—partly because it was down hill most of the way and partly because I had been successful in reeling out close to 1,000 feet of absolutely corking film of moose "right out of the wild and in their native trimmin's" as the boss had said in giving me my assignment.

Next day we went after bear. We were not so successful as on the moose experiment by a long ways, but I figured that with the corking moose pictures, I could get through very nicely with only hitting the half way mark on the bear. We hunted deer at night by means of a bicycle lamp Mike kept at camp and a continuous flashlight outfit I luckily had included in my outfit. At the end of five days we sent Frenchy back to Prince of Wales for the buckboard. And I do not mind confessing now, I was just as cocky when I rode back to Fairville as when I landed on St. John and asked the hotel clerk for the best piece of woods in which to find moose. The trip back to Detroit was altogether too long, for I was anxious to get back to the shop, develop my films, and show the boss what a wonderful layout I had succeeded in getting.

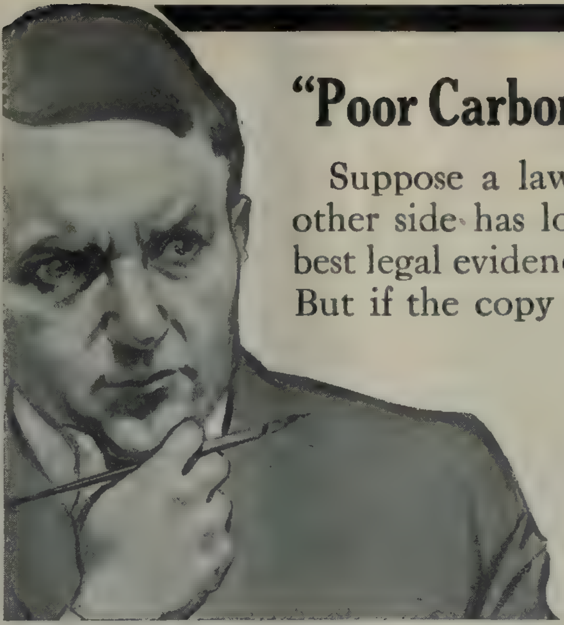
"Well, old top, I see the bears didn't eat you," shouted the boss as I bounded into the office at last.

"Say, it certainly was a great trip, boss, and I clicked some corking films—never been done before they tell me. I'll let you take a peek at them just as soon as I get them out of the tank."

I did not even stop to take off my street clothes, I was in such a hurry to get the films through the developing process. Finally they reached the point where I thought I could afford to peek. I took a second peek—then a third. My heart started thumping—holy slivers—I tore out foot after foot of the film—and—it was—blank.

Somehow I found a chair in the blackness of the darkroom. I sat for a time thinking of a reason why the films were blank—and then it dawned upon me, like a blow on the small of the neck—I had not set the automatic control and my moose pictures had been seen by a closed shutter.

An Unwilling Target—The Home Secretary, we understand, can not see his way to allow a distinguished Anglo-German who dwells in our midst with his family, to exhibit, with a view to safeguarding his home against Zeppelins, an illuminated sky-sign bearing the words, "Gute leute wohnen hier" ("Good people live here.")



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So, to fully appreciate the remarkable value you get in this car, you must grasp the full significance of its *size*.

The wheelbase is longer, 125 *inches*.

That gives plenty of room to carry its full quota of *seven* passengers *in real comfort*.

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Its 45 horsepower six cylinder motor gives it ample power—it is efficiently lubricated and economical in gasoline consumption.

It has that certainty of ignition provided only by high tension magneto. The starting and lighting system is of the two-unit electric type.

Electric control buttons are located right at your hand on the steering column,—a convenience found only in very much higher priced cars.

Its specifications throughout are those of a thoroughly high grade car.

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Deliveries now.

Specifications
Model 86

Seven passenger touring
125-inch wheelbase
45 horsepower motor
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Two-unit electric starter
Electrically lighted
Headlight dimmers
Full-streamline body design
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Center control
Demountable rims
One extra rim
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Electric control buttons on steering column

Model 83, four-cylinder, five passenger Touring $1050 f. o. b. Hamilton.

Catalog on request. Address Dept. 413

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited
Hamilton, Ont.

Jean Blewett

Continued from page 288.

sonality to the poetess, and her heroes and heroines are human beings, and her stories throb with real life.

It is not much wonder that the talent for writing has developed so strongly in Mrs. Blewett, who laughingly acknowledges that she always put home first and wrote afterwards because she couldn't help it, for in the MacKishnie family to which she belonged before her marriage, her brother, Mr. Archie MacKishnie has the same Celtic strain which gives that inimitable imagination and warmth of sympathy. Mrs. Blewett confesses that there is one fault of the Celtic temperament hard to overcome—the desire to have one's own way—but she can't deny the originality and the ability to see with another's eyes.

As an after dinner speaker Mrs. Blewett's admirers will agree that she has no equal. She can coo you into laughter with one breath and sober you into a thinking silence with the next, but that is another strong point of her Celtic blood. Her childhood on the fruit farm, far away from the crowds of the city, among the bees, the clover and the growing things, gave her an opportunity to think quietly and deeply, so that now when she gets up to speak her thoughts have not been lost in the chaos of conflicting sensations.

Last year she was chosen by the Government to lecture to all the Normal Schools of the Province on the subject, "The foundations of a Canadian literature." The poetess confesses she does not care as much for reciting her own poetry as for speaking to students, but if she does not want to recite it she must not write it, for the charm of her thoughts put into words and recited in her low clear voice, is irresistible.

Farther afield than the older parts of the East and West has gone this cheerful home loving Canadian, who last year immortalized the lovely but lonely Peace River country in a series of a dozen articles for the British Syndicate.

Mrs. Blewett's life has been an exceptionally busy one, but for three years she managed to include book reviewing for the McClurg Publishing House in Chicago, among her many activities. Her philanthrophies have never been blazoned abroad, and she is no clubwoman, but her sisterliness, true and sincere, is extended to all classes.

Many a story of her influence and her sympathy among the women of the poorer classes, is current, and the remembrances of splendid ideals is still with them. Her ideal of life is best described in her words given in a lecture to one of the Normal Schools. "Never set the pulse-beat of your life to anyone's opinion. Don't get discouraged because of criticism, because of worry, or because of circumstances which make you feel like giving up. Success means little, failure means less. Back of every task we undertake, back of every task we fail in or succeed in, stands the Master Workman of us all, with His golden law of compensation, for, as Whittier says 'One must grasp and one resign, one drink life's rue, and one its wine, and God will make the balance good!' "

Among Mrs. Blewett's more important works have been one book of prose "Out of the Depths," published in 1885, two books of poems, "Heart Songs," published in 1897, and "The Cornflower, and other poems" published in 1906. At the present time she is busy on a new book of prose, the scene of which is laid in the Peace River country where she and her husband spent two summers; and a book of her heart-stirring, inspiring poetry.

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(114)

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That will develop into a good position if you are not afraid to work. We want folks with good, rich blood, with determination, with happy dispositions and the "bound-to make-good habit." A beginner ought to earn $20 a week, and many of our representatives make double this amount. If you make good we won't let you go. If you want, clean, honest, healthy, out-door work, write to day. Address

AGENCY DEPT., CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

In Manuscript

Continued from page 291.

"Just what I've been saying. But with me the difficulty comes in here. Monday I've got to go back to college, and can't keep 'On The Wing'—well —on the wing. I've something else to do. But my idea is this. I'll sell it to you, Mater, half price. You can send it round till it is accepted—perhaps it may be the first time like Cousin Lucile's here—and keep the balance for your trouble. Well, what do you say?"

Here Cousin Lucile said hurriedly that she must go. But she turned back at the door to repeat her assurances that Jimmy would be successful —in something.

The latter had some difficulty in persuading his mother that she was not cheating him, but when he left home the next morning "On The Wing" reposed upon her desk—a place which it occupied for a short time, periodically during the following months.

At one of the Britton dinners, something less than a year later, the conversation turned upon literature and contemporary writers, and Cousin Lucile, who was only just back from a trip abroad, inquired as to the fate of Jimmy's article.

"Did Jimmy write an article?" exclaimed one of the guests, incredulously. "I never knew that. I should like to read it. What is it in?"

No one spoke for a moment, then Mrs. Britton met the tacit appeal of the table by saying deprecatingly, "In manuscript." And as everyone looked politely mystified, Cousin Lucile told the story of Jimmy's one literary exploit. His father listened to the recital with rapt attention.

"Well!" he ejaculated, at its close. And again, "Well! I didn't think the boy had it in him."

"I don't think he has," murmured Cousin Lucile.

But her host did not seem to hear.

"I must get him into business," he was saying.

Rain was falling steadily as the weary cyclist plodded on through the English mud. At last he spied a figure walking toward him through the gloom.

Gladly he sprang off his machine and asked the native:

"How far off is the village of Popleton?"

"Just ten miles the other way, sir," was the reply.

"The other way!" exclaimed the cyclist. "But the last sign post I passed said it was in this direction."

"Ah," said the native, with a knowing grin, "but, ye see, we turned that theer post round so as to fog those e'er Zeppylings!"

VOL. XVIII
NO. 6

CANADA
MONTHLY

LONDON
OCT.

The Recruiting Campaign In London

By Mona Cleaver

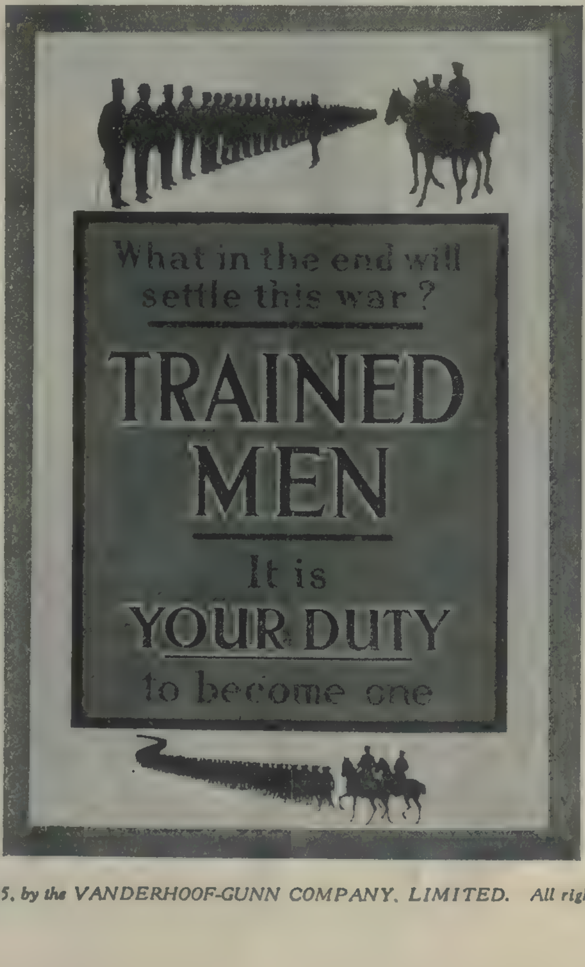
Illustrated
from Photographs

NO road is made so smooth in London to-day as the road to the recruiting station, no road so rough and inhospitable to travel as that leading in the opposite direction. Does an obstacle loom up in the path of duty? The parliamentarian in the big hall, the suffragette in the park, the recruiting sergeant on the street corner argue it away; the big, painted signs in the squares disprove it; the blazing posters on every hand ridicule it; the heady music of a band, the flaunt of flags and blazoning of banners combine to overthrow it. It's no use. For the fit man there is no sufficient obstacle, no adequate excuse. Kitchener's Recruiting Campaign, the most marvellous in history, has set out to prove this point and its success is testified by the rapidity of the response with which each new call for men is met.

But of all the recruiting devices used, none is so novel in its appeal, so sensational in its manifestations, so wide in its reach, as the poster campaign.

There's imagination in the very placing of the posters. The most dignified of hotels, the most exclusive of clubs are ablaze with them. There's no "Post No Bills" to the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee. The posters are made in all shapes and sizes to fit every space. Panel-shaped legends are pasted to classic pilasters and long, narrow sign-boards fill the spaces between storeys on huge buildings. The Carlton Hotel is covered with them. Not a taxi-cab but has a strip of flaming words across the bottom of its wind-shield and I have even seen huge delivery vans with their big tops absolutely hidden under pictorial appeals in red, white, blue and khaki. Even the sober impressiveness of Trafalgar Square, with its heroic figure thrust aloft, has not escaped, but, painted on great boards that conceal the pedestal of his statue are the hero's words: "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty." And Landseer's famous lions, at each corner, grip grimly in their teeth the supports of four square poster boards.

There's imagination here, but still more in the make-up of the posters themselves. The simplest of them is a colossal red arrow pointing to the nearest recruiting station. From that they branch out in every direction, appealing to every temperament, wheedling, shaming, goading, urging, arresting the passer-by by every imaginable color and device. Many are made up of a few crisp sentences printed in striking colors and with huge interrogation points. These are for the man who needs to be reasoned with and run like this:



Four Questions to Men Who Have Not Enlisted.

1. If you are physically fit and between 19 and 38 years of age, are you really satisfied with what you are doing to-day?
2. Do you feel happy as you walk along the streets and see other men wearing the King's uniform?
3. What will you say in the years to come when people ask you, "Where did you serve in the great War?"
4. What will you answer when your children grow up and say, "Father, why weren't you a soldier, too?"
5. *Enlist to-day.*

For the provident husband and father, there are big, white sheets with red and blue type giving details regarding pay, separation allowances, pensions and the like.

The man whose patriotism has been largely of the flag-waving

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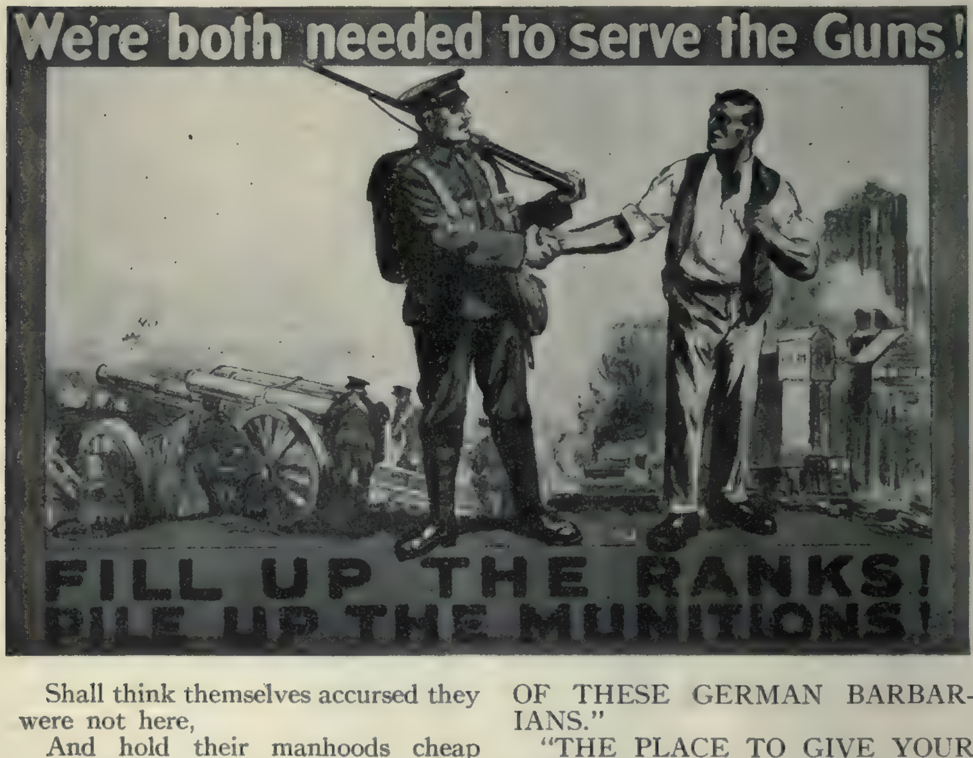
variety is invited to make good by vivid, flagstrewn appeals to his loyalty, couched in such term as, "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG—EVERY FIT MAN WANTED," "TO DELAY IS DANGEROUS WHEN YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU. ENLIST NOW," and "IF YOU CANNOT JOIN THE ARMY, TRY AND GET A RECRUIT."

To the scholar, Shakespeare makes his appeal. "STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING," is quoted from "Macbeth" in pale blue on a dark blue ground and completed in red, "BUT GO AT ONCE," this followed by the thoroughly up-to-date admonition, "ENLIST NOW." One shop on Tottenham Court Road seems to be running a little poster campaign of its own and across the top of each large window are stretched attractive, hand-decorated posters all making use of Shakespearean axioms. From "Hamlet" they have taken,

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of these," and from Henry V.
"The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George !' "
"And, gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us."


We're both needed to serve the Guns!
FILL UP THE RANKS!
PILE UP THE MUNITIONS!

The strips on the taxi-cabs are, many of them, composed of the flags of the Allies, joined end to end, with a word in the centre of each, as: "Keep—These — Flags — Proudly — Flying," and, "Don't—Lag—Follow—Your—Flag." Others say, "In Her Hour of Need, Your Country Calls for You," "Every Recruit Means Quicker Peace," or one of a number of such appeals.

A striking poster in khaki, lettered with white, asks: "WHY AREN'T YOU IN KHAKI ? YOU'LL BE WANTED. ENLIST AT ONCE." Another has simply a soldier's cap with red lettering to say, "IF THE CAP FITS YOU JOIN THE ARMY TODAY."

"REMEMBER BELGIUM," as a slogan, printed on a background of flaming villages and fleeing villagers, was followed by "REMEMBER THE LUSITANIA," quoting in black and red the simple and impressive words of the jury's verdict on that atrocity. A later poster is printed in two broad columns, the one telling the harrowing tale of a mother who lost her three little children in the sinking of the great ship and the other reproducing comments of the German press, such as, "With joyful pride we contemplate the latest deed of our Navy and it will not be the last." Another appeal founded on "Germany's Crowning Infamy" tabulates her frightfulnesses, from the sacking of cities to the poisoning of wells and concludes with:

"THESE CRIMES AGAINST GOD AND MAN ARE COMMITTED TO TRY AND MAKE YOU AFRAID OF THESE GERMAN BARBARIANS."

"THE PLACE TO GIVE YOUR ANSWER IS THE NEAREST RECRUITING OFFICE."

And the response to these appeals and to the event on which they are founded has been, as far as one can estimate it, enormous. Indeed, one powerful and uncalculated force recruiting for Britain has been the German atrocity in all its hideousness. The torpedo, bomb or shell that kills a British civilian or a score of them, puts into the country's military force hundreds and thousands of fighting men.

Words quoted from the sayings of the great ones of the land have tremendous effect, too. A message from Lord Kitchener reproduced in fac-simile of his own hand-writing has a personal appeal that is telling. The Prime Minister's words, "No price can be too high when honour and freedom are at stake," needed no embellishment and stand out in simple black letters on many a wall and hoarding. And the words of these two have been combined on other posters which call for the exacting of reparation from the Germans, concluding, "Justice cannot be done without your help. Take up the sword of justice."

A picture of a smiling soldier boy is underlined by an extract from a letter written by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien from the trenches of the Aisne, "The moment the order came to go forward, there were smiling faces everywhere." Equally smiling and if possible more irresistible is the lad who grasps his rifle in one hand and throws out the other in hopeful appeal, urging, "Come and do your bit, join now."

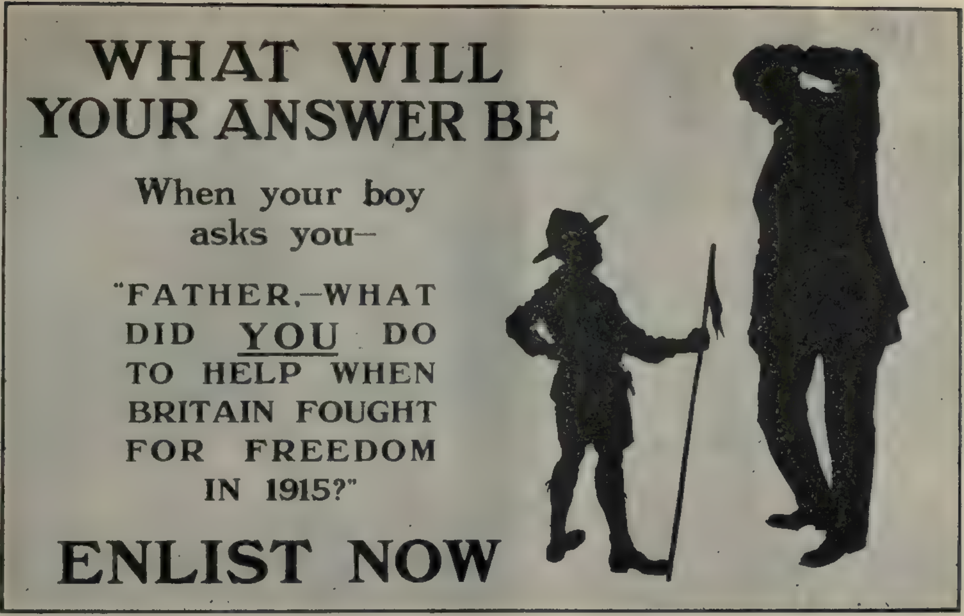
These pictorial posters are, after all, probably the most arresting of all, designed as they frequently are with dark forms silhouetted against the sky. One of these, with crouching figures stealing up a black hill, bayonets fixed, cries to the onlooker with a sharpness that stings, "DON'T STAND AND LOOK AT THIS. GO AND HELP." Another shows a sentry outlined on a grassy hummock of earth against a windy sky, demanding, "HALT ! WHO GOES THERE ? IF YOU ARE A FRIEND JOIN THE BRITISH RANKS AND HELP THE BRAVE LADS AT THE FRONT."

A vividly tinted map showing a piece of Northern France and a piece of Southern England has, gazing expectantly across from the one to the other, an alert figure in khaki. "BOYS, COME OVER HERE," the British Tommy calls, and you can fairly hear the ringing tone, "YOU'RE WANTED."

Then there are appeals to women. One of these shows two British women of different classes standing together to watch their men-folk march out of sight with a khaki-clad regiment, and says, "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND SAY GO !" To those who may falter in the saying of it a very effective poster puts these questions:

1. You have read what the Germans have done in Belgium, have you thought what they would do if they invaded this country ?

2. Do you realize that the safety of


WHAT WILL YOUR ANSWER BE
When your boy asks you—
"FATHER,—WHAT DID YOU DO TO HELP WHEN BRITAIN FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM IN 1915?"
ENLIST NOW

your home and children depends on our getting more men now?"

3. Do you realize that the one word, "Go" from you may send another man to fight for our King and Country?

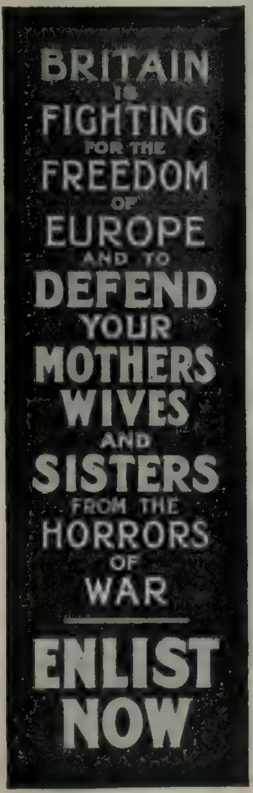
4. When the war is over and someone asks your husband or your son what he did in the great War, is he to hang his head because you would not let him go?

WON'T YOU HELP AND SEND A MAN TO JOIN THE ARMY TO-DAY?

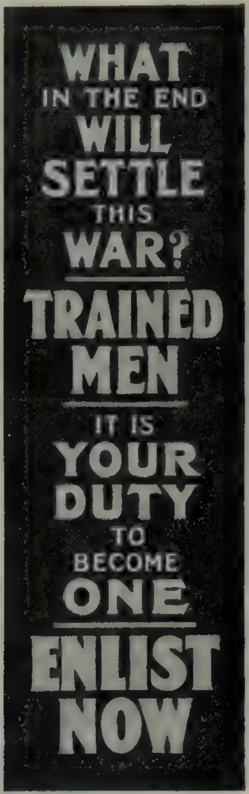
But the posters aren't all. I found myself, one day, almost the only person walking down Chancery Lane. Everyone else was walking up. I was nearly forced to turn and go with the crowd before I discovered the cause of it all. I had heard the music of a rather feeble band, but it did not occur to me that it was out for recruiting purposes until I saw the uniformed men. Then I stepped into the haven of a friendly doorway and watched the throng surge on, drawn irresistibly by the music of—what do you think? "Rule Britannia," or even "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"? Not at all; those wheezy instruments were wailing out the notes that go with that old refrain, "Where Is Now the Merry Party I Remember Long Ago?"

Before the sound died away in the distance this was changed to, "Farewell, My Blue-bell." In time, one grows accustomed to the use of anything but martial airs for recruiting purposes.

One often meets on the street little companies of soldiers not infrequently followed by a goodly number of others wearing civilian clothes—for the last time in who knows how long? One such group carried a banner which announced, "We are marching to the Recruiting Station. Join us." A number had joined and were carrying the strings of the banner. Indeed, no such eager band of enthusiasts seems ever to have marched in vain. As far as I could see there was always a following of recruits to show for their labors.


BRITAIN IS FIGHTING FOR THE FREEDOM OF EUROPE AND TO DEFEND YOUR MOTHERS WIVES AND SISTERS FROM THE HORRORS OF WAR

ENLIST NOW


WHAT IN THE END WILL SETTLE THIS WAR?

TRAINED MEN

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO BECOME ONE

ENLIST NOW

In Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch, is a recruiting station and near the recruiting station is a recruiting wagon about which crowds gather, particularly on Sunday afternoons, when one recruiting sergeant after another makes his appeal. It was a glorious sunshiny Sunday when I was there and a good-natured crowd of men, women and children, girls with soldier sweethearts and mothers with soldier sons had wandered within hearing of the red-faced Tommy Atkins who shouted from the wagon. He was explaining the causes of the war and confidently misinformed his audience after this fashion:—

"The Triple Entente, that was Germany, Austria and Italy, and the Triple Alliance, that's Britain, France and Russia"—

But nobody heckled him. They listened respectfully and presently he reached the "humour and pathos" part of his discourse,—

"Why, there's a young chap from my town that's come home without his leg and his mother's proud of him—proud of him she is.

"I'm going back to the Front myself, soon," he went on, "and I'm forty-five and a married man with three . . . ." grinning, "thirteen children."

The people roared over this sally and, turning at the sound of low voices behind me I saw a hapless youth in civilian clothes who had attracted the attention of a young Highlander, apparently a sort of "personal worker" in the campaign for recruits. It rather reminded me of a revival meeting with the evangelist shouting his pleadings and denunciations from the pulpit and the earnest workers moving softly here and there with urgent whisperings and persuasive efforts to bring the sinner to the penitent bench. The sinner in this instance looked very wretched and sheepish as his friendly persecutor coaxed.

"Come along, old man, come along. Don't let others do your work for you."

With eyes fixed anywhere but on the persuasive one, the young civilian replied that he had two brothers at the front. Here a new speaker came to the platform on the wagon, part of the crowd moved off, and, in the shifting, I lost sight of the two. My attention was attracted to them again by two girls who were looking over their shoulders and whispering scornfully,

"Just fancy 'is comin' 'ere if 'e won't join."

"'E" I discovered to be the same unhappy youth and the Highlander was saying sharply,

"You don't want to! Then there's a yellow streak in you somewhere."

But back he came presently to his old, affectionate, coaxing tone.

"Chuck it out now, old man, chuck it out now. Don't be a slacker."

With a final glance of utter humiliation the young man shook off the arresting hand and bolted, but not faster than the Highlander bolted in another direction and before he had reached

Continued on page 371.

The Kid With No Chance

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

THE air of the room was hot and fetid. A lamp with a broken and blackened chimney stood on the dirty washstand. Old Marta sat beside it finishing the last bottle; there was quite an array of them against the wall. When one's services are not paid for, it's as well to take all the beer one can get.

The little huddled figure on the bed was still at last—God, how she had suffered!—sixteen or thereabouts, with a rope of black hair as thick as your wrist and big black eyes. She had never spoken much English and what she did know had deserted her in the last moments. But Marta's Danish and Darya's Russian were all the same then.

The man downstairs who owned the beer bottles—and Darya—was English of a sort, a cold dead-souled little devil who had gone right on serving meals even when the child screamed. Well, she would scream no more now. And the baby hadn't life enough in its wasted body to do more than cry like a day-old kitten.

Marta would sleep.

Darya opened her big black eyes dully. She thought the old witch had called her. But instead she saw a woman standing beside the bed, a woman with eyes such as she had never even dreamed about, full of tears.

"Child," said the woman smiling, "you are going away with me, just in a moment. Do you want me to bring you the baby first?"

She didn't speak Russian nor yet English, but some strange clear-syllabled tongue that struck on the ears of the soul. Darya understood her from the first word. She was not surprised to hear that she was going away. And she wasn't sorry. Yes, she would like to see the baby.

The woman brought it to her.

"He will have grey eyes like his father," she told Darya, "and his soul is grey too, but in the core of it there is a white light that came from you. They told me I could have him—I never had one of my own—they said I might choose among all those born tonight. And I said, 'Give me a boy—a boy with no chance.'"

Darya understood every word. Her ears had never heard the like, but her soul that had not meant to sin, was the soul of a young child.

"And you will go alongside, always?" she whispered, "he will not see you — you cannot speak to him—but you will be there? And you will bring him home? And I — what will I be doing while he lives his life?" she touched his closed eyes with her lips.

"You will be learning how to be his mother," said the woman softly.

Then she took Darya by the hand and the girl laid her baby very gently on the rumpled bed and went away.

. . . .

Petie wasn't a good kid. He wasn't an easy kid to love. And nobody had ever tried very hard, so far as you could see. The Children's Aid had him for a while. His mother died when he was born, the Superintendent would tell you, trying her conscientious best to get you to adopt the little rascal, but inevitably you turned away from the pinch-faced atom and took Dorothy with the curls, or Helen 'cause she had such darling dimples. People who come to adopt babies are not always altruists.

PETE REMEMBERED WITH A START HOW GOOD THE COURT HAD BEEN TO HIM AND HOW HE HAD HONEST-TO-GOD INTENDED TO PULL UP AND GO STRAIGHT

So Petie stuck with the Aid till he was five and quarrelsome. The Aid was all right, but it couldn't love children twelve at a time and all yelling, any more than you could. And besides, the Superintendent had had a bleak sort of life herself and her love was maybe frostnipped.

There was a Woman who used to come in at night. Petie was the only one who had ever seen her. As a rule even he just dreamed about her. She was nearly always there when people called to adopt a child, but they paid no attention to her when she cried because they took Dorothy. The next time though, she would be smiling again—she drew her strength from things we do not know—and once she had laughed out loud and kissed Petie right on his mouth. No one had ever done that before.

Then one day when he was just five, the kid was out on the sidewalk where he wasn't supposed to go, caddying the runaway balls for a neighborhood gang, when a man came along and stared at him. The man went up to the corner and then he came back slowly and asked Petie his name. Petie didn't like him.

Next day he rang the bell and had a long talk with the Superintendent. She packed Petie's things into a drygoods box and kissed him good-bye — 'way back by his ear—and told him his father had come for him. If Petie had been anybody else in the building he'd have cried.

An eating-house with a blind tiger bar—and rooms upstairs—isn't the best sort of a place for a boy to grow up in. Pete was a keen one, and even while he was so little that he could stand upright under the quick lunch counter, he knew everything there was to be known. He was a useful little devil because he could run messages and tip things off without being noticed. The men used to give him the bottoms of tumblers and the ends of cigarettes and Darya's successor told him stories.

If it hadn't been for the cigs and things, he'd never have known the Commissioner. The first time he was yanked into court, there was a Woman who came beside him crying, though the guards didn't see her. He was such a baby to be a lawbreaker, but he had stolen fifteen dollars.

It was a plain little room sky-high in the old City Hall. Pete had wailed his way into the world only a block or so from the place, but he had never been inside the huge stone building before. There was a look about its three-foot walls that scared all the wild animal in him. And besides, that was where the cops had their headquarters.

This was the Juvenile Court. Pete had time to take in the flags on the walls, the two deaconesses over by the door, the reporters who were getting his age and crime from the clerk, and the Aid representative whom he hoped wouldn't see him. Then the Commissioner called his case. "Peter Garth—are you Peter Garth?" the big man asked. "Why'd you hook the fifteen, eh Pete? Needed it in your business?"

The tone was so entirely—no, not kind nor good nor any other soft-sorta word, but so confidential, so pal-ish, if you could coin such a term, that Pete was surprised into a grin that began a little uncertainly and ended by taking in the top freckle on his nose. This man looked as though he never, never could have beat it with the coin himself, and yet somehow, he knew what he'd have felt like if he had. He'd got a real sure-nuff soul-of-a-fellah inside that big body of his.

The policeman told his yarn, the probation officer for Pete's district added his damning testimony. The Commissioner looked grave—more, he looked as if it hurt him.

"Pete," he said, resting his arms on the table, "seems to me you're a pretty bad sortuva kid. Don't you think so?"

That was a tense moment for the Commissioner. And for the Woman behind the Commissioner's chair.

"HALLOWED—BE—THY NAME—" PETIE'S WORDS CAME SLOWER AND SLOWER, BUT THE SERGEANT DIDN'T KNOW IT. HE HAD GONE WHERE IT DIDN'T MATTER

"Yes sir," said Pete huskily, twisting his cap.

That night he dreamed about Her again—he hadn't seen her in over a year. She came and brought a dark-eyed girl-kid with her, at least she must have been a kid because she had her hair in a big black braid. He had never seen her before, but he thought her wonderfully pretty. The two of them knelt down by his bed and cried over him and yet, somehow, they seemed to be very happy.

For as much as two whole days Pete remembered the Commissioner. Then he forgot all about him. There was a Big Brother movement just starting in the city, but the man in charge of it was fearfully busy and most lamentably underpaid and Pete didn't get entered. A month or two went by and then the boy had the misfortune to get drunk pretty far from home. There were three of them, all under fifteen, and the officer gathered them in.

As he saw the flags again, and the big Commissioner disposing of a gang that had played baseball on the street because the city gave them no place else in which to do it, Pete remembered with a start how good the Court had been to him before and how he had honest-to-God intended in his thirteen year old soul, to pull up and go straight.

"Peter Garth?" said the Commissioner who had a memory that was one of the most wonderful things about him. "Why Pete, this is too bad. I let you off last time — don't you remember? What's wrong, son?"

His head ached. The hands that held the worn old cap trembled. He looked up and met the Commissioner's eyes. And for the first time since he could remember, he burst into tears.

"There, there, son," said the Commissioner, "you come round here."

Petie came—he was only thirteen after all—and though his soul was amazed and dumfounded within him, he let the Commissioner put a big arm around his shoulders and he found that he rather liked it.

That night the Commissioner went to an uptown church to talk to a number of ladies and gentlemen who were interested in his work. He told them of the smallness of the appropriation the city gave his department, he told them about the volunteer workers he had, and the Big Brothers and Big Sisters — but there weren't nearly enough of them—who were standing by his kids. And last of all, he told them about Petie. He didn't know the very worst features of his environment, but he had heard of some of them. And he was very solemn about the responsibility of the church and the state for allowing any child to grow up under such conditions.

There was a lady down in the last pew whose eyes were full of tears. She had had one little boy—a dear little boy with fair curls and a twisted back. Now she had nothing but a million or two of foolish dollars.

A Woman stood beside her out in the aisle.

"Take him, take him, oh for Christ's sake," she was saying over and over. "Take Petie and help me bring him Home!"

Then the meeting ended.

The lady was very much moved. She was on the point of going up over the soft crimson carpet to the big man who looked so tired.. But a friend met her and asked her to come next day to play bridge. It seemed to her as though someone pulled at her sleeve from behind, but she was just accepting her invitation and when she did get through and turned, there was nobody. So she went home. For a day or two she thought of Petie uneasily and then the flood of teas and dinners and theatre parties closed over his little dark head and she forgot all about him.

But the Commissioner didn't. He wasn't allowed to. A boy can become a pretty frequent visitor at the court if he began with the bottoms of tumblers when he could hardly talk. The queer thing about it was that he really and truly tried to be good, Petie did, and he really and truly couldn't. The Commissioner saw that. He was an old-fashioned man with an old-fashioned faith, for all his slang with his kids, and he knew that God was the only one who could cure a thirteen year old dipsomaniac. That was one of the things God was for.

He told Petie this in a long conversation. He thought the kid got it and then again he thought he didn't. Souls grow very, very slowly and Petie's had never had any chance but just that one-in-a-million that the Commissioner didn't know about. However, he would tell him and even if he didn't get it now, it would all come back some day, maybe after the man who had said it was gone.

That came sooner than anyone expected. Petie read the announcement on the front page and a chill like death touched his heart. The one voice that had ever spoken to him as if it cared, had run down, somehow, just like a phonograph of strange pattern that no one could ever wind up again.

It was winter and the streets were bleak. There was a raw wind from over the Bay. Petie went to the big church and looked in but nobody spoke to him, although there was a Woman who tried hard to make them see. They were so sorry they had lost the man that they had forgotten his work.

After that, life was a sort of cascade for a while, each drop a little lower, till Pete hooked a real-truly bunch of money and skipped out.

"Good riddance," said the grey-eyed man, "I was getting afraid he'd split on us one o' these days."

The months passed into a whole year. And then, like the huge red climax that it was to so many lives, came the War.

Petie was sitting in the shadow of a big water tank with another hobo or two, eating lunch out of a newspaper just like in the movies. A train came to rest beside them, a very excited train that exuded ladies and gentlemen who couldn't keep quiet till the down-bound express passed them. They were all talking at once; and that was how Petie knew that England was in it.

He didn't often think about the Commissioner—it made him sad and bitter and lonesome inside. But he thought of him now, and he knew somehow that if the big man were alive, he'd be in it.

"Say, what about us?" he asked his friends of the tank, "we hadn't oughta hang back."

"We?" the men roared over it. What good would Petie be? He wasn't sixteen yet and sometimes he looked a good two years younger.

The boy got up, walked down the track, waited till the next freight and so, by easy stages, drifted back to the town of his birth.

They were recruiting at the Armouries. He hung round for a while and then he slouched up and asked the alert young guard if they didn't want drummer boys.

He was a good-hearted chap, that guard, but he judged a man by his inches after all.

"That's gone out, kid, drummer boys and suchlike," he said kindly, "it takes a man to get a good gait on anyhow when there's route marches or real troop-moving. A young'un like you'd never stand it. Go and sell Extras."

And Petie did just that. But first of all he read them, haltingly of course, since his schooling had been of the worst, and skipping out entirely the names the other kids hadn't pronounced for him. But the more he read, and the more he looked at the first raw screaming pictures, the Krupp-scares and the crime-blares, the more his soul burned to be in it.

The Pats were mobilized and went joyously overseas—the First Contingent rushed off to Valcartier and the Second was recruited, with less hurrah but even greater enthusiasm.

When the big Camp was established out by the Lake, where the breeze frayed the very bloom off your soul, he moved his Extra stand to the nearest corner. And then one night he went right in.

They were pounding out Tipperary on the Y. M. C. A. piano while the movie machine sputtered over a War film made in California. The tent was chuck full of khaki-boys and Pete crept in under the flap and sat there unnoticed. For the third time in all his life he felt as if he had found home. The first was when the Woman had kissed him on the mouth, and the second was that terrific occasion when he had cried in court and found the Commissioner's arm.

When Last Post shivered itself across the winter starlight and the tent emptied, Pete slouched up to a bluff Sergeant who looked as if he owned a soul that might have been first cousin to the Commissioner's.

"Aw—say," he muttered, "I been tryin' to get in with this bunch ever since August. Don't y' wanta boy t'—t' clean boots 'r somethin'?"

The Sergeant looked down—a long way down—and he grinned.

"Run along home sonny, ma'll be settin' up fer y'."

"Ain't got no home."

"Honest?"

"Yep. Tramped all last summer. Bin round town since." Then, with a burst of confidence, "Gee, but I wanta get to the War! Holy Moses, I'd give ever' dam thing I got—'taint much—if I c'd only——"

The Sergeant looked curiously into the smouldering grey eyes. He wasn't like the guard. He knew a man when he saw one.

"Well, say," he began, "don't let on I said so, but hang round a while and then go to that tent there, third one to the left over yonder, and I'll see that you get the end of a blanket."

An officer passed and the Sergeant saluted with his body between Authority and the kid.

"We've got eighteen 'r twenty dogs hangin' round," he soliloquized, "an' I'll be darned if I can see why I shouldn't ring in a kid."

And so it happened that Petie became a part of the Umpty Steenth, a self-effacing part on parade but a mighty useful part around clean-up time; and a most earnest and efficacious practiser on the snare drum. He wasn't what you might say a good kid—

not yet—but by reason of much busyness and a lofty purpose despite the boots, the white core of his soul was growing out through the grey. Every night he had the half of somebody's blanket—more often than not the Sergeant's—and one time he woke up—broad-awake, mind you—and saw the Woman and the girl-kid with their heads together and the tent flap lifted. He was afraid to move, but they smiled and smiled at him until the wind blew the flap shut.

When the time came to go overseas, the Sergeant went to the Colonel and he told him all about Petie.

"He's a queer kid, sir," he said, "I don't rightly understand him myself, he's such a mixture, but he wants to do right and he's keen on the War and he wouldn't be afraid of the Kaiser himself. The men're fond of him. Couldn't he go like a—well, like a mascot? He hasn't any folks in the world that he knows of."

"But—but—" said the Colonel, thinking of Teddy at home, "you say he's not seventeen yet and he looks less. What right have we to risk killing him off?"

The Sergeant hesitated. The matter of his next sentence was hazy even to himself.

Continued on page 373.

The Meteorite That Smashed Europe

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated from Photographs

THE RAGGED ROCK COUNTRY OF THE BACKBONE OF THE WORLD

IF it hadn't been for the great-great granddaddy of the meteorites that you saw in last month's annual shower there might have been no European War. For it was a meteorite plus an eccentric Englishman plus a year or so's work of an obliging Scotchman plus the unbelievable, openhanded carelessness of the Anglo Saxon, that sealed, stamped and addressed the secret of nickel-steel to the Krupps.

Aeons ago, before the giant horsetails sprang from the oozy soil and sank into it again as the swamps of the Carboniferous Period closed over them to make them into coal; aeons before the first blind instinct drove life up from the water and over the land in the monstrous nightmare growth of the prehistoric amphibian; ages before all this there was a vast disturbance in the Lake Huron quarter of the world that would have set all the seismographs jumping if there had been any to jump.

The oldest rocks of the cosmos had been laid down, or hardened up out of no one knows what strange history of storm and flame. Above them had been placed later stratified rocks bedded down by the primeval ocean. And then the so-called Huronian area rose above the waves never to sink again. Over and over the slow process of rise and fall sent the rest of the continent to be submerged under broad arms of the Arctic reaching down into our present wheat lands, or beneath that strange Pacific that once flowed over the highest peaks of the Rockies-to-come. But still through geologic eternities the Superior-Huron region stood above the floods like a lighthouse.

It wasn't free however from internal conflict. And somewhere about three a.m., in the history of the continent, there was an immense bubbling in the profound that underlay our present Sudbury district, so much so that a great geyser of molten rock burst upward, found the joint between the two bed systems and spread out like a vast hissing lake, a mile and a quarter deep and miles underground.

Even the most staunch and conservative of original formations couldn't stand that. With its underpinning gone, the over-rock collapsed into a great shallow cup-shape, throwing the outside of the eruptive layer upward, like the top edge of the same cup. Here it hardened slowly, the exposed part forming a huge ring or oblong, thirty-six miles one way and seventeen the other, set into the middle of the ragged rock country of this backbone of the world. After which the Maker of Mines left it to set for a million years or so till the adventurous Canadian Pacific Railway should push its impudent head into the secret.

In 1876 there was an outbreak of yellow fever in the Gulf States—no, gentle reader, our minds are not wandering. There are germs as well as mines and meteorities in this story. An Englishman of the intellectual-tramp variety, a scientific free lance from vagabondia called John Gamgee, tendered the Government at Washington what he thought a big idea. Low temperature is fatal to Mr. Yellowfevergerm. Build a refrigerator ship therefore. Move it round to the stricken port and freeze your patients well again.

A SNOW-BURIED CAMP ABOVE THE SIX HUNDRED CUBIC MILES OF CANADIAN NICKEL-BEARING ROCK

Gamgee must have had a persuasive tongue in his head for the Navy Yard facilities were placed at his disposal. But alas, so great a pressure did he generate from the ammonia gas with which he wished to both drive and cool his vessel, that no cast iron boiler was found strong enough to contain it.

One day he was talking with a chance-met but most interested friend, S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, who tells the tale.

"Ritchie," he remarked, "did you ever notice the meteorites at the Smithsonian Institute? They're made of a compound of nickel and iron like nothing ever found on this planet, and they're the closest grained metal we have. How do you suppose it would work if we were to send out and get some nickel and try imitating them?"

The two friends experimented enthusiastically till they had seventy-two pieces of iron, each having a different percentage of alloy, some of them so hard that neither cold chisel nor file would affect them, and the man who wielded a ten pound hammer on them nearly smashed himself in the process.

Then Gamgee, having played his little part, being a true genius and therefore not fitted to hold the stage for very long, proceeded to quarrel with the Senate Committee appointed to meet with him. The refrigerator ship sailed away to Dreamland to join the Fountain of Youth and the Perpetual Motion Machine. And the Maker of Mines turned smilingly elsewhere, having planted an idea in the brain of S. J. Ritchie who was destined to make practical use of it, because he wasn't a genius at all.

Seven years passed. The idea staid still but Ritchie didn't. He built a little railroad up into that barbarous Dominion to the north of him, found his purchase of iron fields to be a bad bargain, went to Ottawa to look up other mineral specimens in the Museum and came across a sample of copper ore from the present Murray mine, dug out when the Canadian Pacific, the destined although blind secret-finder, was blasting its way into the district.

Ritchie examined and afterward bought two copper properties. In 1886 he had word from the chemist of the Orford Copper Company at Constable Hook, New Jersey, that the copper he had sent to be refined was mixed up with nickel, a curious but not very valuable mineral to be sure, since the whole world used only a scant thousand tons of it annually in the production of coins and German silver.

The Minemaker reached down into Ritchie's brain convolutions at this point and threw in the clutch. Ten years rolled away backward and the subject saw Gamgee with his meteorites and his dreams.

Just here perhaps another and less circumspect adviser butted in. "Why don't you tell the Krupps?" said this second suggester, "wouldn't that sort of steel make wonderful big guns?"

Having no Wilson at hand to counsel neutrality, Ritchie obeyed.

With true German wariness, the Krupps wrote in answer, not one letter but two. The first told the American that his idea was doubtless interesting but quite fantastic. The second politely asked the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain to put an investigator on the question, for the benefit of the world at large. And the Krupps in particular.

A year or so later, James Riley, a Glasgow man, brought in a detailed and most favorable report which was considerately given to the nations—and the Krupps.

It would be interesting to trace the story which now spreads out like the sticks of a fan. Ritchie, a U.S. Navy representative, and Sir Charles Tupper for Canada, toured England and the continent in 1889 to ascertain the real value of the nickel deposits. The rest of the world had no nickel at all, except a little pocket that France was jealously sitting on down in New Caledonia.

Everybody made love to the nickel owners, everybody wanted to buy them out. Even the Krupps were kind until the visitors asked for data on the casting of the huge steel ingots out of which the guns were made.

The party returned, bringing with them specimen battleship plates for the Annapolis guns to pound away at. And when the immense superiority of nickel steel had been thus demonstrated, Congress voted a million dollars to buy Sudbury nickel in the unrefined state (matte), with which to supply the place of all the old steel armor plates now bound for the junk heap.

Sir Charles Tupper was as enthusiastic as a boy. His long letter to Sir John A. Macdonald isn't the wordfully-stupid state document that you'd expect. It's good crisp newspaper English and it ends like this:

"From all the data we could obtain I was convinced that Sudbury could compete with any place in the world in the production of copper and that it could produce nickel for about one-half the price at which the French company could produce it. The best evidence I could obtain of the real importance of the Sudbury mines was the manifest desire both in England and upon the continent of the largest smelters, and consumers of both copper and nickel to become the owners of the mines or to control their output. Mr. Ritchie has furnished me with the most minute details of the expense of producing their material, and by comparing these figures with those published by the larger companies in Europe, I cannot escape the conclusion that this enterprise is one of the most important in Canada. Taking the three companies together I believe there are only two others which are likely to exceed them in importance, and they are Canada's two principal railway systems.

"Such being the conditions of the market for this metal, and Canada owning the governing supply of the world, I have asked myself, 'Why cannot Canada herself make this steel ?'

"There is not a doubt that the best people in England would readily join in the enterprise. When the item of fuel comes up, I learn upon enquiry that Chicago has the largest steel and rail mills in the United States. She hauls all her coke, with which she reduces her ores and melts her pig iron, from Connellsville in Pennsylvania, a distance of over 500 miles. She also hauls her ores to her mills and furnaces from the mines in Michigan, a distance of over 400 miles. Canada can obtain coke from Pennsylvania at a haul of not more than 400 miles to the ores of Hastings county. A steel works located in this neighborhood would have the ores immediately at the place where they would be reduced. Why then should not Canada utilize these iron ores and these nickel ores and make this ferro-nickel upon her own territory ? Why should she not go farther and make this nickel-steel and this armorplate upon her own territory ? If the Government takes the proper action there is no doubt that the best skill and the strongest financial backing in England could be had to carry it on, and *it really looks as if it were possible for Canada to control the character and efficiency of the guns and the navies of the world. I am led to say this much from the statements of every expert with whom I have talked.*"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NICKEL MINE, THE CREIGHTON, WITH ITS ROASTING BEDS

Well ? And did we do it ?

Oh pshaw, what's the use ? The Anglo Saxon has a head to which the hardest meteorite is wax. It will stand the blows of an embattled world, being the head of a hero. But you can't get a real idea in with anything short of a diamond drill. And so, before the doubtless-disappointed Minemaker could prevent it, two nickel companies were formed, the Mond and the International, the first exporting matte to Wales for refining, the other to New Jersey. And in the second, as has been stated over and over again and never categorically denied, the firm of Krupps is a forty per cent. stockholder.

And so Ontario, the once-rich Princess, was left like Cinderella in the ashes of her dowry—not an ounce of nickel refined in her own territory, not a hint of the big dream of being the arbitress of armament.

Time passed. The Krupps and the Kaiser, having profitted by the work of Meteorite, Gamgee, Riley and Co., now proceeded to accumulate Canadian nickel. From four-fifths to nine-tenths of the world's annual output is made into armor plate, guns and other war-horrors. Over eighty per cent. of that supply is dug from the lip of the cup made at the dawn o' day, millions of years ago in the Sudbury district. And though the newspapers yelled and the politicians of the out-party groaned, the export of nickel went on via the United States to Germany until the war had been the main topic of conversation for many moons.

Nearly a year after Britain had entered the conflict—on July 20th, 1915, to be exact—the papers carried the news of a Nickel Commission appointed by Ontario, "to study the whole nickel situation with a view to suggesting means of co-operating more fully with the Imperial Government in the control of the nickel supplied, and of building up in Ontario a nickel refining industry that will turn nickel out as a finished product."

The Commission "is empowered to enquire into the whole nickel situation in Ontario." Its three Canadian and single British member will be given free tickets to Norway to look into a new electrical process used in that country, also to New Caledonia to snatch a peep at what France is doing with her little ore-pockets.

All of which is very nice indeed—save and except the date. It has taken just twenty-six years to get an obvious idea into an armor-plated head !

But this isn't a muckraker article. We believe that John Bull is bound to win, stupidity and all. You can outflank and outrun and outtalk the old chap all you want to, but somehow he just shakes his unwise head and goes at you again. And by and by the amazing vitality, the unbelievable stick-to-it-ive denseness of the race wins out.

But when it does win—what then ?

For the peace advocate who visions a dove on each shoulder and a kiss all round, we have nothing but a sad little smile. It would be beautiful. But it won't be true.

There will be armament. And then more armament. And more again.

And in that five hundred and fifty square mile eruptive sheet, the cup edge of which is now being mined while the vast underlayers lie all untouched, Canada possesses an estimated volume of at least six hundred cubic miles of nickel-bearing rock.

When John

By J. F. Wilson

Jourjon slyly eyed her. "Eh? he expected the tragedy and he finds—supper"

IT was amusing to see the solemnity with which he approached what he called "adventure." He perspired after tragedy, with his notebook ready, like a gun, to pot the game, and finally becoming the object of his own fire, so to speak, bagged himself. His amazement was ludicrous when he discovered his plight, perceived himself suddenly snatched out of his orchestra seat and thrust upon the stage. So it goes. We pay to see the circus and then find ourselves in a hot battle with a canvasman.

His name was John Selden Winthrop and it had never occurred to anyone to call him Jack. He was twenty-six years old, five feet ten inches tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, cold in manner, sparing of speech, natty, burdened with a college degree and a sense of his own philosophy. I believe he had some money, too, though that doesn't matter. He laid emphasis on his philosophy; that observation of life—adventure—was the foundation of wisdom. That is one of the ways he put it.

"Human nature," said Winthrop, "is changeless in its essence. In Ontario we have polished the original type so beautifully that we sometimes miss the real form of it. We are slightly artificial. We are getting away from first principles. I have been given to understand that down here in the South Seas one can observe primitive man—see behind the scenes."

As ammunition, he carried about with him a volume or two of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw. He also had a book of poetry by Emerson, and somebody else's treatise on "Experimental Psychology." Thus equipped, he came to Honolulu and lay in wait for Raw Humanity.

For six months he frequented the hotels, made decorous trips to the Pali, interviewed the actors at the leper station, walked dignifiedly up Hotel Street, watched the mixed races at play and battle at Iwilei, poked his thin, aristocratic nose past the jalousies of Palama, and regarded his notebook with an expectant air, much as if he hoped at any moment to see its fair pages writ over with Real Life. At times he came up the steps to the *Advertiser* office and discoursed on the Sense for Life, which, I take it, is some college phrase for the three passions—woman, work, and wisdom.

"I shall enjoy seeing a genuine adventure," he would conclude. "I have several experiments to make. I have been told that men will act contrary to their inherited convictions under the stress of extraordinary situations. For example, men used to kill their rivals in love. A man would fight to win his wife. I contend that love is a far different matter, and that a man would as soon think of committing murder to win a wife as he would of killing in order to gain his soul's salvation. By observation down here of the influence of primitive passion, I hope to gain a good foundation for a treatise on the fact that our civilization depends for its degree entirely on the value which it sets on the life of the individual. I shall witness at first hand some of the effects of an unartificial environment on men of varying stages of mental and moral cultivation."

"If you wish to see murder and sudden death, you may have to run some risk," I told him.

"I shall merely keep my eyes open," he informed me. "I shan't mix in with any of your quarrels. Consider me merely a scientific observer."

Of course, he gradually filled his notebook. A white man in Palama chased his kanaka wife into the street with an oil can which he tried to empty over her flowing *holoku*, swearing

Turned Jack

Illustrated by Alden Dawson

SHE HAD NOT GONE TO BED, BUT SAT IN THE SHADOW, JUST OUTSIDE HER LATTICE AND LISTENED TO MY TALE

horribly because no one offered him a match wherewith to kindle the holocaust. A Puerto Rican, sullenly chewing his nails, was picked up by the police for knifing a man who had jostled him in the street. A Korean was pulled out of the green cane and thrust snarling over the body of a *luna* (overseer), who stared into the faultless sky over the wired hilt of a machete, because of some notion (in the minds of the authorities) that the dead might awaken and identify his killer. It all went down in John Selden Winthrop's book, in his rather florid script, with the day of the month and the hour marked on the margin. It didn't satisfy him. He pulled Emerson on me, like a pistol, and demanded the gods, not the half-gods.

In those days, as the Bible says, a schooner came swinging up from the deep South with an old man and a young woman seated on the after rail, hauled into Honolulu, and slipped up to a berth off Fort Street. It was Michael Tunbridge and his daughter Flora, come up from Godfrey Island with a tale about Pierre Jourjon and the looting of their little square treasure-box of pearls. It appeared that Pierre had also seized Godfrey and was holding it on the plea that it was French territory.

Michael stormed the citadel of the prime minister, and found little hope of aid. Capital looked askance at his request for ten thousand dollars wherewith to buy arms and ammunition to slay the looter and his crew. Michael got indignant, rolled his sleeves back over his withered arms, and swore by the angry gods that he would return single-handed and kill Jourjon, and send the remains to the cannibal islands as *kumshaw*. Flora sat on the *lanai* of the Royal Hawaiian and listened to the band. She was a fine, large, dark-eyed girl, with a queer fashion of suddenly turning her head as if to surprise you while you stood behind her.

In time, Michael found that nobody appreciated his troubles on Godfrey; and, because of his talk, no one would honor his drafts at three hundred and sixty days, though Michael's credit had always been first-chop. So he came to me and said, "I'm going back to Godfrey to-morrow. These islands up here are spoiled. There isn't a man left on 'em. But I'll show that Frenchman who's alive and who's dead. Come along and write it up."

I was young then. I went. That night I saw Winthrop and told him a little of the story. "When I get back I'll give you something to put in your notebook," I said.

He studied this awhile, and then said, very calmly, "If I'm not intruding, I shall go, too. D'ye suppose——"

"I do," I returned. "Come on. I'll fix it up with Michael."

So it happened that, on a fine morning, the schooner *Mariana* put out beyond the mother-of-pearl waters of Oahu and took the trades in her big brown sails and blew down to the south with Michael, Flora, John Selden Winthrop, and myself on her soaring quarter-deck.

Once or twice Michael, holding his own thoughts in leash, sounded him on his opinion of what should be done to Jourjon, looter, robber, and pirate. To these appeals Winthrop intimated strongly that he was come on this voyage merely because it gave promise of affording material for scientific investigation.

To Flora he behaved with great discretion, occasionally noticing her attempts at conversation and, apparently, marking them for comparison with something that Bernard Shaw or Emerson or the Experimental Psychologist had said. At meals he would sit quite straight in his revolving chair and pointedly address his calm remarks to me, giving the impression that Michael and his girl were exhibits in a cage, apparatus with which he intended to conduct an experiment.

Flora was no schoolgirl. She had been educated abroad, and many men had paid homage to her beauty and her wit. For three weeks she glanced quietly at Winthrop, with a little smile about her lips and an odd, calculating expression in her splendid eyes. Then she said to him, "How old are you?"

A simple question. But it was the first query she had put to him in all those three weeks, and it took Winthrop aback, just as if, after all, his aloofness easily was resolved into a simple sum if one knew how young he was. He stammered, and answered with the plain number : "Twenty-six."

He expected further questions, I fancy, a chance to impress this girl with his knowledge and his philosophy. But she accepted his reply as final, made him understand that he was no longer mysterious to her, that his bosom was emptied of its profoundest secret, and paid him no more attention.

It mightily disgusted my friend. He came out one night with the assertion that women are ruled by the purely obvious. "They take their ideas from books," the disciple of Shaw informed me. "They generalize pitifully. There are no exceptions to their rules. They never recognize the individual." He threw a scornful look at the very stars as though to put them, too, into the category of the feminine and illogical.

It was dark when we reached the low shadow of Godfrey Island. The *Mariana* breasted a heavy current that swirled noisily under her forefoot. The captain stared into the darkness with an intent gaze. Flora leaned back in her chair with an abstracted look of meditation, as if she did not hear the hoarse menaces of old Michael, who paced the planks handling a shining revolver and cursed the small light that twinkled on shore to show him where Jourjon was enjoying the enforced hospitality of the Tunbridge home. Even Winthrop seemed slightly nervous and asked me constantly what I thought would be done. I did not know. I suggested that either Jourjon or Michael would be killed.

Winthrop demanded again and again, "What for ? What are they fighting over ? Why kill each other ?" as if he blamed me horribly for bringing him into a compromising position. "Of course I shan't allow myself to be mixed up in it," he announced.

The *Mariana* made the pass and entered the long, curved lagoon at whose farther end shone the light. The head sails were brailed in, the vessel slipped along the undulating shore more and more slowly, the mainsail came down, the anchor splashed overboard in a fountain of fiery phosphorescence and old Michael trembled at the rail, calling for a boat to be lowered away. When the ladder was over and the small boat nosed its lower round, the old man snarled, "Now let's go and fix that Frenchman. We'll show him who's who on Godfrey." His eyes, as he cast them over us, gleamed wickedly.

Winthrop flatly refused to go. Flora smiled at me, and suggested, "Suppose we leave Mr. Winthrop a pistol. He may get afraid."

That gentleman fell into the snare, saying solemnly, "Thanks very much. I'm armed."

"Then don't shoot any of us," she laughed lightly, and swung herself down into the boat.

Winthrop grabbed me by the arm as I was about to follow, and demanded that she come back. "It's no place for a woman," he urged.

"Nor for a philosopher," she called up from the boat.

We pulled to the shore, and as we neared the shelving sand, Michael fingered his revolver. "I've a notion to kill him on sight," he said bitterly.

"Give him a chance," Flora said.

"But he can pot us open-handed," Michael insisted.

Flora laughed. "I'll talk to him," she said. "I know Jourjon and he's very polite. He won't shoot so long as a woman is in the crowd. He's not like an American, papa. He's very respectful."

The old man shut up, and we scraped up on the beach, getting out stiffly. A voice greeted us from the shadow of the palms. "You are welcome !"

"You pirate, come out of that and I'll kill you !" yelled Michael.

"You are very impolite and excited," said the unseen one in excellent English. "You forget that a lady is present."

"Mr. Jourjon," said Flora quietly, "we have come back to get our property. I've persuaded my father not to kill you—just yet. May we come up ?"

The invisible man laughed and answered, "Come on. I'm glad to see you."

We walked up through the intense darkness, and almost immediately a slim figure came out and met us. "I saw your schooner coming into the pass," he said, in a smooth tone. "So I hurried the boys with supper. May I have the honor of your presence at—at my house ?"

Old Michael stuck his revolver into his jacket pocket and cursed violently under his breath. "You may fool away to-night with all that fine small talk," he snarled aloud. "But to-morrow we'll have a settlement. If you think for a moment that I'm going to let a blasted Frenchman come and steal my island, you're mistaken."

"Till to-morrow," came the reply. "But supper is waiting. Is Miss Flora very hungry ?"

We had reached the shore with our eyes straining for the first sight of the enemy. We had crept up the crinkling sand with our hands on our hips, like prowling burglars. And the whole tragedy had turned farce. We were going to supper. But Flora emphasized the situation ; "I'd better warn you not to approach the schooner till daylight," she laughed. "There's a man out there who intends to shoot anybody that tries to board the vessel."

"Why does he refuse my hospitality ?" Jourjon demanded.

"Papa said he was coming ashore to kill you," she replied. "And that appeared to him an embarrassing situation. You see, he had never been introduced to you."

"I must reassure him," Jourjon said promptly. "You know the way, do you not ? Please go and make yourselves at home. I must greet this polite gentleman." He stood aside, and we passed on in the darkness.

But we did not go far. With one accord, we stopped, watching the dim shadow of Jourjon travel down to the shore and the boat. Once there, he leaped in and shoved off, leaving the kanakas sitting up by the margin of the lagoon. We heard the powerful sweep of the oar that he used as a scull, saw the flash of the sea fire, and heard a hail from the schooner's deck.

"I am Mr. Jourjon, the proprietor of the island," the infernal scoundrel answered in a high voice. "I have come to invite you to dinner with me, my dear sir."

We heard a muffled confab on the schooner and Winthrop's voice cut the darkness. "I'm armed," he said.

"But I invite you to dinner," Jourjon replied, thrusting the boat boldly up to the *Mariana's* side. Other words followed and then a silence. We seemed to discern the small boat returning. Later we saw that two men were in it. Jourjon helped Winthrop out on the sand with exaggerated courtesy.

"Now," said our host, "let us go and see what supper the natives have provided for us." He turned to Winthrop with a polite sweep of the hand. "I can't tell you how difficult it is to impress on these kanakas the nicer rules of cuisine. In fact"—his tone became vibrant with annoyance—"I had to kill one this afternoon."

Flora took a quick step aside and faced him in the darkness, a glimmer of fire in her eyes. "How dared you !" she breathed. "Who was it ?"

Jourjon's deprecating shrug was almost audible. "I am so sorry !" he said. "But discipline must be maintained. It was John Ii."

As the name passed his lips, we stepped upon the *lanai* of the Tunbridge house and the light streamed out on us, showing Winthrop's perplexed, thin face, Michael's moody visage, and the exchange of defiance between Flora and the Frenchman. Really, it was amazing to see the sudden stillness that seemed to have absorbed her out of her hot anger. Defiant she was; but it was a strange, obscure kind of defiance, as though she had confronted an unexpected strength in her opponent. Across Jourjon's features flitted an expression of solicitude.

Winthrop dragged me back, as Flora passed on ahead of her bowing host, great anxiety plainly written in his manner. "This is very absurd," he said. "I presume these people are joking. Such jokes are in bad taste, don't you think? We are in an awkward position. What shall we do?"

"Go in and get some supper," I answered.

"With these—these monsters!" he brought the last words out emphatically. "I—I refuse!"

His voice rose so sharply that Jourjon heard and turned back. "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Winthrop?" he asked. "I regret the poor accommodations, but I didn't expect you, you see."

Winthrop glanced at me, and then said to his self-appointed host. "But you killed somebody!"

Jourjon's air was one of perfect desolation. "And I didn't know you were arriving or I should have—what you call it?—postponed it. I would not willingly disturb a guest, even at the risk of letting a servant go unpunished. But it is past. Will not Mr. Winthrop forgive?"

Winthrop stood fast. It appeared that he would not eat with Jourjon, nor with anybody. He didn't wish to be mixed up in such doings. He murmured the words "respectability," and "murder" and "desire to be quite apart." He and I debated the propriety of dining with a man who had just killed his servant, waxing academic under the starred sky, with the noise of the tremendous Pacific in our ears.

I took the side that, in a way, we had thrust ourselves upon Jourjon and were not responsible for his faults of manner. Jourjon argued vehemently that he was delighted, that his reputation as a host was dear to him, that he apologized for his lack of foresight. He ended, laughing in his sleeve, of course, by affirming that as entertainer he must refuse to take offense at Winthrop's extraordinary demeanor.

"I suggest," he said, "that Mr. Winthrop is the escort, the cavalier of the lovely Miss Flora. Is not Mr. Winthrop bound to obey her wishes? She desires supper."

Now, you wouldn't imagine that so audacious a remark would capture that cold collegian, would you? It did. He accepted the intimation of his rudeness, bowed, and we passed in, Jourjon leading the way among the flowers with unctuous hospitality.

But here Jourjon's momentary triumph ended. The table was spread in the shadowy length of the *lanai*. At the head of it sat Flora; opposite her sat Michael. The old Kanaka nurse murmured hysterically behind her mistress's chair, and the old man glowered at a brown man who gibbered in fear, clattering plates in his shaking hands. As we came in, Flora glanced up carelessly, waved me to a seat at her left and told Winthrop to take the chair to her right. Jourjon dropped hesitatingly into the other seat hastily shoved under him by the terror-stricken servant.

"I'LL SHOW THAT FRENCHMAN WHO'S ALIVE AND WHO'S DEAD. COME ALONG AND WRITE IT UP"

Kanakas know but one master. The two serving, and the others shuffling on the outskirts, recognized that their old master and mistress were come back and thereby their enforced allegiance to Jourjon was swept away. He knew it, and his thin brows contracted wickedly.

The meal was one of constant interplay of chat, laughter, and veiled innuendo. Winthrop, naturally, lost the meaning of it all. To him it merely presented an inexplicable and revolting association of a murderer and two adventurers. He gazed dumbly at his hostess and her radiance, gave monosyllables in return for Jourjon's cold, polite remarks. So the conversation lay between us three mostly; Flora, Jourjon, and myself. Old Michael hadn't much to say.

I remember one interchange between Flora and Jourjon. He said:

"I am very glad that you are here at this time. I was at a loss to know how to amuse my friends who are coming up from Papeete. You relieve me of a responsibility, mademoiselle."

"And I shall be glad to welcome any of your friends, just as I shall make you welcome," she said simply.

"And the good Mr. Winthrop, will he assist you?" he went on, cutting his pear with a deft knife.

"Mr. Winthrop, I fear, is disappointed in the entertainment we provide," she returned, as she rose from the table.

Jourjon slyly eyed her. "Eh? He expected the tragedy? And he finds—supper? Sometimes it is supper, mademoiselle, when we await tragedy—or death."

She smiled at him. "Everything comes to him who waits."

"And he, he is waiting?"

Here Michael looked up, and said in a harsh voice, "We are all waiting."

Recalling that evening and the setting of these remarks, I admire the coolness of the Frenchman. He was quite alone. As I found out afterwards, he had sent his schooner back for reinforcements, not yet arrived. The kanakas, who at first might have fought for him, were gone way back to his enemies. Yet he dallied with his pear, drawing his thin eyebrows up occasionally with an air of amusement, amusement which politeness (his manner gave us to understand) forbade him to express otherwise.

The meal finished, Flora called the maid and said in the native tongue, "Is my room ready?"

The woman's terrified face drew the attention of us all. Even Winthrop inquired, "What is the matter?"

"Mr. Jourjon has seen fit to install himself in my room," Flora answered with a blush.

"An intrusion," Jourjon declared hastily. "But justified, I hope. It was eloquent of beauty and I always rejoice in loveliness, even in its absence."

Queer, what things will stir up the otherwise unstirrable. Winthrop got it into his head that the Frenchman had trespassed upon Miss Tunbridge's privacy. His face flushed and his lips opened. But he found nothing to say, I suppose, for he closed his mouth again with a determined and resolute air. We rose from the table.

Keeping things in her own hands, Flora dismissed us all, saying that she would retire. Michael sat grimly back against the rail of the *lanai* and interrogated a native who answered him in hoarse barkings of fear. Winthrop and I strolled out upon the little lawn toward the beach of the lagoon. And Jourjon, seemingly crestfallen, followed us at a short distance, afterwards disappearing into the shadows.

On the beach, Winthrop demanded an accounting. He said he had been grossly misinformed; that he had understood from me, from Michael, and from Flora, that this was merely a voyage of discovery, possibly of occupation, of an island already discovered but never taken under the flag. He admitted that he had come along in hopes of seeing new things; he denied that he had intended to eat with a murderer, or with a man so lost to all sense of propriety as to seize a young woman's room in her absence.

I was provoked. Winthrop had had plenty of opportunity to acquaint himself with the expedition and its purpose. He had willfully withdrawn himself. I had told Michael that the young man might "come in handy," and on that understanding Tunbridge had welcomed him. I foresaw that this calm, ignorant, young philosopher might easily make a mess of the whole business. I did my best. I referred him to Flora.

"But she has retired," he remonstrated. "I must know to-night."

Jourjon strolled out of the shadows at this moment, smoking a cigarette. He smiled at us through the moonlit dusk and took up the conversation as though he had had a share in it all along. "If Mr. Winthrop will accompany me for a little while," he said gently, "I shall explain to him."

The shrewdness of his play checked me. I knew very well how he might bend this honest, philosophic youth to

Continued on page 374.

The Hazelton Queek

By Hay Stead

Illustrated from Photograph

BRITISH Columbia issued its first newspaper a third of a century ago. It flourished for a brief spell among the miners of the Omineca, ameliorating one brief winter of their discontent, and died a natural death, due, it is said, to an insufficiency of gelatine in the mechanical department.

Thirty years before, the forty-niners had turned California upside down in their search for the yellow metal. Ten years later, their out-posts had reached the Fraser river, and the main body of the army of miners, fired by the tales of rich finds along the lower reaches of that river and beyond, poured itself like a tidal wave up the narrow valley, past Hope and Yale, leaving innumerable little pockets of ephemeral camps whose very names are now forgotten, northward past Alexandria and Quesnel, to distribute themselves over the plains of the Cariboo. Another decade, and they had penetrated, still northward, to the mines of the Omineca district, to which Hazelton was the only port of entry.

Before them were the Indian, the missionary, and the fur trader. Hazelton consisted of an Indian village, a fur trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a mission. The metropolis of the Omineca district, it was the centre of social life for the whole Skeena river valley from the coast to the back of beyond; and all miners fortunate enough to be able to leave their locations, yet insufficiently favored to make the sea voyage to civilization, went into winter quarters at Hazelton; for winter mining was then a thing unknown.

Here, too, in the winter of 1880, came Bishop Ridley, loved and revered of pioneers from the Kootenay to Cassiar, from the Fraser mouth to the headwaters of the Peace, to share the loneliness of the winter months with the outliers of his flock; and out of his efforts to provide the little settlement with innocent and profitable diversion arose "The Hazelton Queek," a weekly publication illustrated with original drawings, replete with local and foreign news, editorial comment on matters at home and abroad, answers to correspondents, letters to the editor, special articles on astronomy and snowflakes, furbearing animals and bird life, philosophical speculation and Indian legends, original poems and advertisements; all the comforts, in fact, of a modern country newspaper except the patent inside.

Its name is unique; the annals of journalism show no imitator. The unfamiliar word in its heading would attract attention and excite curiosity anywhere. For its explanation, one cannot do better than follow the golden rule of literary research and go to the original source for its true significance. The editor, in Vol. 1, No. 1, thus dismisses doubt.

"Has the reader ever stood on the top of some high bald mountain quite alone; it must be in summer time when all nature seems hushed? Suddenly a shrill whistle is heard which will startle anyone who now hears it for the first time. What is it causes the sound? It is the Rock-whistler "Marmot" or little "Queek." There he sits some fifty yards off looking as cunning and independent as can be—but show yourself and like a flash he is off to his hole. He is seldom idle but works hard during the short season he has on his mountain home, which hardly commences before June, and is ended by September. Vegetation is very rapid, and lucky for the little whistler that it is so, as he has indeed to make his hay while the sun shines. He is a first rate hay-maker, cutting the grass in rows and drying it in the most approved style and afterwards packing it to his home for winter use. He rapidly gains flesh after his seven or eight months fast (for he does not use the hay for food, only for blankets), and by September he is in fine condition. He has plenty of enemies; nothing a grizzly bear likes better than a nice fat "Queek," and one can see immense holes dug by him in order to obtain the dainty morsel. The eagle and wolf also do not miss a chance of being on hand when our little haymaker is busy in his hayfield; but his worst enemy of all is the Indian—

THE OMINECA DISTRICT WAS THE CENTRE OF SOCIAL LIFE FOR THE WHOLE VALLEY FROM THE COAST TO THE BACK OF BEYOND

for Mr. Lo, dearly loves him, and every fall hunts him with gun, trap and snare—for the Queek is both food and clothing for the Red Man.

"Kisgarass is the principal village for Queek, and thousands are caught every year. It is quite common for one hunter to catch one hundred or even more. Indians travel to this village from all parts for the purchase of both the flesh and the skin, ten skins being worth one dollar and twenty-five cents being paid for the meat after it is dried. No Indian feast is complete without its pile of Queek skins and no transaction can be completed without its aid; and as few leave the country, there are immense numbers of them among the Indians. They afford excellent sport for the rifle, and a trip during the month of August to the mountain opposite the village would, to a fair shot, afford both profit and pleasure."

The name, however, was not the only unusual feature of this pioneer journal. At the head of every number, in the place where the average sordid newspaper displays what it deems to be its value to the reading public, was the word "gratis." No mailing list recorded the names of subscribers; the circulation problem solved itself, every able-abodied citizen in the community delivering his own copy. Even the advertisements, incredible as it may seem to the publisher of to-day, were without price.

The printing machinery was as adequate as it was simple. Even to-day, in country hotels and restaurants, you may come across menus painstakingly written, prolific in flourishes, elegant as to capital letters, in an anaemic-looking mauve ink, with the appearance of having been to the wash many times to their detriment. By these signs you may know the work of the hectograph, which, roughly speaking, is a smooth-faced slab of stiff jelly on a tin tray. It prints after the fashion of a lithographic stone; very much after, in fact. It was a hectograph which brought about the birth of The Queek. It was that instrument which sustained it during its short but merry life, and which was finally, through failure of the constituent parts, the cause of its early demise; for we read in the last number but one that the principal feature of the machine having failed, the management must perforce take leave of its readers until repairs were completed. This was in March 1881, on the twelfth of which month, publication ceased forever.

The Queek was a three columned sheet, ten inches by twelve in size, each number being embellished with an illustration full three columns wide. These illustrations were no mean feature for they were original drawings with a distinct air of quality about them. They compare favorably with drawings published by thousands of daily and weekly papers to-day. The subjects were mostly scenes in the vicinity of Hazelton or along the Skeena river with excursions to the north coast of Vancouver Island, one of which depicts Fort Rupert. Metlakatla Mission Church, drawings of the little animal from which the paper takes its name, an occasional comic, pictures of canyons and Indian bridges, all helped to brighten the little paper which varied in volume, sometimes two and sometimes four pages. One of the most interesting of the drawings is entitled "Raising the First Pole in Giatmaksh Village"—the Indian name for Hazelton. It shows the methods used by the Indians to raise these enormous cedar totem-poles into position far better than columns of description.

The other contents of the Queek are as quaint and interesting as the appearance of the little journal. Apropos of totem-poles, a story is told in its columns, the truth of which is vouched for by the editor, which is a striking instance of Indian indifference to the suffering of animals. It reads:

"A certain chief named Kaal, of Kyspiox, erected a big pole at his village. It was a very large cedar stick, and as the case generally is, was hollow about 15 feet up from the big end; it had been lying for some time on the ground at the place where it was to be erected, and some dogs had made a house of the hollow end. On the day it was to be put in its place, three dogs were inside and nothing could induce them to come out of it, so the pole was erected with the three live dogs in it and for (8) eight days the scratching and whining of the poor brutes was heard when it then ceased."

Another note on the subject says:

"The Indians formerly and in some cases do now, when erecting a pole, kill a female dog and place it in the hole under the pole—which would bring good luck to the owner of the pole."

Another paragraph gives a further vivid sidelight on Indian ways. It is in the form of an obituary notice.

"A young Indian woman died suddenly at Kyspiouks on Tuesday last. Bursting a blood vessel while packing a big load of fire wood was the immediate cause."

Not all the local news was of a tragic nature however, as witness the following parapraph headed, "A Plucky Little School Boy."

"A young Indian lad while out shooting grouse not two miles from town, found a bear's cache, he stopped the hole up, went back next morning and shot it, it was a small bear but then it was a small boy."

Some of the allusions are unintelligible at this date and distance, and it gives one a distinct sense of being without the social pale to read the bald and unsupported statement, "The pleasant evening on Thursday last was the most successful of the Series." Where was the evening spent? Who spent it, and with whom? What was this series that it should attain the dignity of a capital? These interesting details must have been common knowledge to the readers of the Queek, but to-day they are buried with Atlantis, and the ten tribes, and the man in the iron mask.

There is nothing indefinite, however, about the following: "On Christmas Day Mr. Youmans gave a dinner to a party of friends which, we hear, was a perfect success." A world of delicate reproach lies in those words "we hear." An editorial announcement in the same number is probably the only one of its kind that ever appeared in any newspaper. It reads: "An original poem by Mr. Owen, an essay by Mr. Hankin, and ALL OUR ADVERTISEMENTS are unavoidably crowded out of this issue."

At least The Queek could not be subjected to the charge of being subservient to its advertisers. Not that the advertisements suffered by omission, though; they were just as timely the following week as then, or as they would have been next year. Their modesty and restraint in language and display was beyond all criticism.

"Amos C. Youmans, Dealer in Dry goods, groceries and Miner's outfits, Hazelton, Forks of Skeena, Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

The modern version of the closing sentence of this advertisement would probably be "Nuff sed." The balance of dignity is certainly in favor of Mr. Youmans.

"The Hudson's Bay Company have on hand a general assort't of groceries, provisions, &c., &c. A. Sampare, Agent."

This is a Christmas announcement, so it is far from improbable that at least one of the etceteras was liquid in form and in lively demand.

Here and there incidentally, we learn something of the conditions of life at Hazelton, but only incidentally, from, as it were, the asides of journalism. We learn that an express from Victoria takes some five weeks to get through. We find that supplies for the mining operations are taken to the mines in the winter for the following summer's work. The oldest inhabitant discusses the weather in terms of forty below zero, on the occasion of the mercury freezing up.

Interesting to the lover of natural history and of English as she is written, is a dissertation on the animals of the district, bearing in every line an authority quite evidently beyond and indifferent to that of the scribes.

"It might be of interest to our readers to know something about the animals and birds, we have around us, during the Winter and summer, and somewhat of their uses and habits, we will commence with the animals, there are no less than 26 fur bearing animals of which only 13 are recognised in the fur trade, they are the Bear, of which there are 3 kinds or 'colors' Black, Grey and Brown, the Wolverine Wolf, Cyote, Lynx, Otter, Beaver, Martin, Mink Fisher Ermine, and Fox of which there are (4) four kinds or classes Black (very rare) silver, cross and red, and lastly the Musquash, the other 13 although bearing fur are not in the trade, being of little or no value, viz., flying squirrel, ground or strip'd squirrel, red or com. squirrel, norway rat or better known as the bushytail, marmot three kinds, skunk, hare, longtail or Kangaroo mouse, tailess mouse, shrew, common house mouse, and a little mite hardly as big as our thumb nail we think completes the list."

At this point a kindly if tardy period enables the reader to come up for breath before the next plunge.

"Now we come to those animals which are nearly the most valuable at least to the Hunter they are viz. Mountain Goat, Mountain Sheep or "Bighorn," Ibex, Cariboo or Reindeer, Porkupine, and we may add the Moose although we have never heard of any being seen within 100 miles of the Forks, while all the others mentioned are in the vicinity of Hazelton with the one exception perhaps of the Cyotes although we have seen several skins, but were told that they had been killed 70 or 80 miles down in the Hecwillgate Country, occasionally a white bear's skin is seen which of course is only a freak of nature it's progenitors being black (Note: this is probably Kermode's white bear, determined as a spearate species only within the past few years, and named after the discoverer). The same thing happens in almost all fur bearing animals and it's a fact worthy of notice that it is only with fur bearing animals, in these northern latitudes, that nature plays such pranks I have seen a snow white Fisher, a white Mink, a white Beaver, the latter at Stickeen why the rabbit or hare, Ermine, and Tharmigan (ptarmigan) turn white in winter, we think no one knows, is it for protection? Whatever the cause, we may be sure it is a good one."

Here the writer postpones operations until the next week's issue, doubtless to give him time to gather sufficient material and vocabulary for another sentence.

"The bears all hybernate during the winter, the black bear taking to his cache first then the grey or grissely, occasionally a grey will not go to sleep at all, or if he does it will be very late in the winter and only for short spells the reason of this I do not know; the Indians give him a different name from the other bears, and say that for some reason or other he failed to get fat, like the rest of his tribe and is very fierce and will attack any thing he may chance to meet, the writer has seen the tracts of a grisely, on the 21st December, in deep snow. It would be impossible in a paper, as short as this must necessarily be, to more than glance at the different animals, as pages could be written on each individual subject of this sketch (and of interest too). Most all the fur animals are used for clothing and trimmings, and consequently a feticious value sometimes is set on one particular fur according to fashion, which much anoyes the unlucky fur trader thousands of miles away probably from the real market, and as years ago the rise and fall of fur, made no difference to the trader so now he must watch as carefully, as a Liverpool broker will, the state of the wheat or cotton markets; if bears are firm, martins lively, or minks steady, that is, if he expects to be a successful fur trader, but this is foreign from our subject, let us see if any of them are put to use nearer home the Indians make no use at all of any fur, the whites placing too high a value on them for the hunter to resist the anticipated visit to the trade shop where his every want can be supplied so only those that are of little value are used by them, they cut the hare into stripes and plait them together making a very warm and thick rug. The Ermine is an important addition to their dresses of state, being arranged in a rearly handsome and becoming head dress, the Marmot or Queek is used for robes and takes the place of money in their several transactions. But the skins of the cariboo and goat they could not do without, shoes, coats, pack straps, snow shoe filling, spoons from the horns of the mountain sheep that will hold a gallon or more, small black spoons from the horns of the goat, their wool woven into yarn, the same used for sewing twine, scrapers are made from the bones of the Cariboo for getting the sap from the Pitchpine in the spring in fact, every part and portion of the Cariboo, sheep, and goat, are utilized by the Indian and his family."

Here the story ends. The birds of Hazelton remain unsung. Of the Queek's contributors and readers, few are living and those who remain are scattered far and wide. The modern newspaper, following in the wake of railway construction may be replete with foreign news, with latterday, snappy advertising set forth in the latest fashion of type; but it will have to go far to rival the old-fashioned earnestness, the quaint philosophy and the gentle humor of those miners of an older generation, who gave the best that was in them for the diversion of their fellows.

The Clock Watcher

By Frederic Borden

Illustrated by DeAlton Valentine

MY neighbor in the smoking compartment, catching the name on the signboard as a way station flitted by, ran his eye down the timetable and glanced at his watch again.

"Great Caesar !" he grunted. "Eleven minutes late !"

I knew we were behind schedule and hadn't been greatly interested. But the big man in the opposite seat seemed so vitally concerned—he had consulted the watch no less than a half dozen times within a half hour—that I felt it incumbent on me to say something disagreeable about the road.

"The cow that is moving east ahead of us must be many miles from home by this time," I ventured.

The big man laughed good-naturedly. The laugh came from him so spontaneously and easily that I was moved to chuckle at my own feeble jest.

"If I were in as much of a hurry as you are and were traveling on such a disappointing train," I complimented him, "Charley Chaplin couldn't coax a laugh out of me. I know what it is."

"Hurry ?" he seemed puzzled. "Hurry ? Why, I'm the most leisurely fellow in the world. I didn't get these gray hairs that way. How did you get the impression I was in a hurry ?"

"I couldn't help noticing how frequently you looked at your watch."

"Oh—of course," he said. "Habit of mine. Had it for years. Guess I must have caught it from a young chap named Jenkins I used to know a long time ago back in Canada. Funny thing."

Jenkins grew from a clock-watching office boy into a clock-watching clerk

I must say for the K. C. & C. that, regardless of its mendacious timetables, its Pullman smokers are productive of good yarns in sufficient number to make up for whatever time one may lose by traveling on its temperamental trains. I sensed one now in the offing.

"Caught it, eh ?" I angled. "That sounds interesting."

My story prospect lit a fresh cigar in silence, which I accepted as a rebuke. Then out came his watch again and his eye went to the dial. He did not return the timepiece to his pocket, but dangled it moodily at the end of the chain.

The first ash had fallen of its own weight from his cigar when he spoke again.

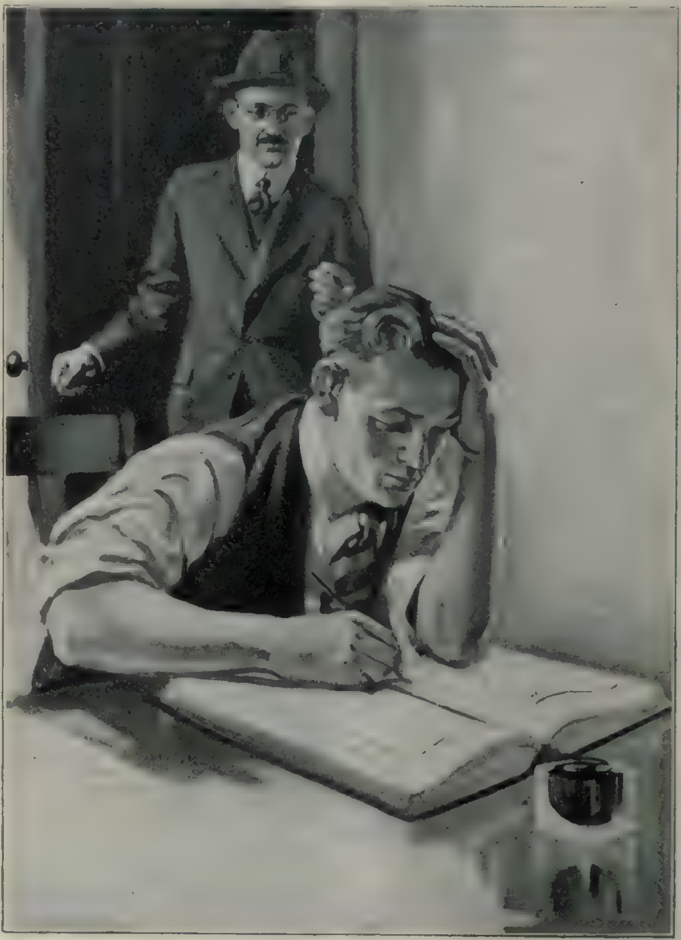
"I guess it is interesting," he said. "One of the oddest things about it is that young Jenkins, who had the habit originally and wished it onto me, was a worthless sort of devil, whereas I've become rather prosperous."

That seemed as far as he intended to go. I didn't let the fire grow cold.

"Jenkins ?" said I. "Wonder if he's any relation to the Jenkins Motor Company over in Racine ? I've just come from closing a $50,000 roller bearing contract with Hawley, their purchasing agent."

I couldn't help the jubilant note in my voice. The Jenkins Motor Company was the biggest manufacturer of high grade automobiles in the country. Closing the contract with Hawley meant not only a handsome commission for me and an upward jump in the estimation of the old man back in the home office, but a great boost for our product. There was something about my smoking compartment companion which made me want him to think well of me.

"Good for you," he approved. "But I'd hardly think—would you?—that the Jenkins I knew would ever break into a responsible organization like the Jenkins Motor company."



Jenkins, with sleeves rolled up and whistling under his breath, was busy at his desk

"In the old days they used to call my Jenkins 'the clock watcher.' He had a fairly good and fairly active brain, but he couldn't keep his eyes off the clock. He was the last clerk in and the first out.

"You know the type. They may have something in 'em, but the busy employer hasn't time to bother getting it out. Almost anyone who sets up to be an efficiency expert will tell you to get rid of the clock watcher when he calls on you professionally. It's his first piece of advice, sometimes.

"Well, this Jenkins—I knew him that far back—started life as a clock watching office boy. He was a dreamer, the way I figured it out, who aspired to do the heavy thinking part with his feet planted on the desk while somebody else did the work.

"In less than three months a new office boy had Jenkins' place and he was trying out another job. There hadn't been any particular complaint about the way he did his work, but the bosses just naturally couldn't stand the affinity between him and the face of the clock. Jenkins didn't have a watch of his own and there was no clock in the little side room where they had put him to work. So every five or ten minutes he'd be dodging out into the main office to see how near going home time it was.

"Jenkins grew up from a clock-watching office boy into a clock-watching clerk. He played to form and averaged about three months to a job. His work would be fair enough—what there was of it—but when the boss dropped in after dinner to see how the get-ahead, overtime boys were getting on, he'd never find Jenkins among them. Of course it wasn't the contract that clerks should stay after hours and try to do an extra day's work. Still, it showed the proper spirit.

"Along about the twenty-third or twenty-fourth job of his brief but varied business career Jenkins almost made good. For the first month he never was late to arrive or irritatingly early to leave. Several nights, with his face twisted into a scowl, he went back to the office after dinner and worked a couple of hours, trying to get away with what he later discovered had been two men's work.

"It was when he found out the boss' sharp practice that Jenkins went back to his old ways. The next week he was watching the clock harder than ever and set like a sprinter on the starting line when the 5.30 whistles blew.

"And the next week after that the chief clerk called Jenkins to one side and told him to look for another job. I was in the office at the time and let me tell you I felt sorry for Jenkins. He had become quite confidential and had opened his heart to me.

"'I don't know what's the matter with me,' he said. 'I know the way to get up in the world is to deliver more than the boss pays you for. I don't think I'm afraid of work—sometimes I figure out I'm working harder than anybody else in sight. But then there's other times when it nearly drives me crazy to have to get out a thousand bills, all alike except for a little difference in the names and amounts and order numbers. It makes me hopeless to look at a stack of bills like that. I get to thinking there ought to be machines to do such jobs and while I'm thinking the other fellows are plugging in and taking their punishment as if they enjoyed it. I guess maybe the trouble is with my backbone.'

"When the chief clerk had finished talking to Jenkins—a pretty good sort of scout, he was, named Handy—he stopped to say a few words to me, by way of advice.

"'Modern business,' said he, 'has no time for the clock watcher. The theory may be right or it may be wrong; it's not for me to say. You'll find, though, that the clock watcher is the one that stands still while the other boys forge ahead. He's anchored to the old clock and held out of the race.'"

The big man borrowed a match. He had let his cigar go out.

"Afraid I've turned this into Chatauqua instead of a chat," he said. "I'm boring you?"

"What happened to Jenkins?" I demanded. "Go on. I know a thousand like him."

Another way station was framed for an instant in the smoker window. The time table and the watch were put to work.

"We've picked up two minutes," remarked the big man, with satisfaction. "Jenkins? Well, after that particular dismissal he kept going in the old way a couple of years more. I saw much of him and tried to point out that with his intelligence, combined with sand and grit, he ought to make good. He'd reply that working on other people's bills took all the sand out of him; and he had no grit. The more I associated with Jenkins the more his unfortunate weakness for clock-watching gripped me. It was catching—that was all. Whereas my good advice didn't serve to change him a bit.

"Now Jenkins' home town—and he never got up gumption enough to get away from it—wasn't a great city. It was just a lively, bustling middle western community, overshadowed a bit by Winnipeg.

"In any of the big cities Jenkins could have clock-watched his way out of one job and into another until the end of his days, and died unknown. But in our town he achieved an unenviable fame. We were just provincial enough so that most of the employers belonged to the same club; and the employers were so intimately associated with the details of their organization that sometimes the subject of Jenkins would come up and they would shake their heads over him.

"At the age of twenty-seven Jenkins was looking for a job again. He had worked almost everywhere in town and found himself up against the problem of finding an employer who never had hired and fired him before and to whose ears his clock-watching reputation had not carried.

"Hardware, wholesale groceries, dry goods, the shoe factory, paper, the other mills and other lines—all had been tried by Jenkins from the office end. His head was a muddle of a hundred different office systems and different businesses. For the first time, as he considered the doors that were closed to him, he thought of going to the big town to bury himself.

"Before gathering his resources for the jump Jenkins fired a final volley of letters of application to 'blind' advertisements in the Daily Voice. His letter was a masterpiece. He had had much experience in getting jobs, you remember."

"So he got no answers and went to the big town?" I suggested as the big man showed a disposition to slow up. We already were at the outskirts of Chicago.

"Your guess is one out of the way," corrected the big man. "A single reply reached Jenkins the next day. He was asked to call at an office on the top floor of our new eight storey sky scraper, the pride of the city.

"Jenkins had no sooner got into the office than he turned around and started out.

" 'Come back, my boy!' someone yelled.

" 'I'm afraid I'm the same Jenkins you fired some years ago, Mr. Handy,' " said our hero. " 'I'd almost forgotten your name but your face isn't a hard one to remember.' "

" 'I've got tohave an office man quick and I'm willing to give you a trial,' " snapped Handy, the old chief clerk of the hardware firm. " 'You'd better report for work to-morrow. I guess we can hit on a satisfactory salary.' "

"Well, they talked a while and decided $18 a week would be a fair consideration. That was three dollars more a week than Jenkins had ever earned. I have said they didn't think much of clock watchers in our town.

He didn't return the timepiece to his pocket but dangled it moodily at the end of the chain

"Jenkins held back the most important question until Handy had closed down his desk and reached for the hat brush.

" 'What time'll I report in the morning?' he asked.

" 'Oh, I wasn't going to bother about such details,' said Handy. " 'Until the business gets along or goes broke there'll be only the two of us. We won't need to be as particular about starting time and quitting time as they are in bigger offices. You notice there's no clock on the wall. That's because I don't believe in clocks. I think they make men feel like slaves—some men.

" 'Now you can get down any time you please,' Handy went on. 'There's a certain amount of work to be done and it'll be up to you to do it. If you can figure out short cuts that's your business. I've got a theory that an employee who's any sort of a man and who's treated like a human being will be loyal to the boss—that he'll keep abreast of his job. Some mornings I get down at 8.30. Again I may not be down until 11. Or I may be out on the golf links all afternoon and stay on the job until midnight next day. It just depends on how things line up. Your hours will be like mine——just what you have to make 'em.'

"It was a proposition that never had been put up to Jenkins before. He didn't know how to act. For the first couple of weeks he got to the office somewhere between 9 and 10 o'clock, half the time finding Handy there ahead of him. In the afternoon he generally gave Handy a ten minute start before he put on his own hat.

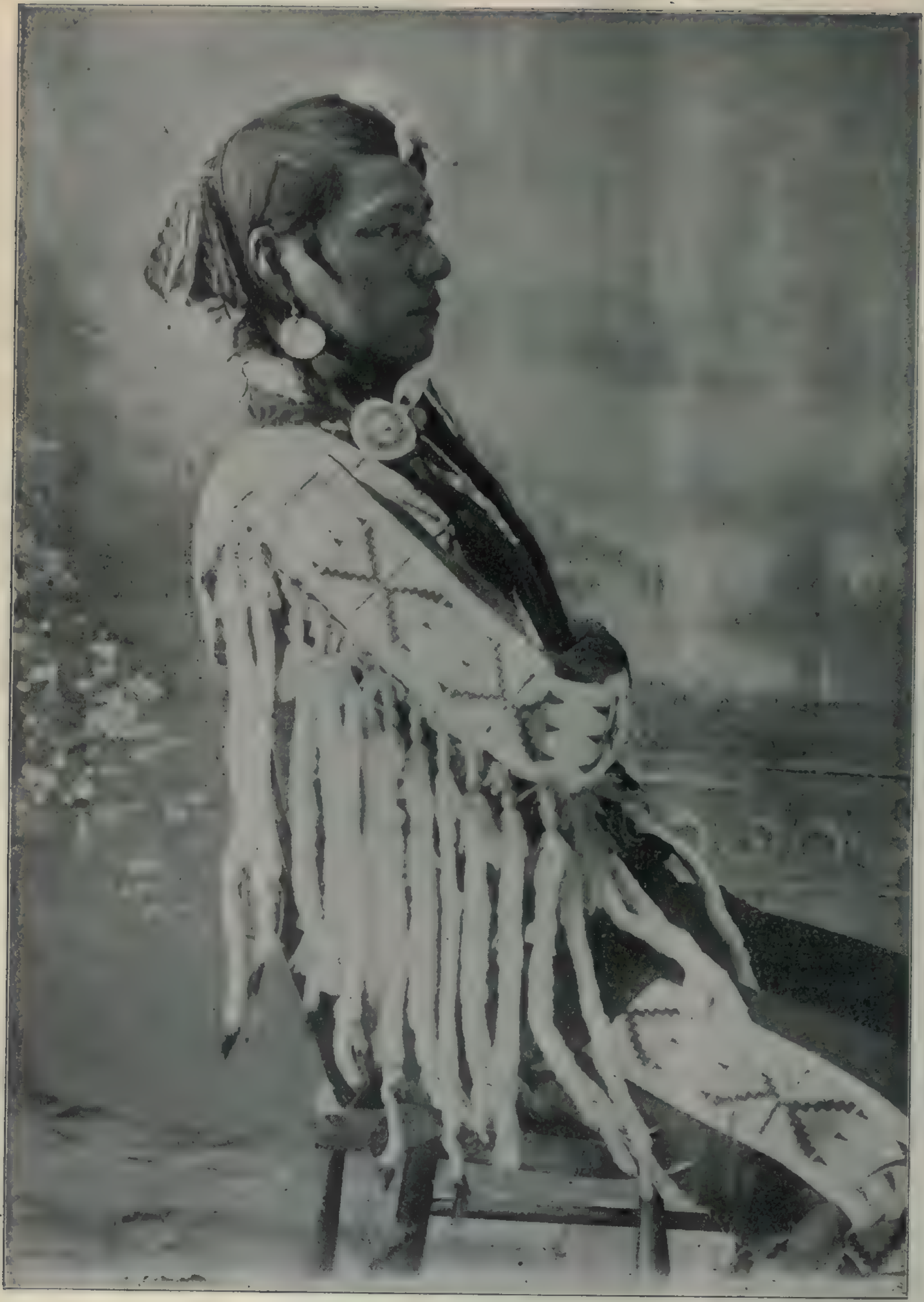
"Jenkins earned his $18 a week all right. Dabbling with various cost systems had given him a pretty shrewd idea of how much clerical work $18 ought to buy at the point where the clerk became a liability. But somehow he wasn't satisfied.

Continued on page 387.

Potlatch on the Pacific

By Bonnycastle Dale

Illustrated from Photographs



An adventurous young Chilcat who braved the white man's ill-omened ghost-box

"OH! I wish I had my gun," irreverently exclaimed Fritz as we gazed at the weird masked figures. We knew for days there was something going to happen in this little isolated Indian village. We had met Coast Indians rushing through the deep hemlock forests bearing invitations to all of their totem or phatry or clan—call it what you will—to come and eat them out of house and home. Yes and take the house away back with them if they wanted it.

These were Chilcats, these mummers in the horrid masks and nodding head dresses. It is mighty lucky that we did not have guns, and were not of nervous temperaments, as we met this procession of grotesque demons in a narrow trail in the great Douglass firs. Oh if a New York impressario could have just lifted this scene, mighty trees, centuries old, moss clad for a hundred feet up, a dim winding trail beaten by the feet of wild animals for ages, two alarmed white men and a silent band of figures more awful than ever Kiralfy conceived for the "Black Crook."

Alas that the ridiculous is ever on the heels of the sublime! The first figure doffed his great painted and carved headdress and begged a cigarette from the fat laughing boy beside me. Personally I had eyes for nothing but those wonderful Chilcat blankets. I backed one awful monster up to a tree and examined the glorious fabric he wore, wool of the mountain goat cunningly entwined on cedar bark thread. The warp was the cedar bark, the wool the goat's yarn, only the inner silky coat of the animal being used—all the glorious intermingled shades of brown and yellow, a moss yellow against a charcoal black. And the same wonderful figures that cover their totem poles were here worked in bark and wool.

"Look at that top piece, I'd like to grab it," laughed the lad. Truly this chief had a most wonderful—well, Fritz called it "a lid." It rose like a big sugarloaf above his head, a mass of glittering brass and abelone shell, seal whiskers and eider down.

Off the strange procession went down the gloomy aisles of that mighty forest. Really one had to rub one's eyes to make sure one was not dreaming.

"There comes the old Shaman now, be sure you don't spit," said Fritz.

Now this was no laughing matter. I had grieviously offended the old man. I had pointed my camera at him, checking my finger on the action the instant he objected, but he always believed I had taken away part of his spirit (they imagine they lose some vital part if you photograph them, therefore they call the camera "ghost-box,") and if he could only gather up on his knife any portion of my spittle he would perform some weird rite that was supposed to put a kink in yours truly.

"Hi !" called the laughing lad to me, "here's the dilly one now."

He was right. On his way to the Potlatch house strode a chief. From neck to heel fell a garment of the most exquisite shades and designs, all fringed in wondrous cedar bark and wild goat wool hangings, dyed in harmonious shades, a regular autumnal band of glorious browns and yellows. I knew this chap, but not a fleeting glance did he favor me with. He was the head chief of the Chilcats; his leggins were masses of cedar wool fringes; his ceremonial head dress towered two feet above him, and in his hand he carried a wonderfully carved rattle.

"There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," sang the irrepressible Fritz, as the native band, with its rude drums and feather-decked members sailed past us.

We had come many a days' journey by land and water to see this weird rite. On our way we had stopped at native villages and tried to trace whether the inhabitants were from the great southern races, as are the Hiadas, true sons of South Seas tribes, or were they of the shorter, stockier men that originally walked across the Isthmus of Behring. We had gazed with wonder at the rude burial places with the cedar board shacks and tall grinning totem poles, knowing that within these mortuary houses, in wondrously carved cedar chests, lay the forefathers of these peoples. We had watched these patient craftsmen fell a tall cedar tree, then with infinite patience smooth the great bole, often sixty to eighty feet long, and with care and precision carve the entire surface into great ravens and bears, whales and human monsters, very little changed since Vancouver sailed along these seas over a century ago. Living almost entirely in their canoes has bred a race of shortlegged men. Living among the animals and birds, and without any knowledge of a Higher Spirit, they have formed a weird folk lore of dreadful monsters, Thunder Birds, Killer Whales and the like. Some of the northern villages in Alaska appear from the sea as if protected by a tall palisade. These are the groups of great carved totem poles that stand in front of every house.

In preparing for war these men make themselves truly hideous. All the body is painted in glaring colors and spotted over with eider down or eagles' down, if they can get it. Wooden masks and armour are heaped in the middle of the canoe, the warriors pile in, the most venemous garrulous old hag steers the craft, outwitching Macbeth's witches in fury. Scalping and slavery are not the worst of the dread things they do to their enemies. What do you think of the spirit that animated these rude people when, for fear the dogs or children would make an outcry, they slaughtered them all ere they fled at night before their Russian foes ?

I have seen some trouble among them and believe me I would much rather have been attacked by the men than by the women. The conduct of the slaves as the canoe approached the home village was remarkable. Each slave threw himself flat on his back in the shallow water and remained there until his captor came and gave him the right to stand on his own feet in his enemies' country. Ever after he ate with the left hand only, as the sign of a conquered man.

We had only seen one duel on this coast in all our travels. This came out of a boastful threat made after the chief had lost all his possessions, his canoe, his blankets, his money, yes even his rifle and common household ware. The game was the regular coast one of hiding two bones in the closed hands, then, with the hands behind the back, exchanging them many times and asking the enemy to guess which hand contains the marked deer bone, the winner taking all the stakes. This happened outside a salmon fishing station, and so much into disuse had the duelling habit fallen that it took the best part of a week for each man to get his thick leather shirt and wooden armour, his great wooden helmet and mask. Save for the fact that these were of wood and the Crusaders' of steel, they were alike in clumsiness and weight. The weapons were short sharp knives and we had had a strong hint that, if we forewarned the authorities, we might feel those same knives ourselves.

The whole tribe gathered below the tents—they were all working at a salmon cannery—men, women and children in a straggling circle, the backers of each contestant in a motley group. Soon a rude "old folks song" began and the two men stepped out. Instantly each drove the point of his knife into the other's wooden body shield. Each wore several of these, like great wooden scales, while beneath them he wore a vest of slats of a yellowish wood woven together with sea lion sinews. Unless stabbed in the chin or wrists no blood could be drawn, for no arm was powerful enough to drive a blade through the scales and slats. The face mask was kept in place by a strap held between the teeth.

Now the old hags squealed out "Alla ! How—! How—! How !" and the the treble of the boys took it up until the row reached the bunkhouse and down came the manager, a redheaded Scotchman, and the way he used his boots on those native duellists would have pleased "One of the Finest." Needless to say this ended the only duel to which we ever were forcibly invited.

One day when the great sun was sinking into the distant Pacific, we were all on the alert for an invitation to, well it really was a "Puberty Feast" —but by any name a feast seems al-

Continued on page 370.

Little Growling Bird with his mother
who works in the cannery

An Eight Days' Rain

By Nan Moulton

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

PART II.

"You? Bless you, you're like—Listen, I just picked up a book there while I was waiting, somebody Pater or Pater something. He said a queer thing about a woman, 'kind, she seemed, beseeching, capable of sorrow'—and it made me think of you; kind, of course, though I've never seen you beseeching and never very sorrowful, though *capable* of sorrow isn't the same, is it? But you're capable of wonderful friendship and wonderful understanding and wonderful sympathy—What are you muttering there under you breath?"

"Giving you Tennyson for your Pater. 'I am half-sick of shadows,' said the Lady of Shallott."

"I don't get you. Say, Hilda, didn't any of those Johnnies you nursed—?"

"All of them," snapped Sister Chamberlin. "I never nursed you, did I, Mark?"

"No," he said abstractedly, walking to a window. "Isn't this weather the limit? Gets so damnably on everybody's nerves, begging your pardon, lady. It's what these Dutchmen call 'An Eight Days' Rain.' An Eight Days' Rain is responsible for most of the wickedness in South Africa. I hope to heaven nobody is on the veldt during this."

Alas, somebody *was* on the veldt!

The Queenshires were just about ready to entrain for Australia. Dennis Lane found nothing to do this rainy day and the cantonments were very deadly. This was an infernal country, anyway. For days and days and days when it hadn't rained, it hailed, and when it hadn't hailed, it blew, and always it thundered and always the lightning flamed and jagged and sheeted, and the skies nearly fell onto the earth. You couldn't ride and polo was off and everybody had gone away anyway, to India and the ends of the earth. It was a disgruntled Dennis who slung a cape over his now firm square khaki shoulders and set off on a tramp through the mud and the rain and the chill for a last look at the old Camp above on the hill. The enteric seemed far back now. It was all a chance that the illness had come suddenly one day when he was dining with the Camp Super and that he had gone to the Camp hospital instead of to the proper military hospital in the town below. It was a pretty lonesome old Camp up there now under the leaden skies. The Super had gone back to Ireland and the teachers were two and two off on that horrible veldt following the Boer kinders with Farm schools. The doctors and the nurses were scattered to the four airts, only the dapper one with one lung was still in Doornkop. The old vrows and their cheerful braziers had gone to the farms in Repatriation wagons. Dear Sister Daunt was visiting a daughter in Durban. The funny old Lants were on their way to their provincial town in England. There were a few Repatriation officials living in the house of corrugated iron that still stood. That young chap in the Super's old house had a pretty Cape Colony girl for a wife. But when Dennis stopped for afternoon tea to lighten his gloom, the pretty Colonial was not at home. Then he had found that womanish Head Master of the District teachers feeding a lot of stupid hens from the loathly white ants consuming the soggy canvas of fallen marquees, and he had flung away down the slope towards the river in a perfect riot of disgust and melancholy. Just as the hills flashed fire again and the thunder rattled in peals and crashed like judgment and the rain came down in solid rivers, he stumbled on the little old empty block-house half-way between the Camp and the River and, squeezing past the swinging door in the corrugated iron side, climbed up and lay at full length along the mound, watching the wildness without from sulky half-closed, young eyes. Denny's mercurial temperament was in full impetuous reaction, the hour holding for him a flavor that was new, dregs of loneliness, bitterness of boredom, the native quality of him needing warmth and sun and stir and folks for its breath of life and blossoming.

Denny, scowling through a loop-hole at the fury abroad out there on the African veldt, was a different creature from the thin, rapturous boy of one July morning when the Camp practised hockey and he had had a brand-new world for breakfast. This Denny was brown and muscular and arrogant. His good looks were all back with his physical vitality. His mood and the storm were perhaps responsible for the absence of the whimsical, boy-sweetness that had danced in his freckle and been the beat of his smile when he came back so eagerly from the dark of enteric.

There came a green-black hush upon the drenching grey for a perceptible moment, then the dark was suddenly lit by one wide flame of mauve, and on the veldt stood up a great cluster of scarlet lilies on a single flat stem. The stark, flaming beauty startled Denny into life just as a white cappie halted at the paling edges of the flame, two hands covering the eyes beneath. When the next flash came, Denny was pulling up to the turf beside him a girl with a wet little frightened face, her breath coming raggedly from her panting little breast.

"Lord bless me, it's Hylbrecht! Pretty little Hylbrecht that used to give me my medicine in the old Camp! Child, but I'm glad to see you! Come under me plaidie."

Dennis hadn't seen Hylbrecht since he had gone back to cantonments. If he had thought of her at all, it had been vaguely as part of all the pleasant things of life he had come back to, the daisies on the veldt and fun and music and polo and dancing and work and red flags. But, for Hylbrecht, he had simply burned up all her world. When he had kissed her, every other interest, every normal affection had shrivelled up. Since he had gone back to his regiment she had drifted about in a dumb, blind pain, her silence so charged with live snapping currents that even her friends, the children, did not catch her hand as she went up and down past their activities. Lately, since the Camp had quite broken up, she was staying with her step-mother and the newer little Prinsloos in a tent on the river-flats until stubborn father Jan took the oath of allegiance and came back from St. Helena. Mostly she wandered across the veldt with her years'-old, inarticulate hunger, the corners of her red mouth curled with questions she did not know she was asking.

"ALL OF THEM," SNAPPED SISTER CHAMBERLIN, "I NEVER NURSED YOU, DID I, MARK?"

And here suddenly her wet, tremulous smile was meeting the gay, careless pleasure of his, and her throbbing little heart was beating against his breast as his warm arm tucked her tight and kind under his cape on the narrow platform of the block-house. The wonderful, magical meeting had come.

"Meester Dennee!" she whispered in her low shy voice. "Meester Dennee!!" she crooned, with a long, long sigh.

Her face flew lovelier colors as he brushed back the wisps of her soft black hair, and something got into his throat.

"You warm, dark, red Rose!" he whispered. "And I was so low and lonesome in my heart. Rosaleen Dhu! Rosaleen Dhu!"

She was just a primitive thing astray on the veldt, blind and lovely, and she did not know about world-forces when an uncontrollable surge of gladness drove the warmth of her wordless, clinging lips to the mouth of the cross, lonely, irresponsible Denny. And he was only a laughing, sun-loving, careless, spoiled boy with no conception of what a tense electrical storm can do to unfortified souls, and with no thought of harm, and he kissed her back and back on her glowing mouth, all the crossness and ennui and melancholy transmuted into his old warmth and sweetness and joy of life.

What gods there are in South Africa—and there are few enough at the best of times—were hiding from the storm-gods. And the storm-gods made mouths at one another, wide mouths of violet flame. Around the block-house the black rain fell. Within the block-house, a man's kind, careless laugh had died and the smouldering fires in a girl's dark eyes had flamed. And all across the veldt, the storm-gods only made mouths—pink and green and purple mouths of fire.

Next morning, the Queenshires went the way of the Army, whistling back to Australia. And next morning Mark Leroy went the way of the prospector, keen-eyed into Swaziland.

IV.

It was July again. The dark had dropped with a quick chill over the purple shadows that always crept out from the kloofs to follow the sun's swift going. At the Cottage Hospital Sister Chamberlin came out on the stoep for a moment to draw a breath of the frosty air, drooping a tired, hot head against a pillar of the stoep as she sent her soul out a precious free moment into the dusk and aloneness. Everybody was tucked away for the night, praise be! But she heard Padre Gunn and Doc. Raydon ping-ponging away in the distance waiting her coming. In a few moments she would go to them. Doc. Raydon was down for a couple of days from Schiedpad on business. Padre Gunn was away with the Bays next day. What a country it was for comings and goings—though, indeed, or a year it had seemed all goings.

The galloping of a horse, that had come muffled through the thick dust of the road, struck clearer from a path across the veldt, came closer, stopped abruptly at the gate of the Cottage Hospital. When Sister Chamberlin called back her wandering soul and opened her tired eyes, a tall man was hurrying up the path between the white-washed stones, a man with a carosse in his arms, evidently a heavy carosse, a carosse that dripped, dripped up the path, that dripped, dripped below the steps of the Cottage Hospital, that dripped, dripped at Sister Chamberlin's feet.

"Is it you, Hilda? Thank God. This is——"

"Hylbrecht? Hylbrecht dripping between us again? Oh, Mark, where have you been so long? And whatever has Hylbrecht been doing?"

"Make her comfortable, Hilda. I'll wait here till you come back."

Hilda's face was grave when she came back to the stoep after a long time. She shivered into a wrap. Mark had forgotten he was damp, but Hilda brought him a rug.

"I'll take you to a fire as soon as I can. But we can't talk in there. Tell me quick. She is all right for a while."

He told her as quickly as he could for her constant questions about himself. He was on his way out from Swaziland, full of fever, bitten by a tarantula, charged with adventures. They had been on the edge of a native uprising, sleeping for nights with their revolvers in their hands. They had visited the kraal of a king with a million wives. They had met a party of Frenchmen in some unspeakable bush, foregathered with them for a night, taught them poker and demonstrated the superiority of Canadian Club, the Frenchmen prone before its merits long ere the night was done. And they had known a Portuguese murderer who dared not ever come out from the interior, but lived and swaggered among a tribe of exceeding blackness.

Coming back from Delagoa Bay, Mark and his man had left the train at Waterval to go to Zojkewater to see some mines. Then they and their waggons had come across country to Doornkop. Mark was out of tobacco when the scattered lights of Doornkop showed from the top of Klapper Kop. He had bidden his man take the trolleys round by the bridge and he had ridden the short cut to the stepping-stones—he sure was needing a smoke!

It seemed as though Hylbrecht had jumped in just as he halted by the river. She had struggled and fought him, she would not be saved. Afterward he had seen. Then he had wrapped her quickly in his carosse and brought her to Hilda. What did Hilda know of Hylbrecht's pitiful story?

Hilda had not guessed until to-night. Hylbrecht had been with her at the Cottage Hospital since Mark had gone away, Hylbrecht, quiet and deft and remote, drooping under her cappie, inarticulate. In May she had gone back to her step-mother in the tents along the river, for Father Jan was still stubborn at St. Helena. Once or twice Hilda had sent for her in a rush and each time she had sent back the message, "I come not more." Once Hilda had gone to inquire, but a bitter Boer woman had greeted her inhospitably from the shade of her tent, professing utter ignorance of English, but unbearably insolent in the Taal. Hilda went away as quickly as she might, her cheeks burning. To-night Hylbrecht had told her a little more in there, her sullen little face desperate from Sister Chamberlin's own warm, safe bed. The horrible stepmother had seen lately how things were with Hylbrecht and Hylbrecht had given her already all her money from the hospital. She would not tell her story, was more and more silent under pressure and contumely. There had been a young Boer hanging about, Dirk Potgieter, but Hylbrecht would have none of him—burned at the mention of him, a "blood-dog," a National Scout. And that day, the step-mother had driven her forth from her tent with foul names and unclean names. Hylbrecht wandered the veldt till night. Then this Potgieter met the hunted, frightened, straying girl and offered to take her home.

"He seems to have had decent instincts, at least," praised Mark.

"I think—you don't quite understand. He didn't—want—to marry her."

Mark swore.

"But that wouldn't have mattered," hurried Sister Chamberlin. "Hylbrecht would have none of him in any guise. But he was persistent and it was somehow the last straw. I asked her why she didn't come to me, but the revilings of her step mother had burned to her soul. 'I very shame' she said. The River was nearest. Then you came."

Mark rose to his feet and turned towards the door.

"I must see her now," he said.

"What for, Mark?"

"I want to ask her to marry me."

"But, Mark—!", Hilda remonstrated. "Why, Mark—!", Hilda stammered. "Oh, Mark—!", Hilda wept—"It isn't—*isn't*—YOU!"

Mark turned his fever-drained face on her weeping, caught her up to her feet beside him, faced her level-eyed in the light of the door.

"Hilda, did you think *that* of me?"

"Oh, no, no!" she moaned. "Oh, I would have sworn No in the face of God for you. But you never know about a man. Mark, you haven't got to marry her."

"No, I haven't *got* to marry her, Hilda." He smiled slightly at the reminiscent arguments. "But I still want to. It isn't because I've saved her twice from the river, either. And it isn't, this time, because her face is like a wild, warm flower in her white sun-bonnet. Her poor little face isn't warm any more nor bright any more, she's like something trampled, curse them!"

"But, Mark, men don't usually forgive this sort of thing in a woman."

"Forgive?" He was blazing now. "Men? Woman! Men made you tired, you said once, Hilda. Men make me tired too. What do I care about men and their standards and their sanctions and their judgments? I have nothing to forgive. Does one forgive a child for falling and hurting its poor self? Hylbrecht is hurt—damnably hurt. Haven't you seen her eyes?"

"Yes, Mark. They are terrible. But there's you, too—your life, your friends, your future, yourself."

"I am nothing special, Hilda, as the world goes. In the West there's a saying that a man should live so that he can look any other damn man in the face and tell him to go to hell. If you like, I'll apologise for the profanity, Hilda, but that's how they say it and to-night I need profanity for expression. I'm just a plain miner, Hilda, from the Rocky Mountains, and that's all the standard of life I acknowledge—that forcibly-worded western one. For the rest, there's nobody on earth to whom it matters what I do." ("Oh, isn't there?" breathed Hilda). "My dear old mother went to heaven two years ago, and I'm all the family. I'll take her to the mountains, Hilda, to a new wholesome life on a fruit-ranch with a green lake below and a mine up against the sky, and we'll forget this heathen, pestilent, dusty-mouthed country and be happy again."

"Then you care—still?"

"Of course I care—still. It's hard to say, Hilda. But I take it there's soul as well as sense in loving. Where was the credit of loving a warm, red flower of a girl like Hylbrecht was in the Camp, in her white cappie, tangling and untangling her fringe of lashes until even that clod of a Potgieter desired her in marriage? Now it's time for the soul to have a shot at it. The color is gone from her face and the fires from her shaded eyes and she is frightened and unprotected. What sort of a love is it that would leave her now? What's the use of being a man with a big arm if you don't put it around her and keep it between her and harm? It looks very simple to me. Then there'll be the little chap. I'm—I'm rather foolish about little chaps. I'd like this one of Hylbrecht's to have a fair start."

Hilda bowed her head and took Leroy to Hylbrecht and her stony face. "It's all right," he choked when he came out again, and brushed past her to the stoep. Hylbrecht's stony face was melted with wonder when Sister Chamberlin went in.

"She will be pretty again," she whispered to herself, "and she'll grow up to Mark bye-and-bye. She's not stupid like most Boer girls, and she doesn't count on her fingers and her face was never unlighted in her life. She'll grow up to Mark and I—I'll grow older and tireder nursing more and more of these round bourgeois." Then she went suddenly for Mark.

"Padre Gunn is in there singing 'Polly winked her eye—Polly gave a sigh'. He isn't much of a Padre, they made him an Army Chaplain because of his name, he says. But he can say the marriage service. Bring him quickly."

After the ceremony, Doc. Raydon was summoned just as quickly.

"Stop your protests and get busy,"

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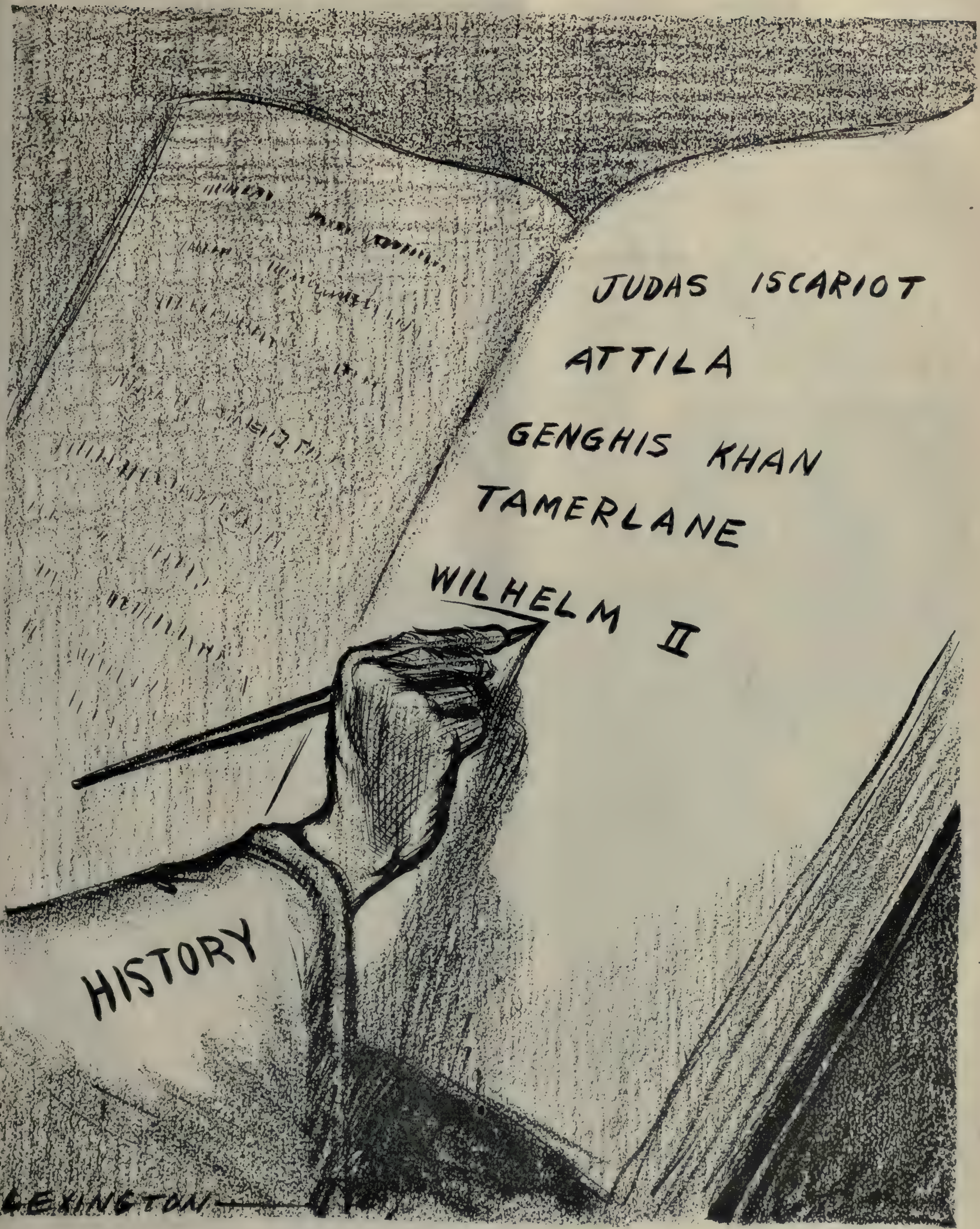
JUDAS ISCARIOT
ATTILA
GENGHIS KHAN
TAMERLANE
WILHELM II
HISTORY
LEXINGTON

In the Forefront

KNIBBS, OF "OVERLAND RED"; G. R. GEARY, TORONTO'S KHAKI COUNSEL; ROBERT J. C. STEAD, THE PRAIRIE POET; DR. McKAY, WHOSE HOBBY IS TECHNICAL EDUCATION

The Rise of Knibbs

Who is Knibbs? He's the author of "Overland Red"—and a Regular Human Being.

By Robert Frothingham

'TIS a cast-iron law of the world's welfare that only those ought to be saved who can accomplish their own salvation. This, then is the story of a man who "lifted himself by his boot-straps"—who took himself firmly and resolutely by the scruff of the neck and hoisted himself from the deadly grind of a commonplace existence into a veritable romance of success. American life is full of such instances, but, so far as I know, none just like this.

About seven summers ago, while on my way up Moosehead Lake for a fishing trip into the Canadian wilderness, I ran across a fellow-traveler on the dinky little steamer that tempts Providence every other day on that primeval and majestic body of water. He was patching up a canvas canoe with a brush and a pot of pitch while his wife, a quiet, self-possessed, unobtrusive little woman, was rewinding a section of a jointed fly-rod, and re-tying a few busted "Jock Scotts" in a most skillful manner.

Folks who love the "Open," who "see God in clouds and hear Him in the wind" need no introduction and soon we were chattering away like old friends. It wasn't in the nature of things that he should know I was an old newspaper man with as keen a nose for news as a cub reporter, and the story he told me, so simply and unaffectedly, and withal, so tragic in its possibilities, has remained fresh in my memory for seven long years of a rugged, man-size friendship—and now I'm going to tell it for the good of the game.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

Somewhere between thirty and thirty-five, after years of drudgery as a stenographer, hemmed in by the "fell clutch of circumstance," dreaming of the day of deliverance when he might freely express himself and thereby "find himself," he had thrown up his job, gathered together a few hundred dollars, moved to Cambridge—he and his wife—and took a course in English literature and rhetoric at Harvard University. He had considerably less than a hundred dollars when he came out, all of which was invested in his canoe and camping equipment, together with enough "grub," such as bacon, flour, salt, sugar, coffee and tea, to last until spring, and was on his way to "hide up" for a winter in the Canadian wilderness in order to get atmosphere for a story.

Both he and his wife were experts at the paddle, both dead shots with rifle and revolver, both good swimmers and fly-casters—and neither one of them afraid of anything on top of God's green earth. He had heard the call—"Arise, get thee hence! for this is not thy rest"; she was ready and they were on their way. Never will I forget his expression of exultant confidence in the future, as he quoted those lines from Browning:—

> "I go to prove my soul—
> I see my way as birds
> their trackless way.
> I shall arrive! What time,
> what circuit first,
> I ask not; but unless God
> send his hail
> Or blinding fireballs, sleet
> or stifling snow,
> In some time, His good time,
> I shall arrive;
> He guides me and the bird
> In his good time."

That evening, when the little steamer docked in the sombre shadows of a group of towering pines which bordered the shore of the lake, I went to a comfy little hotel nearby because I had "the price." My new-found friend and his wife made camp, boiled the kettle, ate frugally and turned in, because they were "broke." They laughed—and it was a real laugh. I laughed with them—but my laugh was an imitation. They were real sportsmen. I had always considered myself one, but that night I felt like a "tin-horn." When I turned out next morning, they had broken camp and gone and I didn't see them again for five years.

A year passed, and one day I received a long letter written from a ranch in the foothills of the Sierras in California. A wondrous letter—he had bought a cow-pony, and had learned to throw a lariat. Likewise, he and his little wife had built a bungalow with their own hands, and he could bake a "Bannock" that would make one's mouth water, and they wanted me to come out—

"To the land of the West, where the blue,
where the ultimate ranges
Sun their cloud-muffled shoulders and sit
with their feet in the sea;
Where the way of the world drifts along
without too many changes,
And a man without money has friends—
if he cares to be free."

Yet—that's his verse. He had "found himself," and he caught me off my guard; I nearly resigned my job and went to join him. He wouldn't let up, and the summer of 1913 found us together in his bungalow on the outskirts of Los Angeles, reading, like a pair of overgrown schoolboys, the manuscript of the greatest romance of the old cattle-raising days on the great Western plains that has ever been written, and one that was destined to be a best-seller the following year: "Overland Red."

Yes—Henry Herbert Knibbs is the man who "dreamed of the Outland trails and the songs of fighting men" as he "rode herd" on a typewriter in a western New York town. He's the guy that brought out, last fall, that gripping volume of Western verse, "Songs of the Outlands," virile stuff that will thrill you through and through, and more recently, another corking romance of the plains:—"Sundown Slim," and his wonderful wolf-hound "Chance"—all published by that dignified, "blue stocking," conservative old New England publishing house, Houghton and Mifflin, which only goes to prove that "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin," and that in this day of God's grace, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "Overland Red" have much more in common than Beacon Hill and the "Sacred Codfish" ever imagined.

So here endeth the story of my friend Knibbs who, despite the fact that "Overland Red" is going into the movies, and the further fact that he is making money hand over fist, is still a regular fellow, and a real human being. Yes, a fairly good combination of old Father Rabelais and Fiona MacLeod, who has learned that a little romance in one's heart, and a little horse-sense in one's head, will keep a man going in the world as long as it is decent for him to stay.

George Reginald Geary

Toronto's Khaki Counsel, democrat and patriot, who forsakes the forensic forum for the front.

By Hugh S. Eayrs

I HAPPENED into one of the court rooms of the city hall in Toronto the other day and beheld an astonishing spectacle. The court was pretty well crowded. His honor looked severe. The jury, as usual was doing its best to keep awake. The court generally was in that delightfully slumbering sort of mood which fitted in pretty well with the hot summer day.

Suddenly the court woke up. Everybody looked towards the door of the room where counsel put on and take off the garments which are the sign of their vocation, because through that door came G. R. Geary, K.C., corporation Counsel for the City of Toronto. But it was a new Geary. The corporation counsel was suddenly merged in the soldier, and I do not know which surprised the court most—the khaki or the budding moustache.

This was Saul among the prophets—with a vengeance. Geary as a soldier was something new. Mr. Geary—or "Reg." as he is more familiarly known—came to the table and started to harangue the jury and point the forensic forefinger at the witness in the box, and all in the insignia of a lieutenant of the 35th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

All of which was a revelation to Toronto, and all of which was typical enough of Geary. For hasn't he always been blazing new trails, making new standards, creating new records and generally setting new examples?

It was so when he became mayor. Toronto has never had as young a mayor, and most people will admit that it never had a better one. Geary was thirty-seven when he became chief magistrate of the Queen City. It is not too much to say that George Reginald as mayor was an unqualified success. How he came at thirty-seven to be mayor of a British city as large as Toronto was in this wise.

George Reginald Geary was born in Strathroy, Ontario, in 1874. He came of United Empire Loyalist stock on his mother's side and he had some Irish in him from the same source. Ever since he was a youngster of nine he has been responsible for some job or other which was beyond his years. His father died at that time and since then he has been head of the family. He was educated at Upper Canada College and at the University of Toronto.

Geary must always have been a lawyer, if keeness and a quick wit are necessary attributes, for the pictures of him as a boy, just as his present photographs, demonstrate a quick and keen and active mind and a deal of

THE CORPORATION COUNSEL MERGED IN THE SOLDIER determination backed up by a more than usually large proportion of ingenuity. Accordingly he undertook the dual task of a university course and a law course. He made good in both, graduated in law in 1894, and forthwith went into partnership with a fellow varsity graduate.

His sole assets at this time were fifteen dollars—and a consummate nerve! I like that touch about Geary. It is typical of the man. All his life he has found a Goliath, and armed with but a sling and a few small stones he has not rested till be stood on the corse of the giant and held up the scalp. To revert—Geary and his partner were burnt out the first year of their practice. Nothing daunted, Geary looked around for another place and became a partner of his old law chief, A. McLean Macdonald.

Things ran along in this groove until 1902. Then Geary essayed the Hill Difficulty known as politics. He offer-

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The Poet of the Prairies

Robert J. C. Stead, who runs plows and papers; writes publicity and poems; and does a prairie novel on the side.

By Vera M. Sinker

THE name of Robert James Stead will be remembered as a poet and writer of first rate importance. It adds increasing interest to know he was a native born Canadian, and also a son of the soil, born as he was on his father's farm near the village of Middleville, Lanark County, Ontario, on Sept. 4, 1880. His father was of English, his mother of Scotch descent but both were Canadians.

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

In 1882 the call of the "Last Great West" was heard and the family moved to Cartwright, Manitoba, where young Stead's early life was spent mainly in association with the prairies, then an almost unbroken wilderness. In these impressionable years he received an acquaintanceship with great nature — "the dear old nurse with her child upon her knee," that has earned for him the title "The Poet of the Prairies."

He was always of a studious nature and as a child of five years of age would spell out the headings of the newspaper items and ask what they meant and when three or four years of age would sit for hours at a time listening to his sister relate the stories of the Bible. His early education was gotten in a little wooden schoolhouse on the corner of his father's farm. He had not the opportunity of regular school attendance though he made good use of his time. When the family moved into the village in 1892 he had the promising opportunity of attending school regularly.

At this time the country was sparsely settled and the amusements were very few and of its own making, but his parents took a special delight in joining in his simple games in the evenings and thus a bond of fellowship sprang up between them such as is seldom seen to-day between parents and children. At seven years of age he would spend hours walking back and forth from the home to the pasture claiming some imaginary railroad deal with his school fellows. All this helped to develop his thinking powers. The rugged pioneer life combined with the influence of godly parents and a Christian home developed a simple trust in God, a keen sightedness into the future regarding the public issues at stake and a dominant will power that would not accept defeat.

At the age of twelve he contributed prose and verse to newspapers, but not until 1903 did he receive anything more than local recognition. He went to school at Cartwright for two years and then had to bid good-bye to lessons and start and earn his living and brush against real life in the school of hard knocks.

However he did not neglect his studies but pursued them alone and would only allow himself the recreation of one hour two nights in the week skating, the remainder of the time being spent over a Latin Grammar which he mastered without the aid of an instructor.

He worked first as a farm hand and later as a boy of all work in the general store of T. S. Menary, one of the early business men of Cartwright. After six months in a general store he became manager of a retail lumber yard in town, in which capacity he continued until in company with his father he bought out the business. About this time he was able to secure a winter at a Business College in Winnipeg, which was the nearest he ever got to a university.

From childhood he had shown an interest in things literary, having served as a local newspaper correspondent before he was twelve. He had a poem accepted for publication when he was thirteen. It was this that led him to establish a paper in Cartwright when he was eighteen, and ambitious; continuing at the same time in the lumber trade. Contrary to general expectation the paper was not a failure and after a couple years in the dual capacity of editor and lumber merchant he disposed of the lumber business and gave himself entirely to his newspaper enterprise. In 1908 he purchased the *Courier* at Crystal City spending half of the week in each town and personally overseeing the production of both papers.

At this time he heard the call of the Farther West and desiring a less confining occupation he disposed of his papers and moved to High River, Alberta, where he acted as Secretary for an automobile company. The three years spent in High River were years of ripening experience and brought him into close touch with the life of the ranching districts and the foothills. But with everything he could not keep away from the newspaper calling and continued to write for newspapers and magazines. His work along this line attracted the attention of one of the Calgary dailies, and in 1912 he was offered a position on its editorial staff, which he accepted. After a few months in Calgary a position on the staff of the general publicity agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Department of Natural Resources was offered him. He accepted and is still employed in that capacity.

In the year 1903 began the literary history of the poet and author when a short poem known as the "Empire Builders" was published in the Canadian Magazine. This beautiful poem dealt with such aspects of Canadian development that it was widely reprinted. Amongst others the Literary Digest of New York gave it instantaneous recognition. Encouraged by this young Stead gave himself to the compilation of a volume of verse which was published in book form in 1908, under the title of "Empire Builders." The years of intimate experience with the prairies as expressed in these verses made them profound in their appeal, made them fine and true in their feeling and observation. They were "born not made," and they carry intense conviction with them, the Montreal

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DR. A. C. MACKAY

The "Made in Canada" Man

Dr. A. C. Mackay, of the Toronto Technical School, who runs a trade-training college for three thousand future workers.

By Irene B. Wrenshall.

WHEN you pick up an article and it is marked, "Made in Germany," you are very much inclined to drop it suddenly, in the face of present events, and let it break if it will. But if you are the reasoning kind you may pick it up again and soberly and seriously consider what it is that has made it possible for so much of everything we have bought up to the present time to be marked thus. Two words solve the problem "Technical Education."

The foundation of all the arts, crafts, sciences, and trades has been given in the schools. In the heart of every Canadian has arisen a keen desire to attain the same place or an even higher place, and with the desire has come a new conception of what is needed in the way of education before the finished products can be turned out with the skill and ease which will send them out far and wide labelled with "Made in Canada."

All this line of reasoning impresses the one conclusion, that if we are to take our place as a big manufacturing country, we must learn more and more of the need for technical education, and not the technical education which consists of a few evening classes which will enable the workman to become a more proficient worker, but that every boy who intends later on to become one of the bees in the busy hives of industry may be educated not only along the lines of a practical education which will prove a foundation for his future life, but will give him the taste for good literature—the knowledge of his own and other countries, all the details of history, and a clear insight into the problems of mathematics and economics.

For many years the practical education of the country from an intermediate standpoint has been given in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes with the result that many and many boys and girls have ceased their education when they left the public school, not because they had received all that was necessary but because the training given in the High School tended more to a preparation for professional life than for the industrial life. But with the last few years there has come a change, and slowly but surely the Technical Schools are coming into their own. Not only are they being conducted as intermediate schools for those who are planning to enter one or other of the trades but as a continuation of the public school education for those who are going into other pursuits.

Of all the Technical Schools of the Dominion, the outstanding one is that which has just moved into the new building on Lippincott Street, Toronto, the foundation stone of which was laid by Sir Robert Borden, two years ago.

In the minds of many Canadians this new and splendidly up to date building can hardly be dissociated from its Principal Dr. A. C. Mackay, for, it might be said, he has lived with the institution and for it for the past three years.

It is like a visit to a busy town, to see the interior of the big building. Every trade and every style of industrial work is not only represented but is carried from theoretical beginning, as taught in class, to its practical carrying out in the last finishing touch.

"The principle of the school," said Dr. Mackay, "is the correlation of industrial work. For instance we have one huge room in which there is ample space for the erection of two moderate sized dwelling houses at one time, one of these to be in course of construction the first year, and in process of decoration the second year, when the second house is being constructed.

"The first step is to decide what kind of a house to plan. This takes in the architectural classes. The second step is the cost, which brings in the classes in estimating. The work of the various trades in erecting the building is then called in which introduces the brick classes—both those for making and laying—the classes in cement, in tile making, gas piping, in plumbing, electric wiring and carpentry work. Then comes the decorating both exterior and interior, bringing with it practical work for the classes in painting, paper hanging, house furnishing, cabinet making, those for the furniture and interior hangings. Here are introduced the women's classes in curtaining windows and doors etc., and all the other things of the household of which the women have control. Ultimately it is intended to hold classes in fine embroidery, as the last finishing touches of the household decoration.

"The building of a house," he concluded, "brings actual life into the classes throughout the school. We are doing nothing by theoretical work alone, everything has to be carried out practically."

And that is the keynote of the whole institution. From the highest art work, down to the simplest job of the trades, practice not theory is the important part of the school work, and the environment is perfect in every detail. There are the art rooms for instance beginning at the tower where the life classes are held. There are four art rooms besides a general art lecture room, a clay modelling and casting room, and a number of rooms devoted to mechanical drawing. Here again the theory is carried out into practice, as the actual machine parts which are being studied are wheeled into the class room from other parts of the building where they are being constructed. The exterior decorative design is not only carried out upon paper, but there are four rooms in which these designs are carried out upon walls and ceilings.

It is no wonder to find in this building of original design where every bit of architecture and every piece of furniture which enriches the rooms, etc., has been originated in the school, many small, but very important ideas which have been evolved by the principal or his assistants. The folding easels in one of the class rooms have one of these original ideas, in the shape of an invention to keep models in a perpendicular position.

There is the casting room, for the modelling; class after class room for architectural and mechanical designing; also a crafts room, where the art pottery, afterwards glazed in the furnace below, and the art jewellry is made.

"We expect to make, right here in the building, every bit of the material which is used in the erection of the school, from the clay to the finished brick, terra cotta, tile, and pottery," said Dr. Mackay.

A great improvement over the old time school desks and seats combined riveted to the floor, is to be found in the various class room where the seats, beautifully made, after an original design, can be moved about at will.

Interest centres around spots like the metallurgical room with its slate tables, where the study so important in a country like Canada can be carried on to perfection; the photographic dark room; the various chemical laboratories, where, instead of the usual unhealthy odor of chemicals permeating the air, great air shafts of copper carry off the chemical odors, and bring back fresh air; and the balance room, where the requisite balances are to be kept. Theory merges into practice here again when one enters the room for applied chemistry, and learns that all the soap used in the huge place, where three thousand people come and go, is to be made here.

The class room for the teaching of electro plating is a spot where an important industry receives its foundation training. The foundry and a clay product burning department are further examples of real life in both theory and practice.

On the floor devoted to women's pursuits there is equal interest. Not only are the classes for the instruction of girls who expect to take up various trades such as millinery, dressmaking, and catering, but an education along sensible, practical lines that would benefit any girl is given, and a special class is held for housekeepers.

One feature which is an important one to life in a city is the teaching of catering, and the running of tea and lunch rooms. The big domestic science kitchens are a revelation in equipment, and a pleasure to look at. Here a point important to the life of the technical school, is brought out. In Toronto, where the electric light and power is so very cheap, more and more are the residents using electricity as a fuel. Taking into consideration this need the kitchens have been supplied with individual electric stoves and their complete management is taught, simultaneously with the best of gas. The refrigerator system is also thoroughly up to date—no ice being brought into requisition.

Perhaps one of the most interesting parts of the building is the department devoted to the demonstration of housekeeping—where four rooms—a diningroom, living room, kitchen, and bedroom are arranged as a home, complete in every detail, with serving pantry and linen closet.

This will prove of inestimable benefit to those girls to whom opportunity has never been given to enjoy the advantages of a well kept home. From the domestic service standpoint also, there will be splendid advantages for those girls who take up housekeeping as a profession to learn it practically and at a high standard. Last year in this connection, in the old school on College Street, a course for these young women was held on three afternoons and one evening a week, and proved most successful.

Laundry work in all its phases is one of the subjects taken up in this school, both from the trade and home point of view, and in this connection comes in a department which will have perhaps a more lasting effect upon the manners of the boys and girls growing up than any other work which is undertaken in the school. The cleanest of linen is supplied, not only hand towels, which are never used but once, but in tablecloths and serviettes, which are used in the luncheon rooms each day. Delightfully arranged, with every perfection of detail are these lunch rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, in which meals are served at cost price, —hardly any more than the cost of a couple of car tickets. The pupils are also encouraged to bring their own lunches, and have them in the room where the amenities of life are taken in with the food.

There are many other phases to this splendid institution, lovely in its tones of pale brown and cream, carried out in brick, in tiling, in terra cotta, and beautifully modelled plaster and marble. There is the gymnasium for instance, fitted up to perfection, and the tiled swimming pool, since swimming is an essential part of the daily education in the school.

On the floor above this pool are forty individual dressing rooms, and the same number of marble shower baths. As Dr. Mackay will tell you laughingly, "We put them through their swimming exercises just the same as we put them through arithmetic."

The ideal of the school is to have every phase of industrial life represented that the boys and girls while attaining a general education may study out all the trades, and choose his or her own calling instead of dropping into it by accident.

From an artistic standpoint there is beauty in every line of the building from the Assembly Hall, with its beautiful carvings and modelled ceilings and wrought copper, to the marble staircase, and the details of furnishing of each class room.

And the moving spirit of it all has been the Principal, Dr. Mackay, who has given more than his time as a teacher to this project which has his whole heart and soul in it. While he was still a Professor in McMaster, Technical Education was a matter of vital interest to him, and one cannot but lay the chief credit of this splendid building, and this hive of industrial life to him. He has been the inspiration of this great undertaking, which will, it is hoped, be emulated by every city in Canada. A great future lies before us industrially, and it is men with a vision like that of Dr. Mackay whom we need at the head of these intermediate schools so essential to the life of three-quarters of our population.

Truth

By Gouverneur Morris

PART II.

And then, slip by slip, and bet by bet, he told his story, withholding only the sex of that dear friend who had loaned him the five thousand dollars, and to whom he had bound himself by promises.

"Well," said Mr. Grey, when David had finished, "I don't know your holding-out powers, Larkin, but you do certainly speak the truth without mincing."

"That," said David, "is a promise I have made to myself in admiration of and emulation of my friend. But I have had my little lesson, and I shall keep the other promises until I have made good."

"And then?" Mr. Grey beamed.

"Then," said David, "I shall smoke, and I shall make love."

"But no liquor."

David laughed.

"I have a secret clause in my pledge," said he; "it is not to touch liquor except on the personal invitation of my future father-in-law, whoever he may be." But he had Dolly Tennant's father in his mind, and the joke seemed good to him.

"Well," said Mr. Grey, "I don't know as I'd go into apple growing. You haven't got enough capital."

"But," said David, "I intend to begin at the bottom and work up."

"When I was a youngster," said Mr. Grey, "I began at the bottom of an apple tree and worked my way to the top. There I found a wasp's nest. Then I fell and broke both arms. That was a lesson to me. Don't go up for your pile, my boy. Go down. Go down into the beautiful earth, and take out the precious metals."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed David; "you're *the* Mr. Grey, of Vancouver."

"I have a car hitched on to this train," said the magnate; "I'd be very glad of your company at dinner—seven-thirty. It's not every young man that I'd invite. But seeing that you're under bond not to make love until you've made good, I can see no objection to introducing you to my granddaughter."

"Grandpa," said Miss Violet Grey, who was sixteen, spoiled, and exquisite, "make that poor boy stop off at Vancouver, and do something for him."

"Since when," said her grandfather, "have you been so down on apples, miss?"

"Oh," said she with an approving shudder, "all good women fear them—like so much poison."

"But," said Mr. Grey (Mr. "Iron Grey," some called him), "if I take this young fellow up, it won't be to put him down in a drawing-room, but in a hole a thousand feet deep, or thereabouts."

"And when he comes out," said she, "I shall have returned from being finished in Europe."

"Don't know what there is so attractive about these young Eastern ne'er-do-weels," said the old gentleman, "but this one has got a certain something. . ."

"It's his inimitable truthfulness," said she.

"Not to me," said her grandfather, "so much as the way he says *w* instead of *r* and at the same time gives the impression of having the makings of a man in him. . . ."

"Oh," she said, "make him, grandpa, do!"

"And if I make him?" The old gentleman smiled provokingly.

"Why," said she, "then I'll break him."

"Or," said her grandfather, who was used to her sudden fancies and subsequent disenchantments, "or else you'll shake him."

Then he pulled her ears for her, and sent her to bed.

In one matter David was, from the beginning of his new career, firmly resolved. He would in no case write Miss Tennant of his hopes and fears. If he was to be promoted she was not to hear of it until after the fact; and she should not be troubled with the sordid details of his savings-bank account. As to fears, very great at first, these dwindled, became atrophied, and were consumed in the fire of work from the moment when that work changed from a daily nuisance to a daily miracle, at once the exercise and the reward of intelligence. His work, really light at first, seemed stupendous to him because he did not understand it. As his understanding grew, he was given heavier work, and behold! it seemed more light. He discovered that great books had been written upon every phase of bringing forth metal from the great mother earth; and he snatched from long days of toil time for more toil, and burned his lamp into the night, so that he might add theory to practice.

I should like to say that David's swift upward career owed thanks entirely to his own good habits, newly discovered gifts for mining engineering, and industry; but a strict regard for the truth prevents. Upon his own resources and talents he must have succeeded in the end; but his success was the swifter for the interest, and presently affection, that Uriah Grey himself contributed toward it. In short, David's chances came to him as soon as he was strong enough to handle them; and were even created on purpose for him; whereas if he had had no one behind him, he must have had to wait interminably for them. But the main point, of course, is that, as soon as he began to understand what was required of him, he began to make good.

His field work ended about the time that Miss Violet Grey returned from Europe "completely finished and done up," as she put it herself, and he became a fixture of growing importance in Mr. Grey's main offices in Vancouver, and a thrill in Vancouver society. His baby w's instead of rolling r's thrilled the ladies; his good habits coupled with his manliness and success thrilled the men.

"He doesn't drink," said one.

"He doesn't smoke," said another.

"He doesn't bet," said a third.

"He can look the saints in the face," said a fourth; and a fifth, looking up thumped upon a bell that would summon a waiter, and with emphasis said:

"And we *like* to have him around!"

Among the youngest and most enthusiastic men it even became the habit to copy David in certain things. He was responsible for a small wave of reform in Vanvouver, as he had once been in Aiken; but for the opposite cause. Little dialogues like the following might frequently be heard in the clubs:

"Have a drink, Billy?"

"Thanks. I don't drink."

"Cigar, Sam?"

"Thanks (with a moan), don't smoke."

"Betcherfivedollars, Ned."

"Sorry, old man, I don't bet."

Or, in a lowered voice:

"Say, let's drop round to——"

"I've (chillingly) cut out all that sort of thing."

Platonic friendships became the rage. David himself, as leader, maintained a dozen such; chiefest of which was with the newly finished Miss Grey. At first her very soul revolted against a friendship of this sort. She was lovely, and she knew it; with lovely clothes she made herself even lovelier, and she knew this, too. She was young, and she rejoiced in it. And she had always been a spoiled darling, and she wished to be made much of, to cause a dozen hearts to beat in the breast where but one beat before, to be followed, waited on, adored, bowed down to, and worshiped. She wished yellow-flowering jealousy to sprout in David's heart instead of the calm and loyal friendliness to which alone the soil seemed adapted. She knew that he often wrote letters to a Miss Tennant; and she would have liked very much to have this Miss Tennant in her power, and to have scalped her there and then.

This was only at first, when she merely fancied David rather more than other young men. But a time came when her fancy was stronger for him than that; and then it seemed to her that even his platonic friendship was worth more than all the great passions of history rolled into one. Then from the character of that spoiled young lady were wiped clean away, as the sponge wipes marks from a slate, vanity, whims, temper, tantrums, thoughtlessness, and arrogance, and in their places appeared the opposites. She sought out hard spots in people's lives and made them soft; sympathy and gentleness radiated from her; thoughtfulness and steadfastness.

Her grandfather, who had been reading Ibsen, remarked to himself: "It may be artistically and dramatically inexcusable for the ingenue suddenly to become the heroine——but *I* like it. As to the cause—" and the old gentleman rested in his deep chair till far in the night, twiddling his thumbs and thinking long thoughts. Finally, frowning and troubled, he rose and went off to his bed.

"Is it," thought he, "because he gave his word not to make love until he had made good—or is it because he really doesn't give a damn about poor little Vi? If it's the first reason, why he's absolved from that promise, because he has made good, and every day he's making better. But if it's the second reason, why then this world is a wicked, dreary place. Poor little Vi— poor little Vi . . . only two things in the whole universe that she can't get—the moon, and David—the moon, and David——"

About noon the next day David requested speech with his chief.

"Well?" said Uriah. The old man looked worn and feeble. He had had a sorrowful night.

"I haven't had a vacation in a year," said David. "Will you give me three weeks, sir?"

"Want to go back East and pay off your obligations?"

David nodded.

"I have the money and interest in hand," said he.

Mr. Grey smiled.

"I suppose you'll come back smoking like a chimney, drinking like a fish, betting like a bookmaker, and keeping a whole chorus in picture hats."

"I think I'll not even smoke," said David. "About a month ago the last traces of hankering left me, and I feel like a free man at last."

"But you'll be making love right and left," said Mr. Grey cheerfully, but with a shrewd eye upon the young man's expression of face.

David looked grave and troubled. He appeared to be turning over difficult matters in his mind. Then he smiled gayly.

"At least I shall be free to make love if I want to."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Grey. "People don't make love because they want to. They do it because they have to."

Again David looked troubled, and a little sad, perhaps.

"True," said he. And he walked meditatively back to his own desk, took up a pen, meditated for a long time, and then wrote:

"Best friend that any man ever had in the world! I shall be in Aiken on the twenty-fifth, bringing with me that which I owe and can pay, and deeply conscious of that deeper debt that I owe, but never can hope to pay. But I will do what I can. I will not now take back the promises I gave, unless you wish; I will not do anything that you do not wish. And if all the service and devotion that is in me for the rest of time seem worth having to you, they are yours. But you know that."

DAVID.

This, looking white, tired, and austere, he reread, folded, enveloped, stamped, sealed, and addressed to Miss Tennant.

Neither the hand which Miss Tennant laid on his, nor the cigarette which she lighted for him, completely mollified Mr. Billy McAllen. He was no longer young enough to dance with pleasure to a maiden's whims. The experience of dancing over the deep ocean and back, and up and down Europe and back with the late Mrs.

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The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blueish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut; had imagined a picture wherein the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along, but Dr. Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith, his opinion that she was insane, and his treatment of her, which included substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had marked after the manner of the Salem witches. Claire's death by smallpox had caused her aunt to believe herself responsible and had unhinged her mind, but the new photo made her think it all a dream. Then the spiritualists got hold of her and upset everything. Crow finishes his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"He had them in his card-case. He dropped one of them on the rug in the studio and came back and tried to get it. Those were Claire's earrings. How did Dr. Crow get them?"

"That seems natural enough," said I. "Miss Meredith brought them home with her. Very likely they were in the same box with the defaced photograph."

"Then you'll have to believe it was a ghost that Mr. Jeffrey saw on the bridge."

"I don't know," said I. "That girl might have been Irene."

"But the earrings!" she cried. "That's where Mr. Jeffrey saw them. That girl was wearing them."

Well, I saw it at last. Not the way Jeffrey did. I couldn't hope for that. It was even probable that Gwendolyn herself, getting the story at second-hand from me, saw more than I did. But I saw enough to explain our night's journey through the velvet dark—enough to give that silent house of Beech Hill that I had never seen, a strange, eerie attraction.

I felt, somehow, that in that house to-night, the mystery would be solved.

Suddenly, through the glass, I saw Jeffrey turn to the chauffeur with a quick order. The car checked its speed. We were on a brick-paved main street of a small town, and the pasty surface didn't accommodate itself well to the sudden checking of our speed. The car did a sweeping side slip down against the curb and stopped on the intersection of a cross street. Half a block down, I could see the lights of a lunch-wagon.

Jeffrey reached back and opened the door. "Aren't you people getting hungry in there ?" he said. "I am."

None of us had thought of it before, but the realization of it came to us all at once.

"I'll go down to that lunch-wagon," I volunteered, "and get a dozen red-hots, then we can eat them as we ride."

"That's a good notion," said Jeffrey approvingly.

I slipped from the car and made my way up the dimly lighted cross street. Half-way to my destination, I passed a man and a woman coming from the direction in which I was bound. I had my hat low down over my eyes and paid no attention to them until just as they passed me. Then I heard him say to her:

"They'll do until we can get a more civilized meal," and I remembered having observed that he had a paper bag in his hand.

Something about the urbane quality of his voice made me turn and look after them. Their appearance, as they blurred into the darkness of that dimly lighted street, confirmed the impression that his voice had made—that they weren't, any more than we, inhabitants of this village.

My principal feeling, though, was one of irritation. I had Dr. Crow so strongly in my thoughts that the very last glimpse I got of them as they whirled past us in their car, stamped his unforgettable features on my memory. And the woman beside him took on the eerie outlines of the dead Claire Meredith ! It was a delusion of course. But it seemed shockingly real.

I went on to the lunch-wagon, made my purchase, and got back to the car. Jeffrey was slouched down in his seat, his cap over his eyes, his head sunk forward on his chest. He paid no attention to my arrival. Indeed, it seemed as if he had fallen asleep.

He aroused with a start when I touched him.

"Here you are," said I.

Even then he looked at me blankly for a second, then rose rather stiffly and climbed back into the interior of the car with the rest of us.

"We may as well eat standing still," said he. "It's lots pleasanter."

Then I saw that Gwendolyn was eying him curiously.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOUSEBREAKERS.

We were standing on what felt like the roadway, Jeffrey and I. A mile down the road we could just distinguish the purr of Jack's limousine. I used the last glimpse of its headlights as it swung around in the road for a look at my watch. It was a quarter to two in the morning.

We remained where we were without moving a muscle until it was out of hearing. Hearing and touch were the only senses that gave us any contact with realty at all, for the night was completely dark. The sky must have been very thickly overcast, for there wasn't light enough overhead to show the profile of the tree-tops. It was still, too. There wasn't a breath of wind, and there were none of the country noises that ordinarily fill the ear at night.

We were, as nearly as Jeffrey had been able to guess, half a mile from the main entrance to Beech Hill estate.

Jeffrey laid a hand on my arm. "This way," he whispered.

What sense of direction it was that enabled him to keep the road I don't know. Perhaps he could feel the ruts with his feet accurately enough to give him the direction.

Left to myself I'd have been lost in three minutes. But Jeffrey moved along as confidently as if it had been broad daylight. It's perfectly impossible to judge the flight of time under such conditions, and I don't know how far we had been walking when he suddenly checked me with a clutch on my arm. I could feel him standing as rigid as a setter-dog making a point.

I strained my ears, but could hear nothing except the rise and fall of my own breathing.

"What is it ? I whispered. "I can't hear anything."

He didn't answer, but I heard him drawing in a deep breath through his nose. Then I realized that he had heard nothing himself. It was his sense of smell that had warned him, and that realization made me shiver somehow.

Very cautiously he led me over to the right across the ditch and up on the other side, where there was a springy, soggy turf. Once there we started forward again, but much more slowly and with infinite precaution against noise. Fifty paces along I got the same warning that had checked Jeffrey earlier. There was something homelike about it, though—something that took off the horror of the thing. It was the smell of tobacco. Some one there in the dark was smoking a pipe. A faint puff of air blew on the left side of our faces and carried off the pipe-smoke with it. The smoker then was somewhere ahead of us.

Jeffrey's arm signaled me again and once more we moved forward, but still more slowly, planting each foot with the utmost care, moving absolutely without a sound.

The bank where we were walking seemed to be considerably higher than the road. At least we had climbed to get to the top of it, and I wasn't conscious of having walked down again.

The pipe-smell grew stronger and presently I heard a sound—the deep, regular breathing of some one asleep. There must be two of them, then, because the smoker was keeping his pipe lighted.

I was walking at Jeffrey's left—that is to say, at the side of the bank nearest the road. Suddenly my left hand touched something, and in my surprise I lost my balance a little and my weight came down on it rather heavily. It isn't easy to keep your balance walking slowly in the dark.

The thing gave a little under my weight, and yet it resisted stoutly. It felt like stretched leather and the surface of it was gritty with dust. In a second I knew what it was—the extended top of a carriage or automobile.

A stronger whiff of tobacco came up just then and I felt the thing move a little under my hand and heard the faint creak of leather cushions. The smoker was in the vehicle there just below me and he had stirred a little. Possibly the touch of my hand had roused him.

I had no way of warning Jeffrey, but apparently he didn't need it. There were ten seconds, I believe, when no bronze statue could have stood stiller than we did. Then, a step at a time, we moved on again.

A little further along we slipped down into the road once more and walked on again a little more freely. Presently Jeffrey stopped, took my hand and guided it out past his body until it touched a surface of rough stone.

"The gates," he whispered.

Then we walked on rather briskly and apparently with no fear whatever of discovery.

"We're in luck so far," said Jeffrey.

I told him of my adventure—of the thing my hand had touched there in the dark.

"It was a carriage or an automobile, I think," said I.

"An automobile," said Jeffrey. "Couldn't you smell it ?"

"What's it doing there, do you suppose?" I asked. "What are the people in it doing?"

"Watching the place," said Jeffrey. "Seeing to it that no one goes in or out without their knowing it."

"But who'd be watching? And who are they watching for?"

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "We shall probably find out before we're through."

"It seems a strange place to set a watch," I observed. "There must be a dozen other ways of getting into and out of this place without going through the main gate."

"There's one other way," said Jeffrey. "One other practical way, and that's in a boat. This place is a peninsula, with a very narrow neck, and the wall across the neck is much too high to climb without a scaling-hook, so the gate's a pretty good place to set a watch. If there's another watch on the boat-house landing, as I suspect there is, then the job is pretty well covered."

"I'd like to know then," said I, a little anxiously, "how we're going to get away ourselves."

"We got in, didn't we?" said Jeffrey. "And nobody knows we're here. That, with a little decent luck, is handicap enough in our favor."

Somehow the presence of watchers at the gate seemed to have relieved Jeffrey of all concern about them, now we were inside. We walked briskly at a pace I'd never dared have taken in the dark but for the compelling touch of his hand on my arm. And if we said nothing it seemed more because Jeffrey didn't want to talk than because he was afraid to. The drive was perfectly surfaced, so there was nothing to stumble on, but sometimes we went up hill and sometimes down. How Jeffrey followed the curves in the drive I couldn't understand at all, unless the lateral inclination of the roadway from crown to curve gave clue enough to that wonderful tactile sense of his.

At last, as we reached the top of a little rise, a flicker of lightning in the clouds ahead of us silhouetted the house. It wasn't more than a hundred yards away.

Jeffrey immediately left the road and struck out to the left. The lightning shimmered again and then again, more brightly each time, and it gave us the general direction of the house as we quartered around it in the arc of a circle. But as to what was immediately under our feet, flower-beds, terraces, tangles of untouched wilderness, Jeffrey could have no guide but his memory.

But suddenly, as we rounded the corner of a projecting wing, we both stopped short. There was a light in one of the second-story windows. To me that seemed final. Entering an empty house, to say nothing of one whose occupants were all sound asleep, seemed a reckless enough proceeding for any one to contemplate. In the face of the warning the square of light from that window gave us there seemed nothing to do but count our expedition a dead loss and make the best of our way back to Oldborough.

"Wait a minute!" said Jeffrey. He walked swiftly away toward another building—a one-storied, concrete affair that looked like a garage.

I saw him crouch down on the slope that led up to its great door and explore the surface with his hands. Then he came back—not straight toward me, but at an angle, toward the corner of the house itself. He nodded to me to come along, too, and when we had reached the place he indicated I saw that we were standing beneath an open window. It was some distance from the lighted one.

"Give me a leg up," he whispered; "then I can pull you in after me."

"You don't mean—" I gasped. "You don't mean to go in — with that light there?"

"Yes, I'm going in," he said quietly, "and I warn you it will be dull waiting and mighty interesting inside. You had better come along, too."

"All right," said I. "I told you I was game, and I meant it. But I didn't bargain for this."

There was light enough to see him smile. "This is nothing to what we'll be up against before we get through," he said. "Come along."

He put his foot on my bent knee, and with a quick, catlike spring was poised on the window-ledge. Then he reached down a strong hand and hauled me up after him. There wasn't a tremor in that hand. It was as steady as if he had been painting a portrait in his studio.

Illogically enough, when we had scrambled over the sill and dropped down lightly inside, my first sensation was one of disappointment. I had made up my mind to something thrilling and dangerous, committed myself by one decisive action to Jeffrey's reckless course, and now wanted a run for my money.

I think you will agree that I got it

THE WOMAN BESIDE HIM TOOK ON THE EERIE OUTLINES OF THE DEAD CLAIRE MEREDITH!

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George R. Geary

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ed himself first for trustee for the Public School Board. He headed the poll. The following year he was an aldermanic candidate and was elected. He repeated in 1905-6-7. Once more he set a new standard by getting the largest vote ever recorded for an aldermanic candidate in the City of Toronto. During his term of office he became chairman of the Board of Works. He was signally successful there. In 1907 he was appointed counsel for the Ontario Government in the insurance investigation. In 1910 he was elected mayor and was re-elected 1911 and acclaimed mayor in 1912.

Towards the end of 1912 Harry Drayton—now Sir Harry—vacated the office of corporation counsel for the City of Toronto, and Geary got it. He still has it.

The outstanding thing about "Reg." Geary is his real democracy. He is never anything other than a democrat. That's one point of resemblance between him and President Wilson. Geary was mayor of Toronto, but that was no reason why he should not enjoy a lunch with the navvies who were on the city's construction work. He may have been first citizen of one of the biggest cities of the Empire, but that was not inconsistent with an entire lack of all the airs and graces that belong to the type we have learned to call the Jack-in-Office.

This is borne out by a story they tell of him when the Duke visited Toronto. The Duke and his suite were—to quote Artemus Ward—"Got up regardless." Plug hats and morning coats were au fait. But Geary appeared in a sack suit and a comfortable, well-worn soft hat—to say nothing of the tan shoes. Yet Geary has a proper sense of the importance of things. When he represented Toronto at the Coronation he was immaculately garbed. A month later he was back in Canada sitting on a fence watching a whippet race, probably wearing the same well-worn soft hat that I referred to.

Geary, too, is tact personified, and yet it is not the tact of suavity. It is rather of the strong, weighty quietness and self-control which at once makes itself felt. For instance, a man ran up against him in the corridor of the city hall when he was mayor. A position was vacant and the man wanted it. He told Geary so. Geary shook his head.

"Why not," burst out the man.

"I have looked into it and I don't think you are suitable," answered Geary.

The man flew into a tantrum at once; swore that he would get all his friends to vote against Geary at the next election.

The mayor smiled quietly. All this time his hand had been resting on the applicant's shoulder. "All right," he said, "we will let it go at that."

Geary will make a good soldier. He is the sort of stuff that does make good soldiers. Somewhere hidden in him there is the essence of the man who is spoiling for a fight. You have only to look at his face to see that. There you might find the index to the strength of President Wilson and vice versa—save the moustache. There is the same penetrating glance, the same combative, almost pugnacious nose, and yet the same relieving gayety which plays around the mouth. Nobody ever said that a corporation counsel must be a dull dog, and Geary—like the President—loves a joke. Masterfulness, however, is the dominant note. A study of Geary's features will show you the man of purpose.

There is a good deal of the bull-dog about the man, and the army needs such. Geary has laid aside his stuff gown for the present and donned khaki. He feels the necessity of serving the Empire and if up to now the tongue with him has been mightier than the sword, he is willing to prove the opposite true and is going to the front to do his bit.

Poet of the Prairies

Continued from page 357.

Standard was right when it said—"lines like these will live and explain to those who never saw the country what life on the prairie really meant. Such is the power of divine poetry." This book was a considerable success, it passed through four editions and was favorably reviewed by over two hundred representative publications. The principal elements which have won distinction for it are an easy style, a strong patriotic appeal, a strong portrayal of those influences that peculiarly belong to pioneer prairie life. This was followed by "Prairie Born," in 1911 and also a collection of his poems under the title "Songs of the Prairie." These had a large sale and the book was taken up by publishers on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Hustlin' in My Jeans," and "The Early Days", tell all too vividly of the hardships of the early settlers, but they also show a good will, comradeship, and willingness to lend a helping hand that prevailed among them, and the "Wild Goose Overhead," shows his infinite trust in God above. "Little Three Year Old" was composed from thoughts that were his own when his own boy of that age, then an only child lay for weeks at the point of death. He is now a boy of ten years and between them such a comradeship has sprung up as was only equalled by that between himself and his father. Mr. Stead has done much in these Prairie poems to build up the best spirit of the Canadian West. It is true there is more in Canada than muscle and Rocky Mountains, and no one has contributed more than Mr. Stead to the real national spirit of which the free, open, and fruitful prairie is such a convincing illustration.

Mr. Stead has recently entered the field of novel writers with a tale of Western Canada entitled "The Bail Jumper," which was published in England in June and in Canada in September. In the first chapter of this captivating tale one is immediately interested, almost impelled, by the straightforward honest conduct of the story. You would know that the writer had a high philosophy of human life. The young man in the story who comes west to be a clerk becomes a favorite among the pioneer people of the town and district. He meets his "twin soul," but his love sentiments receive a shock when he becomes mysteriously involved in stealing his employer's money. In the meantime he goes away and works on a farm and the rumor goes, as rumors will fly, that he has "jumped" his bail. Through much tribulation he arrives back in time, but just in time, and it is disclosed that it is a case of persecution by an unsuccessful rival who wanted to disgrace him and win the girl. The story is well worth reading; it is healthy, sound and inspiring, a strong story of everyday life in the West presented in a popular and attractive way.

It is interesting to note, in these times when it might be supposed that the press of the Empire is too full of war news to give much attention to literary matters, that the Calgary author's first novel has attracted wide attention, not only in Canada and Great Britain, but in the outlying quarters of the Empire. Perhaps this is another indication of our growing imperial unity, but the writer was surprised and impressed when she recently had an opportunity to look over the list of papers which have reviewed Mr. Stead's novel within the last few months. The list included not only such well known old country papers as the Times, the Edinburgh Scotsman, the London Globe, the London Postman, the Dundee Advertiser, the London Observer, the Yorkshire Observer, the London Citizen, the Pall Mall Gazette, Field, Everyman, and other prominent British publications, but also included the Advertiser, Natal South Africa.

How to Increase Your Living Power, Health Promoting Power, Mind Power, Will Power and Pleasure Obtaining Power To An Unusual Degree Without Inconvenience Apparatus, Drugs, Loss of Time or Study Through Conscious Evolution

A GREAT, PRACTICAL AND USEFUL PHILOSOPHY

The Story of "Conscious Evolution" and Its Discoverer

By **DONALD RICHARDSON**

THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency—who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time, we can put unusual health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body and mind the maximum of health, pleasure and power, and do this in a very perfectly natural, easy and practical way—then we are all attention

A Great Secret of Life

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer in the realm of physiological science. Some day the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods. He has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution Based on a Knowledge of all Sciences

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the science of "Conscious Evolution," which embraces all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Conscious Evolution."

The Aim of Conscious Evolution is Better Minds, Better Bodies, Better Health and More Intense Pleasures

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, faddists or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being,—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity to live and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living,—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Swoboda is a Man Who is Centuries in Advance of His Time

His discovery of conscious evolution is itself of epochal importance. But its scientific and successful application is more wonderful still.

The feat of Franklin in drawing the electric spark from the clouds was a wonder of the time. Yet it took a hundred years to master the secret of that electric spark and harness the giant force of electricity to the uses of mankind. Swoboda not only discovered the marvelous secret and principle of Conscious Evolution, but applies it to individuals with results that are incalculable. Swoboda might, indeed, be called a specialist for the human race.

A single electric spark is of little importance. But intensify that spark and multiply it a billionfold, and you have the power, the heat and the dazzling lights of a great city. So with our cells, says Swoboda. Quicken one, and it makes little difference. But energize and intensify them all, and you have a "live-wire" human being, with mental and physical potency plus!—the Swoboda kind of body and mind.

What would happen to a business man who allowed half of his workmen to idle away at their machines, not only losing their own time and effort but interfering with the producing power of the rest of the force? Yet that is exactly what the average human being does with the workers in his physiological factory. You have a most ingenious pleasure and power producing machine in your possession—the machine that means health or weakness, pleasure, happiness, success, or failure, and yet, you allow it to practically run itself or erroneously believe that when this machine is ready to completely crumble that some physician possesses the magic power of restoring your health and life through the use of a drug. Far from securing health and pleasure, however, this resort to and belief in extraneous assistance, really encourages physical and mental decay, because it weakens by non-use and neglect, the body's natural resources, power and means of recuperation.

The Human Body is a "War Machine"

The commander who goes into battle with an incapable army is handicapped at the start. The man who goes into the battle of life with his physiological forces far below par is foredoomed to at least partial failure. The great bulk of us are hardly drawing on our tremendous stores of energy and vitality. We are letting our cells grow stale and sluggish. Our human machine should be running in perfect condition in order that we may get the most out of it—before we can enjoy its full powers in complete and rounded fashion. Strengthen the vitality of these cells and you not only make the body more alive but the brain more susceptible to new ideas from without, as well as greatly increase its own power to generate ideas. Many a man is getting a great deal of pleasure out of his mind but nothing out of his body.

Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can through the conscious use of the principles of Evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity,—100 per cent. efficient.

If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are, according to the Swoboda Standard, indeed mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and even greater realization of health, energy and pleasure.

More power, energy and life are the needs and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get them. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda clearly demonstrates.

Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It scientifically reduces excessive blood pressure, restores elasticity to arteries and turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution will be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fag, sleeplessness, nervousness, or any functional difficulty of any charatcer.

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Little Book

This book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It makes clear Swoboda's new theory of the mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course; the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for thousands of men and women of every age and condition. It tells of the Dangers and after-effects of Exercise, and Conscious Deep Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how any one may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain greater pleasure and in every way a superior life.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles of evolution, which Swoboda discovered. It will open new avenues through which you may become successful, in satisfying your most intense desires. It is not a dry treatise on physiology; on the contrary, it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you need to know, about the body and mind and the laws of their evolution.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of this book while it is free. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 1330 Aeolian Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

Since writing the above the writer has met a man who said: "Although I have been a close student of the body and mind all my life, and am a writer on the subject, Mr. Swoboda's book gave me a deeper conception of the body and mind than I have attained from years of study. Intellectual men and women must find his book of great interest. His theory of the body and mind was entirely new to me, and I believe that he is right."

A Supper Story For the Boy

Some night when the boy is eating his dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, tell him this story about it.

Each grain of that wheat contains 100 million food cells, made up of many kinds.

Each food cell is a globule which must be broken to digest. That's why we cook or bake it. Raw wheat would not do. But, until late years, no process was known which would break up all those food cells.

Prof. Anderson's Discovery.

Prof. Anderson found that each food cell held moisture. He conceived the idea of converting that moisture to steam.

To do this he sealed up the grains in guns. Then he revolved those guns for one hour in a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns and the steam in each food cell exploded, blasting the cell to pieces.

Think of it—a hundred million steam explosions occur in every Puffed Grain. That's what puffs them into bubbles, eight times normal size. And that's how whole grains are made wholly digestible, so every atom feeds.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
EXCEPT IN EXTREME WEST

The same story applies to Puffed Rice.

Tell it to children, boys or girls. 'Twill increase their respect for grain foods, which are better for them than meat. And for Puffed Wheat and Rice, the best forms of grain food.

These delightful morsels are scientific foods. They seem like bonbons—flaky, toasted, almond-flavored bubbles. But there's vaster reason for them than enticing taste.

Not all grains can be puffed. But those that can be should be largely served in this hygienic form.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. Sole Makers **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(1072)

Jade Earring

Continued from page 365.

in the end, but just at first the adventure seemed to be flattening out into something very tame. We didn't hear a sound. Our entrance had apparently disturbed no one. We were at the end of a bare, rather uninteresting-looking corridor. At the other end of it—about forty feet away—was the door leading, if I had kept my sense of direction straight, into the wing where the light was.

The bright circle from Jeffrey's electric torch flashed on that only a second, then wheeled to the left and revealed a narrow stairway, leading straight up away from us to the floor above. Half-way down the corridor, on the right, was an opening which, apparently, led off at right angles. Just at the foot of the stairway, on the left side of the corridor, was a door. Jeffrey flashed his torch again to the right of where we were standing and revealed another corridor parallel to the one which occurred further down.

Jeffrey didn't keep his light on more than five seconds altogether. Then, seeming to have seen enough to satisfy him, he switched it out, gave me a hand to guide me, and walked straight ahead to the stairway.

I confess I didn't like going upstairs. As long as we had an open window there, that could be reached with a rush and tumbled out of without serious risk of injury, it wasn't so bad. But up-stairs!

It was on the second story that the light was. The stairs were old, too, and it seemed to me they creaked horribly. However, we reached the second floor without misadventure and found, in the momentary glimpse that Jeffrey's torch afforded us, what seemed to be the same arrangement of corridors as on the floor below.

The moment Jeffrey switched off the torch he directed my attention to a thin thread of light that was coming out from under the door at the end of the corridor. He gave a little grunt of satisfaction, but, to my relief, immediately led me away from it, back along the corridor to the point above the window where we had got in and then off to the left. At the end of ten paces he stopped me in front of a door. A flicker of lightning outside revealed that much. It also revealed that Jeffrey had his ear against the door panel.

We stood there perfectly still for what seemed a long time to me, probably not more than twenty seconds. Then, perfectly calmly, Jeffrey opened the door and went in.

It was a big, rather nobly propor-

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This splendid wrist watch has its own armor plate which protects and partially covers the crystal. It is very substantial and has a solid back case with two bezels rendering it weather proof. Many gallant Canadian soldiers are now wearing this watch. Ask to see it at your jewelers. It is supplied in 7 Jewel grade at $12, and 15 Jewel grade at $15.

We can also now supply wrist watches (full open face style) with luminous dials and hands. With these watches you can easily read the time in pitch darkness.

FOR NURSES. We are offering a special nurses' watch with an extra large seconds dial, an advantage every nurse will recognize.

Our free booklet would interest you. Please send for it.

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Burns Vapor Saves Oil

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We don't ask you to pay us ***a cent*** until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home ten days—we even prepay transportation charges. You may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied after putting it to every possible test for 10 nights. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests at 33 leading Universities and Government Bureau of Standards show that it

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common coal oil, and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Children run it. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

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to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new ***Aladdin*** (details of offer given in our circular.) Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to the merits of the ***Aladdin?***

Men Make $50 to $300.00 per Month With Rigs or Autos Delivering the ALADDIN on our easy plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 51 lamps the first seven days." Another says: "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls.". Thousands who are coining money endorse the ALADDIN just as strongly.

No Money Required

We furnish capital to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to make big money in unoccupied territory.

Sample Lamp sent for 10 days FREE Trial.

We want ***one user in each locality*** to whom we can refer customers. Be the first and get our special introductory offer, under which you get your own lamp ***free*** for showing it to a few neighbors and sending in their orders. Write quick for our ***10-Day Absolutely Free Trial.*** Just say, "Show me how I can get a strong white light from coal oil, ***without risking a cent.***" Address nearest office.

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Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the World

Montreal Winnipeg

tioned room, with a fireplace in it and a bay window at one end—charmingly and rather intimately furnished, but with an air, somehow, of disuse. I got that general impression from a prolonged series of lightning-flickers.

Meanwhile Jeffrey's bull's-eye was picking out details. What it seemed to rest on longest was a heavy layer of dust on the bare mahogany center-table and on the mantel over the fireplace. There were two doors besides the one we had come in by, but the one he finally advanced to was in the opposite wall. He opened it without hesitation this time, and we found ourselves looking into a long, deep clothes-closet.

The two side-walls showed nothing but bare hooks, and the short wall at the end had a few nondescript articles hanging on it. I'd have turned away without a second glance. But Jeffrey went straight in, and I saw him apparently scrutinizing the garment hanging at the far end at close range with his electric torch.

To be continued.

Potlatch on Pacific

Continued from page 349.

ways to be a "Potlatch", or Gift Feast on this coast. On all the tall dark firs Oulican fish burned as torches. Outside the Potlatch house a mighty fire of ancient dried blubber and whale bones and whale refuse made the night air hideous. To add to the bouquet, some salmon that had become unpleasant before being smoked were thrown on the flames by the youngsters, evidently determined not to be outdone in the matter of smells by the old folks.

"There goes the enemy," Fritz whispered, as the Shaman plunged into the smoky doorway. He had on a ceremonial shirt of buckskin, interwoven with bits of some shell that glittered in the glancing of the flames, his wand or baton had a great tuft of human hair above the squatted figure of a frog—a really well carven frog too—and his head dress was a mass of cedar rope tassels and rings that whirled and swung about his hideously painted face. Necklace, girdle, sash, all were of cedar bark. He also carried a rattle covered with beaks of sea parrots which, when shaken, sounded like the shingle falling back behind the wave.

We bounded through the evil smellling smoke into the great dark building. In the centre we saw the huge smouldering fire of beach-gathered wood, the salts from its sea baths throwing out strange violet colored flames. The Shaman (medicine man) ran swiftly up to and around the fire, motioning as if to throw into it some object from a great carved wooden grease spoon, (Fritz swears to this day the old man had gathered a small atom of spittle and thus consigned me to the flames, and O'poots, our Nootkan guide would not answer my querie, nor would he ever deny it).

Of course there was the line-dancing and posturing and a bit of gift-giving. But everyone seemed to be waiting and watching for something. Often we would see the big dark flashing eyes of the throng peering upwards through the smoke. Suddenly silence fell on the ten score people gathered in that faintly illuminated building. Every right hand was pointed aloft, every eye searched the roof where the smokeholes showed the brightly glittering stars. Slowly I saw a copper colored figure—naked as at birth, coming down hand over hand from ridge to rafter, to earth. Then up went the long arms, coppery in the glare of the new leaping fire. Like a miniature snowstorm, eider down floated out from his opening fingers; like a figure in a dream he circled the swiftly blazing fire; fast and faster he flew, close and closer to the fire he leaned until he gave the freshly thrown bunches of cedar bark a mighty kick with his naked foot and out flew great coiling serpents of ruddy flame. At this heroic act all the men cried "How-ah" at least it sounded like that and all the women yelled in swift answer "ATH !"—"OII !"

By this time the novice was almost in the flames. Every atom of eider down that had before gleamed a ruddy white in the glare was now scorched off his blistering hide. Suddenly he darted right through the fire and continued his dance up and down the lines of men that stood at one side of the dark hall; then back over the flames he leaped; up the poles he climbed; for prehaps five minutes he sang the song of his Totem. He had spent four days in the woods, naked, composing this his new song, to be ever after sang, when he and his totem appear before the assembled chiefs and people. Then he disappeared.

Now came the man I knew best who told me kindly but firmly that men not members of the tribe would please go out, so Fritz and I leaped once more through the stifling smoke that eddied about the door. Many rumors were in the daily papers as to what took place late that night, some even saying that the rites were too uncanny for white men's eyes. I do not know. I lived among the Coast Indians for many years, in many tribes, both on the U.S., and B.C., coasts, but I never saw an unlawful thing done. Although many of the things no doubt were a bit odd to our eyes, yet never, in all those years, have I met an Indian who would go into detail as to the actual happenings of the last few hours of the great ceremonial feasts.

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Montreal, Que.

Recruiting in London

Continued from page 333.

the edge of the crowd, the remorseless one had headed him off with reinforcements. He then went off to tackle another, leaving his unconvicted sinner in the hands of one in whose power of persuasion he had more confidence than in his own. That it was well-placed I judged later when I saw the uniformed figure and the other moving off together towards the recruiting station.

As far as one could see there were groups, large and small, gathered on the green grass of the Park, listening to men and women speakers. Of the women, the Women's Social and Political Union has particularly taken up this work of recruiting and "General" Flora Drummond speaks every Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park near the Reformer's Tree, as well as filling engagements in other towns almost every night in the week.

Mrs. Pankhurst herself is a great recruiting power and talks to meetings of men and of women all over the country, urging the men to go to the front and the women to let them go.

Even a little girl has joined the ranks of the feminine workers for recruits. She is Muriel Phillips, of Richmond, and is only eleven years old. So impressed was she by something her teacher had said of the horrors of war, that she begged her mother to let her do something to help the soldiers. Now she wears a broad, red ribbon printed in gold with the words: "Join the Army and Become One of the Heroes of the Day. Avenge the Murder of Little Girls Like Me."

She has operated in the City and around Trafalgar Square and has secured many men for the colors, bringing them straight to the recruiting sergeant, herself.

That there are still broad fields of labor for the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee one cannot but judge by the immense number of civilians still to be seen. Coming down Ludgate Hill on top of a bus at half-past three in the afternoon I thought I had rarely seen so many men. The pavements were thronged with them, civilians of all ages. But, that a tremendous work has already been done one has only to walk the streets and travel the country to see. The khaki coat changes the whole color of the city crowds and drifts of white tents fleck the green fields everywhere.

The excellence of the Creator's work is officially established, as evidenced by the following from a motion-picture screen:

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Both have exclusive features and conveniences. Ask your dealer to show you how the dust receptacle comes out in one piece with the nozzle, an advantage not found on other machines.
Prices are $10 for the Vacuum "Cleaner" (without brush) and $11.50 for the Vacuum "Sweeper" (with brush); 50c higher in the Western Provinces.
Carpet sweepers $3.00 to $4.75.

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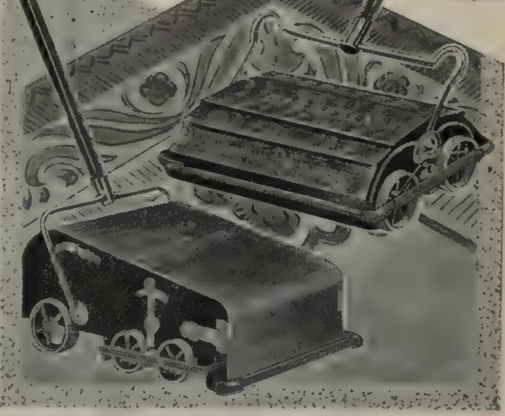

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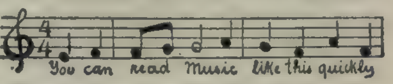

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Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

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on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

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Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

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at about $........................per acre. My resources are about $................................ This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

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Address ....

The Kid With No Chance

Continued from page 337.

"Well sir, you see sir, he's not a good kid, like, and I doubt he ever will be. Most prob'ly he had a brute of a father y' know and—he takes after him. But there's good stuff in him somewheres—he's a little devil to fight—and, y' know, it seems as if this may be the best that could happen to him—to die for his country."

"I see," said the Colonel gravely, "you may be right. We'll take him."

If the Aid had got onto it even then, they might have dragged Pete back to drown. But the Tommies are good souls and kept his secret. And so he went overseas, being fearfully sick on board, and fearfully spoiled at Shorncliffe and more than fearfully elated when at last they made the Channel and zigzagged across torn France to their rest billets. He could play the drum now with the roll of a veteran and he even did some of the bugle calls. Better than all he had a serene peacefulness in his soul that made him creep out to look up at the stars o' nights. He remembered what the Commissioner had told him about God and whenever he thought about either of them—they got pretty much mixed in his mind—he was very happy.

When his Company went up to the trenches for the first time, the officers tried hard to leave him behind. But he was halfway across the dim field after them before they noticed him. The men were glad he'd managed it. They had an almost superstitious feeling about the kid.

By and by they got so used to him crawling along from one dug-out to the other with water for tea, with charcoal, tobacco and what not, that they never thought of his being in danger.

And then, the sun went down one night in the usual smoke cloud, and before it was above the world next morning, the Huns had come on.

They'd been getting ready for it for a long time, while Petie had been carrying water and making tea. The Kaiser had planned the whole hellishness of it, gas and all, perhaps before Darya died.

Nobody knew just what was happening. The guns tore the earth in sunder and punched solid chunks out of the hills. The gas rolled in a greenish nightmare mist across the torn ground. The enemy came screaming on the dazed and shattered lines. There were aeons of fighting, close-locked, breathless, tigerish duels, sweep and counter sweep of line. And then the whole horror went over them, half a mile back across the fields.

At the very beginning of the rush the Sergeant had fallen with enough shrapnel in him to kill a whole squad. He

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TEA B 74

Sealed Packets Only.

Try it—it's delicious. BLACK GREEN or MIXED.

Broiling or toasting is done better and more easily because the broiler door on a

McClary's Pandora Range permits using the largest toaster and placing it close to the fire. Interview the McClary dealer. 88

10 Days Free Trial *Charges Prepaid Send No Money*

TWICE THE LIGHT HALF THE OIL

NEW COAL OIL LIGHT
Beats Electric or Gasoline

We don't ask you to pay us ***a cent*** until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home ten days—we even prepay transportation charges. You may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied after putting it to every possible test for 10 nights. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests at 33 leading Universities and Government Bureau of Standards show it

Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon

common coal oil, and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

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$1000 Will Be Given

to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new ***Aladdin*** (details of offer given in our circular.) Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to merit of the ***Aladdin?*** We want ***one user in each locality*** to whom we can refer customers. Be the first and get our special introductory offer under which you get your own lamp ***free*** for showing it to a few neighbors and sending in their orders. Write quick for ***10-Day Absolutely Free Trial.*** Just say, "Show me how I can get a strong white light from coal oil, ***without risking a cent.***" Address our nearest office.

Men Make $50 to $300.00 Per Month With Rigs or Autos

delivering the ALADDIN on our easy trial plan. No previous experience necessary

Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 61 lamps the first seven days." Another says: "I disposed of 87 lamps out of 31 calls." Thousands who are coining money endorse the Aladdin just as strongly.

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We furnish capital to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to make big money in unoccupied territory. **Sample sent for 10 days FREE TRIAL.**

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We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada for from $11 to $30 per acre—irrigated lands from $35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance within 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many good farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

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in the irrigation districts, if you want it, providing you are a married man, of farming experience and have sufficient farming equipment to carry on the work, with no other security than the land itself, and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and its ability to create prosperity for you and traffic for our line. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, sink a well, etc —interest only at 6 per cent.

We Will Advance You up to $1,000 Worth of Livestock

To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 8 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm —our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already established—ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. These improved farms have houses and buildings, well, fences, fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results; all planned and completed by practical men who know—our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of great Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada

increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such **low prices and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of the Prairie Provinces and want them for your neighbors, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY—always the best day.**

This Great Offer Is Based on Good Land

The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming—irrigated lands for intensive farming; other lands, with ample rainfall, for mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.

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Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great population, which insures highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the last best West. The present time, your opportunity—don't delay—investigate—you owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first—so time is precious. **Write today for books—illustrated.**

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For Sale—Town Lots in all growing towns, on lines of Canadian Pacific Railway. Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in these towns.

was out of the trench at the time, calling to his men. But to one small drummer it sounded as if he had just cried, "Petie! Petie!"

Petie came. He would have gone to him across all hell. Frantically the boy tugged at the big body that he couldn't lift, and somehow, someway, in the unbelievable turmoil, he had pulled the man into a shell hole.

But not before he had felt a sharp pain somewhere over his heart, and had seen a great welling stain coming out on the khaki tunic he had been so proud of.

It was just they two alone in the world. The Sergeant opened his eyes.

"Petie—can you—say a prayer?" he whispered.

The boy must have got his meaning telepathically. You couldn't have heard a word to save your soul.

"Our Father which are in heaven," Petie began, remembering what the chaplain said at every drum head service. But it didn't seem as if it were his own voice. It sounded like the Commissioner's. "Hallowed — be — Thy name—Thy Kingdom come—Thy will——"

The words came slower and slower but the Sergeant didn't know it. He had gone where it didn't matter.

"What?" said the boy suddenly, sitting up, "what'd y' say?"

The mist had rolled over, the green death-mist, but in the middle of it there were three figures—no, four.

There was the Woman, and the little girl-kid with the black hair, there was the Commissioner who was too much of a fellow to cry like they did. And then there was Another Man, Who had been wounded in some previous engagement likely, for His hands had holes right through them. And though he had never seen the Other Man before Petie knew at once that He cared most of all.

"What'd y' say? Me make good, me? Why, I ain't done nothin'."

All of a sudden there was music—above the guns, above the far-off clamor of the fighting. It sounded like millions and millions of people singing. And somehow, it was all because of Petie!

The boy turned to his friend the Sergeant.

"He says we're to come," he laughed happily, "He wants us. We're all going Home."

John Turned Jack

Continued from page 342.

his own ends, but I knew of no way of staving him off. Before I could formulate any objection they were walking away, Winthrop haughtily keeping a yard's distance from the Frenchman. I followed.

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"I appreciate extremely the chance to make this clear to a gentleman," the rascal began smoothly. "This matter has been too much mixed up by people who have nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Winthrop, I am here as the representative of the French Republic. I am trying to do my painful duty with as little agony as possible to the excellent young woman and her father. But you understand, I am bound to do my duty."

Winthrop warmed to the villain instantly. I heard him remark on the age-long intercourse of the two nations in Quebec. I groaned. For half an hour I listened to this accomplished robber speaking of the necessity that France had foreseen of protecting her naval bases against Germany, of the care the Republic took that she should at no time break through any conventions or treaties. He didn't refrain from hinting that the United States secretly favored the exclusion of the Tunbridges and the occupation of Godfrey by Jourjon for the French.

"You possibly witnessed what reception Tunbridge got from the government authorities in Honolulu," he remarked at a venture. I sought Flora.

She had not gone to bed, but sat in the shadow, just outside the lattice of her door, and listened to my tale. When it was ended she astonished me by a sob. I caught my breath and begged her to tell what the matter was. She thrust out her slim, white hand in a pitiful gesture of sorrow. "John Ii was such a dear boy!" she whispered. "He was devoted to me. I taught him to say his prayers every night with his forehead on the top of the *lanai*. Every night when the clock's bell struck nine, he would slip out of the darkness and say, 'Missie Florie, I ready to pray for you.' . . And I left him, poor slim little lad, to be butchered by that——"

She stopped. I sat still, listening. I heard her subdued sobbing.

The unspeakable rascality of that Frenchman! For mere loot he had come to this peaceful and prosperous islet and driven out its master and mistress; he had laid unclean hands on her most familiar possessions; he had killed her devoted servant; now he was seducing the one man by whose help she might again come into her own. If Winthrop opposed us, we should have a hard task to regain the island, as Jourjon's reinforcements were almost due.

Suddenly we heard a short, sharp exclamation, instantly followed by a loud curse from Jourjon. "I told the wretches to bury the body," he was snarling. His voice rose shrilly, "Boys, boys! Come here!"

Then we heard Winthrop say in a deep baritone, "Is this the boy you killed?"

Do you buy what other wise men buy?

Blaisdell Pencils, for example?

The wise ones of the business world are "regular" Blaisdell customers. Among them we are proud to name:

Ford Motor Car Company
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Back of the buying of these organizations are Experience, Caution, Shrewdness. They demand a hundred cents' worth of lead pencil for every dollar they pay us. *And they get it!*

Blaisdell Pencils logically belong in the schedule of every purchasing agent who subjects each item, big or little, to the "acid test." The lead pencil item is no small affair, considering the number of pencils consumed in a year's time and the number of paid employes who use them. Many of the largest and most celebrated concerns in the world use Blaisdell Pencils exclusively. They do so *for only one reason*—and sentiment has no part in it.

No concern is too big for the Blaisdell. You can simply specify Blaisdell for your entire organization and you will have the right pencil, the most scientific pencil, the most economical pencil for each and every department, no matter how varied the work. From the Big Chief in the President's office down to the humblest shipping clerk and stenographer—all will obtain in the Blaisdell line precisely the right pencil for their special needs.

The Purchasing Agent who buys Blaisdells can do so with the full assurance, based on experience and the force of good example, that his selection cannot be called into question. For in point of convenience, long service, satisfactory service, and economy, the Blaisdell represents the high water mark of modern pencil making. Let the agent try it first for himself; note the smooth, long-lasting, comfortable quality of the lead and the ease and lack of waste in the sharpening. Then let him add to this the fact that Blaisdells save him actually ⅛ to ½ of his wooden pencil costs (we will *prove* it if he writes and asks us to!). And there is no reason left why the Blaisdell should not figure in his budget at once.

Blaisdell 151 Blue outsells all other blue pencils in the world—just one instance of Blaisdell supremacy. Order by number from your stationer.

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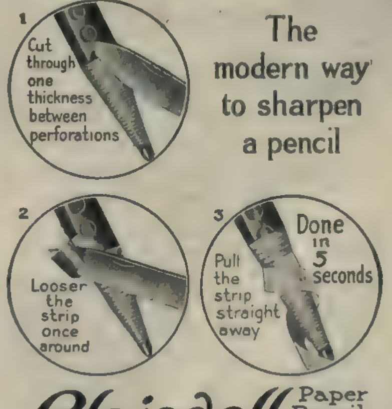
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Done in 5 seconds

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A big advantage to homeseekers and settlers who select their free farm now. The present high prices of grain are taking thousands of Eastern farmers to Western Canada.

Free information to settlers regarding our low round trip rates every Tuesday from March to October. Even if you have already selected your farm, it will pay you to travel on the Canadian Northern with stopover privileges. Canadian Northern lines serve over 4,000 miles of Canada's richest farming country.

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"Thrice accursed devils!" stormed Jourjon. "Am I not master here? I shall kill others if they don't come and bury this carcass."

Jourjon's rage seemed to pass over Winthrop, for we caught his next words, announced in a clear, heavy voice: "Why did you kill a mere boy?"

Something in the tone carried warning to the Frenchman, for he quickly said, forcing his calm, "He disobeyed me in an important matter. He had been disobedient before. The example was needed. I was compelled to kill him." He yelled again for servants.

Flora stepped back into her room, picked up a fragile oil lamp, and came out into the *lanai*. She crossed it rapidly and came to a halt at the edge of it. The steady ray of light penetrated just far enough into the shadow to show, dimly, the figures of two men.

"Mr. Winthrop!" she called.

For one moment I feared that that call wouldn't be answered. But Winthrop, who was bent over, straightened up and turned toward her. "Here I am, Miss Tunbridge."

"I wished to say," she went on quietly, "that you fellows mustn't kill any more of my friends."

You see the point? Winthrop stood over a dead body, in deep darkness, without a witness (so far as he knew) to prove that he hadn't done the murder himself. The girl, giving up hope of him, had boldly thrust him into the company of the grinning looter. Winthrop stared a long time at her. Then he bent his gaze on the airy Jourjon. Later he walked away without a word.

Afterwards he came into my room, looked me over carefully, and walked out again. In five minutes, I followed him and found a notebook in his hand. He was perturbed beyond anything you can imagine.

I couldn't resist the temptation. "Why don't you have a glance at Emerson?" I demanded. "He might have something to say."

It stirred him up tremendously. He cursed me. He called me names. And as he went on, getting into a sort of cold, white heat, I detected the raw man in him rising to the surface. Underneath all his youth and polish and philosophy; human nature seethed as violently as it does in you or in me; and he hadn't learned to control it. In fact, I barely escaped alive. He would have killed me with his hands, if I hadn't fenced him off and disappeared.

The next morning, old Michael stole out of his room into mine with a shiny revolver in his feeble hand. "There's no need of fussing about this any longer," he announced. "I'm going to shoot Jourjon."

"But others of his kind are coming," I urged. "This is really a sort of

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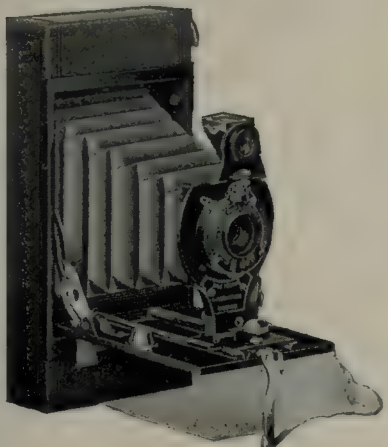

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Price, with meniscus achromatic lens, - $6.00

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international affair. Think what Winthrop may do."

"I shall kill him, too," said that amazingly vital old chap. Then his voice broke, and he cried out very loudly, "I'll kill them !"

The tones must have carried far, for almost immediately the door opened and Flora appeared, dressed, ready for breakfast. "Whom are you going to kill, papa ?" she demanded calmly.

"Jourjon first, then that sissy we brought down on the *Mariana*."

At this point, Winthrop thrust his way in among us, blue eyes glowing. He didn't seem to have heard what the old man had said, for he turned directly to Flora. "Did he take your room ?" he demanded.

She glanced at him merely, and answered, "What difference does that make to you ? Go back to your partner."

I suppose John Winthrop had never been in a tight place, a real Jack-place, before; his wits refused to work properly. He flushed—and it wasn't a boyish flush, either—and then he swung on old Michael.

"I've been pretty blind to just what was going on here," he said. "But I begin to see the truth. You're willing to sacrifice your daughter to your avarice. You've got her into a lovely mess, I must say. What for ? What for ? All for the sake of a little money."

Michael nearly had a fit. "And whose money am I trying to save !" he roared. "You blackguard ! Don't you come trying your airs on me. This is my island. It's been my island for a dozen years, and I'm going to keep it for my daughter after me, even if I have to kill both you scoundrels! Don't try any of your smooth schemes on me !"

To emphasize his remarks he stuck his revolver under Winthrop's chin. We both—the girl and I—looked on. For one instant John's eyes wavered, and then he jumped the old man and jerked the weapon away from him. Flora cried out, and I made ready to interfere. But before I could catch his arm, he was gone.

I ran after him, and therefore I can tell you just what happened in the next five minutes on Godfrey Island, while John turned Jack. Just outside the door Jourjon was waiting, a short carbine in the crook of his arm. As Winthrop emerged he hailed him curtly. "You'd better come over on my side," he told him. "I've fooled long enough with these people. This island is worth a cold million for us both, my dear fellow. Get rid of the old chap and I guess the girl will stay with——"

I suppose Winthrop's sudden dash discomposed him, for he didn't bring the carbine up quickly enough and the shot went wild. Then the philosopher landed on him.

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I thought, of course, Winthrop would use the revolver which he had snatched from Michael, but it wasn't in his mind to do that. Maybe it didn't occur to him. Instead, he got Jourjon by the throat, shook him horribly till a knife clinked out of his hand and then——

Flora saved Jourjon's life—what was left in his body. She stepped out and called into Winthrop's deaf ears till he heard. When he looked up, she said, "You've avenged me. Let him go."

Winthrop's eyes were blurred, his face chalk pale. He got up, shaking; but by a big effort he quieted himself and slipped aside, while I bent to see how much of Jourjon there was left. After a time, old Michael and I managed to get him half-conscious.

His first choked words in French, were to the effect: "I'll go away! Let me go!" Later he stared up at us, lying on his back, and cursed Winthrop by all the gods of the Lower Seas, his purple lips quivering with fear. Michael turned his disgusted eyes away and told me that there was no more danger from Jourjon.

"You might shoot him full of holes, cut him into ribbons, or tie him into a knot from poison, and he'd stick to his nerve and his work; but he's met up with a man who uses his hands and his fists, and nobody in the whole world ever again will have to be afraid of this man any more."

An hour later, Winthrop came up to the house and confronted Flora. His face was calm once more, but his expression was new. "Is there anything more I can do for you?" he demanded.

Flora dropped her eyes and picked an hibiscus blossom to pieces. "Did you do that for me?" she inquired presently.

Winthrop smiled, a faint, constrained smile, without mirth in it. "I suppose I did," he answered slowly. "I am ashamed. I lost my temper, of course. But I couldn't bear to see you insulted and so——"

"So you tried to kill him," she whispered. She looked at him with wet eyes, glanced suddenly over her shoulder as if to surprise some eavesdropper, and fled into her room, leaving Winthrop to stand in a brown study under the palms.

"You seem to have a taste for adventure, after all," I said.

"I—I might have killed him," he muttered, shaking with horror.

I have seen men before in his plight. I tested him further.

"You did kill him," I remarked.

Most of us, it is likely, have at one time or another come near to killing a man. If we haven't finished the act, let us thank God, for life is different after murder, whether justified or not. John Selden Winthrop, aware that he had tried to kill, shook with nervousness, was less than a man. But when I told him that he had indeed put Jourjon clean out of his life, when he knew that in a few minutes, with his hands and his fists, he had sent a man whose name he knew to his last accounting, he faced me.

This time his limbs didn't tremble, and his face was composed. In his eyes lay an expression of understanding, of comprehension of a difficulty in our existence, a look that seemed to say, "I have solved one problem."

I don't want you to make a mistake and misunderstand the fellow when I tell you what he said. His words were uttered in all seriousness, without a trace of lightness or disrespect for the laws of God. But, after all, his remark is not without its moral bearing: "This is the real thing!" That was his sole saying, the only comment he made upon the denouement of his search for adventure.

. . . .

A few days later the *Mariana* was hauling out into the pass with myself and old Michael on her deck. Michael was waving his hand to Flora, who walked along the little shore of the lagoon abreast of us. "Tell Winthrop to hurry up!" he cried to her.

The ex-philosopher scrambled out of the bushes and leaped into a small boat. A few strokes of an oar and he was alongside the schooner.

"I'm not going," he said curtly. "Tell them to send my mail down here by the *Mariana*. Buy me some tobacco, too. I'm not going back."

"Why not?" I demanded, in amazement. "Haven't you had adventure enough?"

"Some more of Jourjon's friends might turn up while Mr. Tunbridge is away and Flora is alone," he said briefly.

"But your friends—what will they say—in Toronto?" I demanded.

Winthrop turned and looked back to the slender beach where Flora stood waiting for him. His face betrayed an inward amazement, a profound astonishment at himself, at his predicament, at the outcome of his voyage of sightseeing and note-taking. They tell us that the dying man sees his whole life in retrospect, with its vista of circumstance, struggle, failure, success. I'll swear that Winthrop, standing in that small boat, holding to the rail of the gently moving schooner, saw behind him all the sharp details of the humdrum and impeccable existence of John; saw his irreproachable family, his decent home, his library, his circle of cultured acquaintances—the whole suddenly ending (like a rifle shot) in a preposterous adventure, suddenly narrowing down into a point which lay in the heart of a willful and lovely woman standing lightly on the coral of an unknown isle.

He turned and gazed at me with a glance of pleading, renunciation, and pride, took his hand from the schooner's rail and turned back to Flora Tunbridge, while old Michael altered the *Mariana's* course to take the pass for the open sea.

He was Jack.

What a man earns doesn't interest his wife so much as what she gets.

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Truth

Continued from page 361.

McAllen—now Mrs. Jimmie Greenleaf—had sufficed. He would walk to the altar any day with Miss Tennant, but he would not dance.

"You have so many secrets with yourself," he complained, "and I'm so very reasonable."

"True, Billy," said Miss Tennant. "But if I put up with your secrets, you should put up with mine."

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"I have none," said he, "unless you are rudely referring to the fact that I gave my wife such grounds for divorce as every gentleman must be prepared to give to a lady who has tired of him. I might have contracted a pleasant liason; but I didn't. I merely drove up and down Piccadilly with a notorious woman until the courts were sufficiently scandalized. You know that."

"But is it nothing," she said, "to have me feel this way toward you?"

"At least, Dolly," said he, more gently, "announce our engagement, and marry me inside of six months. I've been patient for eighteen.

"My reason," said she, "will be in Aiken to-morrow."

He made no comment, fearing that she might seize upon any as a pretext for putting him off. But he slipped an arm around her waist.

"Tighter if you like," she said. "I don't mind. My reason, Billy, is a young man. Don't let your arm slacken that way. I don't see any one or anything beyond you in any direction in this world. You know that. Not so tight." They laughed happily. "I will even tell you his name," she resumed—"David Larkin; and I was a little gone on him, and he was over ears with me. You weren't in Aiken the year he was. Well, he misbehaved something dreadful, Billy; betted himself into a deep, deep hole, and tried to float himself out. I took him in hand, loaned him money, and took his solemn word that he would not even make love until he had paid me back. There was no real understanding between us.

"Only I think he couldn't have changed suddenly from a little fool into a man if *he* hadn't felt that there was an understanding. And his letters, one every week, confirm that, though he's very careful, because of his promise, not to make love in them. . . You see he's been working his head off—There's no way out of it, Billy—for me. . . If you hadn't crossed my humble path I think I should have possessed enough sentiment for David to have been—the reward."

"But there *was* no understanding."

"No. Not in so many words. But at the last talk we had together he was humble and pathetic and rather manly, and I did a very foolish thing."

"What?"

"Oh," she said with a blush, "I sat still."

"Let me blot it out," said McAllen.

"But I can only remember up to seven," said she, "and I am afraid that nothing can blot them out as far as David is concerned. He will come tomorrow as sure that I have been faithful to him as that he has been faithful to me. . . . It's all very dreadful . . . He will pay me back the money, and the interest; and then I shall give him back the promises that he gave, and then he will make love to me. . . ."

"But why," said he, "when you got to care for me didn't you let this young man learn gradually in your letters to him that—that it was all off."

"I was afraid, don't you see," said she, "that if the incentive was taken away from him—he might go to pieces. And I was fond of him. I am proud to think that he has made good for my sake, and the letters. . . . Oh, Billy, it's a dreadful mess. My letters to him have been rather warm, I am afraid."

"Damn!" said McAllen.

"Damn!" said Miss Tennant.

"If he would have gone to pieces before this," said McAllen, "why not now?—after you tell him, I mean.

"He'll be very sad and miserable—you won't be carried away? You won't, upon the impulse of the moment, feel that it is your duty to go on saving him? . . . If that should happen, Dolly, *I* should go to pieces."

"Must I tell him," she said, "that I never really cared? He will think me such a—a liar. And I'm not a liar, Billy, am I? I'm just unlucky."

"I don't believe," said he tenderly, "that you ever told a story in your whole sweet life."

"Oh," she cried, "I *do* love you when you say things like that to me. . . . .

"Billy," she said presently, "it was *all* the first Mrs. Billy's fault, wasn't it?"

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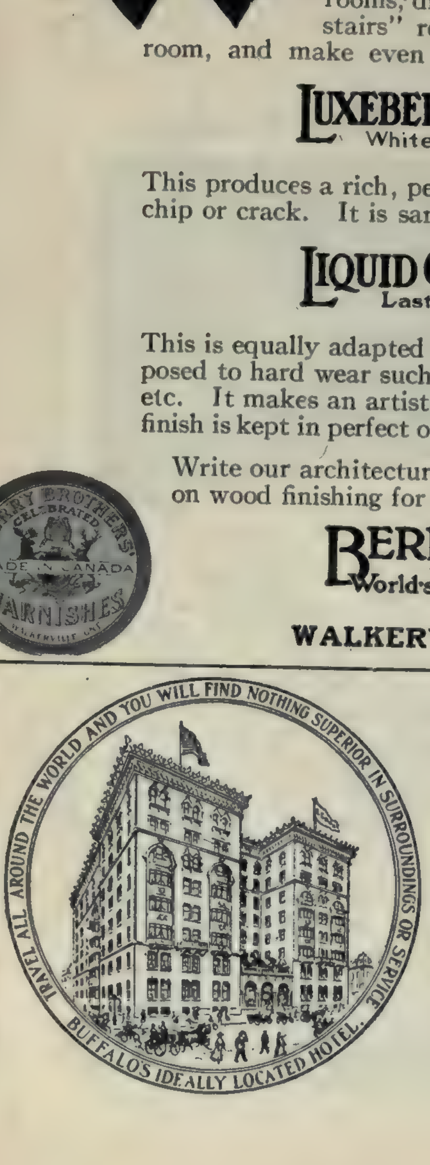
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"No, dear," said he, "it wasn't. It's never all of anybody's fault. Do you care?"

"No."

"Are you afraid?"

"No."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Dolly."

"Whose girl are you?"

"I'm Billy McAllen's girl."

"All of you?"

She grew very serious in a moment.

"All of me, Billy—all that is straight in me, all that is crooked. . . ."

. . . .

It was to be October in a few days, and September was going out like a fiery dragon. The long, broad shadow of the terrace awning helped to darken the Tennants' drawing-room, and venetian blinds, half drawn, made a kind of cool dusk, in which it came natural to speak in a lowered voice, and to move quietly, as if some one were sick in the house. Miss Tennant sat very low, with her hands clasped over her knees; a brocade and Irish lace workbag spilled its contents at her feet. She wore a twig of tea olive in her dress so that the whole room smelled of ripe peaches. She had never looked lovelier or more desirable.

"David!" she exclaimed. Her tone at once expressed delight at seeing him, and was an apology for remaining languidly seated.

"If you hadn't sent in your name," she said, "I should never have known you."

David was very pale. It may have been from his long journey.

"And now," she said, "you must tell me all that you haven't written."

"Not quite yet," said David. "There is first a little matter of business. . . ."

He counted out his debt to her methodically, with the accrued interest.

"But I," she said, "I, too, have things of yours to return."

She waved a hand, white and clean as a cherry blossom, toward a claw-footed table on which stood decanters, ice, soda, cigarettes, cigars, and matches.

"Your collateral," she said.

"Oh," said David. "But I have decided not to be a backslider."

"I know," she said. "But in business—as a matter of form."

He stepped to the table, smiling charmingly, and poured from the nearest decanter into a glass, added ice and soda, and lifting the mixture touched it to his lips, and murmured, "To you."

Then he put a cigarette in his mouth, and after drawing the one breath that served to light it flicked it, with perfect accuracy, half across the room and into the fireplace.

Still smiling, he walked slowly toward Miss Tennant, who was really excited to know what he would do next.

"Betcher two cents it snows tomorrow," said he.

"Done with you, David," she took him up merrily. And after that a painful silence came over them.

"I gave you one more promise," he said. "Is that, too, returned ?

"Then I may make love ? he asked, very gently.

"As a matter of form only—to me."

"Only in that way ?"

"I thought—I thought," said the young man in confusion.

"I made you think so," she said generously. "Let all of the punishment that can be heaped on me. . . .

"Then," said he, "you never did care—at all."

But even at this juncture Miss Tennant could not speak the truth.

"Never, David—never at all—at least not in *that* way," she said. "If I let you think so it was because I thought it would help you to be strong and to succeed. . . . God knows I think I was wrong to let you think so. . . . ."

But she broke off suddenly a stream of extenuation that was welling in her mind for David did not look like a man about to be cut off in the heyday of his youth by despair.

She had the tenderest heart; and in a moment the truth blossomed therein—a truth that brought her pleasure, bewilderment, and was not unmixed with mortification.

"The man," she said gently, "has found him another girl !"

The man bowed his head and blushed.

"But I have kept my promise, Dolly.'

"Of course you have, you poor, dear, long-suffering soul."

A pair of white gloves, still showing the shape of her hands, lay in the chair where Miss Tennant had tossed them. David brought her one of these gloves.

"Put it on," he said.

When she had done so, he took her gloved hand in his and kissed it.

"As a matter of form," he said.

She laughed easily, though the blush of humiliation had not left her yet cheeks.

"Tell me," she said, "what you would have done, David, if—if I *did* care."

"God punish me," he said gravely, "oh, best friend that ever a man had in the world, if I should not then have made you a good husband."

Not long after McAllen was with her.

"Well ?" he said.

"Well," said she, "there was a train that he could catch. And I suppose he caught it."

"How did he—er, behave ?"

"Considering the circumstances," said she, "he behaved very well."

"Is he hard hit ?"

She considered a while; but the strict truth was not in that young lady.

"I think," she said, "that you may say that he is hard hit—very hard hit."

"Poor soul," said Billy tenderly.

"Oh, Billy !" she exclaimed, "I feel so false and so old."

But he only smiled and smiled. She seemed like a little child to him, all innocence and candor.

. . . .

"You are two days ahead of schedule, David. I'm glad to see you.'

Though Uriah Grey's smile was bland and simple, beneath it lay a complicated maze of speculation, and the old man endeavored to read in the young man's face the answers to questions which so greatly concerned him.

"Well, sir, I paid my debts, and got back my collateral.

"I tasted whisky," said David. "I lighted a cigarette, I registered a bet of two cents upon the weather, and I made love.

"Yes," said David. "I kissed the glove upon a lady's hand." He laughed. "It smelled of gasoline," he said.

Mr. Grey grunted.

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"And what are your plans?"

"What!" cried David offendedly. "Are you through with me?"

"No, my boy—no."

David hesitated.

"Mr. Grey," he began, and paused.

"It is now lawful for me to make love," said David.

"You have a granddaughter. . . ."

"What!" thundered the old man. "You want to make love to my granddaughter!"

"Yes," said David boldly, "and I wonder what you are going to say."

"I have only one word to say—Hurry!"

. . . .

"David!"

At this juncture in their lives there could not have been detected in either of them the least show of hesitation or embarrassment. It was as if two travelers in the desert, dying of thirst, should meet, and each conceive in hallucination that the other was a spring of sweet water.

Presently David was looking into the lovely face that he held between his hands. He had by this time squeezed her shoulders, patted her back, kissed her cheek, her dress, her hands, her eyes, and pawed her hair. They were both very short of breath.

"Violet," he gasped, "what is your name?"

"Violet."

"Whose girl are you?"

"I'm David Larkin's girl."

"All of you?"

"All—all—all——"

It was the beginning of another of those long, tedious afternoons. But to the young people concerned it seemed that never until then had such words as they spoke to each other been spoken, or such feelings of almost insupportable tenderness and adoration been experienced.

Yet back there in Aiken, Sapphira was experiencing the same feelings, and thinking the same thoughts about them; and so was Billy McAllen. And when you think that he had already been divorced once, and that Sapphira, as she herself (for once truthfully) confessed, was still twenty-five, it gives you as high an opinion of the little bare god—as he deserves.

The Clock Watcher

Continued from page 347.

He couldn't understand the feeling, he told me. I couldn't understand it either, I confessed.

"Then one day Jenkins discovered in looking back through the books that Handy had been losing money right and left—not getting all the profits to which he was entitled, that is to say.

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Handy, you see, had left his chief clerkhood entirely behind. He had hated the bondage himself and a lucky idea, a patent and a few years' savings had freed him. So he had developed into a first-class salesman and booster and had let the books go to pot. For one thing he wasn't so particular as he should have been about collections. Handy was selling to automobile manufacturers and, the motor industry being in its infancy then, payments were none too prompt at best.

"The morning after Jenkins had gone through the books—and he hadn't been told that was part of his job—Handy got down town at 7.30. The office was already occupied. Jenkins, with sleeves rolled up and whistling under his breath, was busy at his desk.

"Well !" exclaimed Handy.

"Four, eleven, fourteen, twenty-one, twenty-six, thirty-two and three to carry," murmured the clock watcher. "Three to carry instead of two. That's where $10 flew out the window, Mr. Handy, Good morning.'

"Handy and Jenkins had a long talk. The next couple of months Jenkins started work earlier and quit later than he ever had before. He was full of suggestions which Handy proceeded to capitalize. Still there was no clock on the wall. Jenkins had to refer to his watch for the time, which had begun to interest him from another viewpoint.

"A couple of years later Handy made Jenkins his partner. He was also compelled to move his concern across the lines to be in the centre of the auto manufacturing industry. It was cheaper to do that than pay him what he was worth, he said. At that time a half hundred clerks were at work on Jenkins' old job and the offices covered the whole eighth floor of the building. The new firm also had its own factory.

"Handy had a bad heart. Presently he died and Jenkins became the whole works."

"Did Jenkins' inspiration die with Handy ? How's the firm doing now ?"

"Jenkins is out of it," sighed the big man.

"Ah," I said, wisely. I never had been a clock watcher myself and some of my personal business axioms would have gone tumbling if Jenkins the clock watcher had won out.

The brakeman stuck his head in the door. The train was running much slower.

"Shee-cawg-uh !" bawled the brakeman.

"I've enjoyed your listening," said the big man, extending his hand. "I'm in business up in Racine myself. The next time you come up to see Hawley drop in on me."

"Gladly," said I. "But you haven't——"

The clock watcher's prosperous friend snapped the cover of his watch.

"On time to the minute !" he announced, as if it were the most important bit of news in the world that the K. C. & C. for once had lived up to its printed promises. "Excuse me—I thought we'd swapped names."

He handed me a slip of pasteboard.

It was the card of Homer K. Jenkins of the Jenkins Motor company, the man motor builders called the human dynamo.

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Eight Days' Rain

Continued from page 352.

the Sister told him brusquely. "Isn't it lucky you were here ?"

It was when he was finally going that Doc. Raydon stooped and picked up the new blinking baby for a little last adjusting. Some inner spasm twisted the crumpled pink face for a moment into the semblance of a smile, a droll pucker that stirred suddenly a memory in the malignant mind of the resentful Doctor. He looked at the exhausted face of the girl on the pillows and as he looked, she untangled slow shy lashes up at him. From the lashes he looked again at the droll pucker of the baby's face. The memory was wide-awake. "A rotten fibre," he had predicted so. And a mocking smile wried down his mouth as he hummed softly to the squirming baby—

"Oh, Girl of the Red Mouth,
Love Me !"

Hylbrecht's pale face, framed in her soft, dark hair, flamed in sudden fever as the poisoned, reminiscent music flowed again around her bed, and her eyes went wide and startled.

But Mark Leroy held out his big arms to the doctor.

"Give me my son !" he said, straight-eyed into the Doctor's crooked smile.

And Doc. Raydon laid the new little chap in the big arms, met the straight eyes with a sudden, startled respect, saluted and walked out, unseeing, into the night, the cynicism in his face, for this once in his life, all dead.

Hilda, near the door, saw the rout of the cynical Doctor, saw the face of Mark Leroy bent over the little chap that was to have a fair chance, watched him turn to Hylbrecht white on her white pillows, and fled, sobbing, but with a light on her face. "Oh, he is beautiful, beautiful," she cried, "he is like God."

And little, worn Hylbrecht, the fever and fright of her and the maddening, memoried music all gone away with the Doctor's going, turned to Mark as he knelt beside her and laid the baby on her arm. There is only one word in the Taal for everything that is fine and good and beautiful, only one little word "mooi" for what a heart can say. Hylbrecht watched Mark's slightly crossed, not-very-blue eyes tender over the "little chap," felt again the sureness and shelter of him as he turned to tuck her in. Then suddenly little Hylbrecht, a new soul misting her dark eyes, reached up her other weak arm, drew Mark's thin, scarred, fever-drained, crooked, good face down to the whiteness of hers. "Oh, joy is mooi for my !" she sighed and slipped away into sleep.

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